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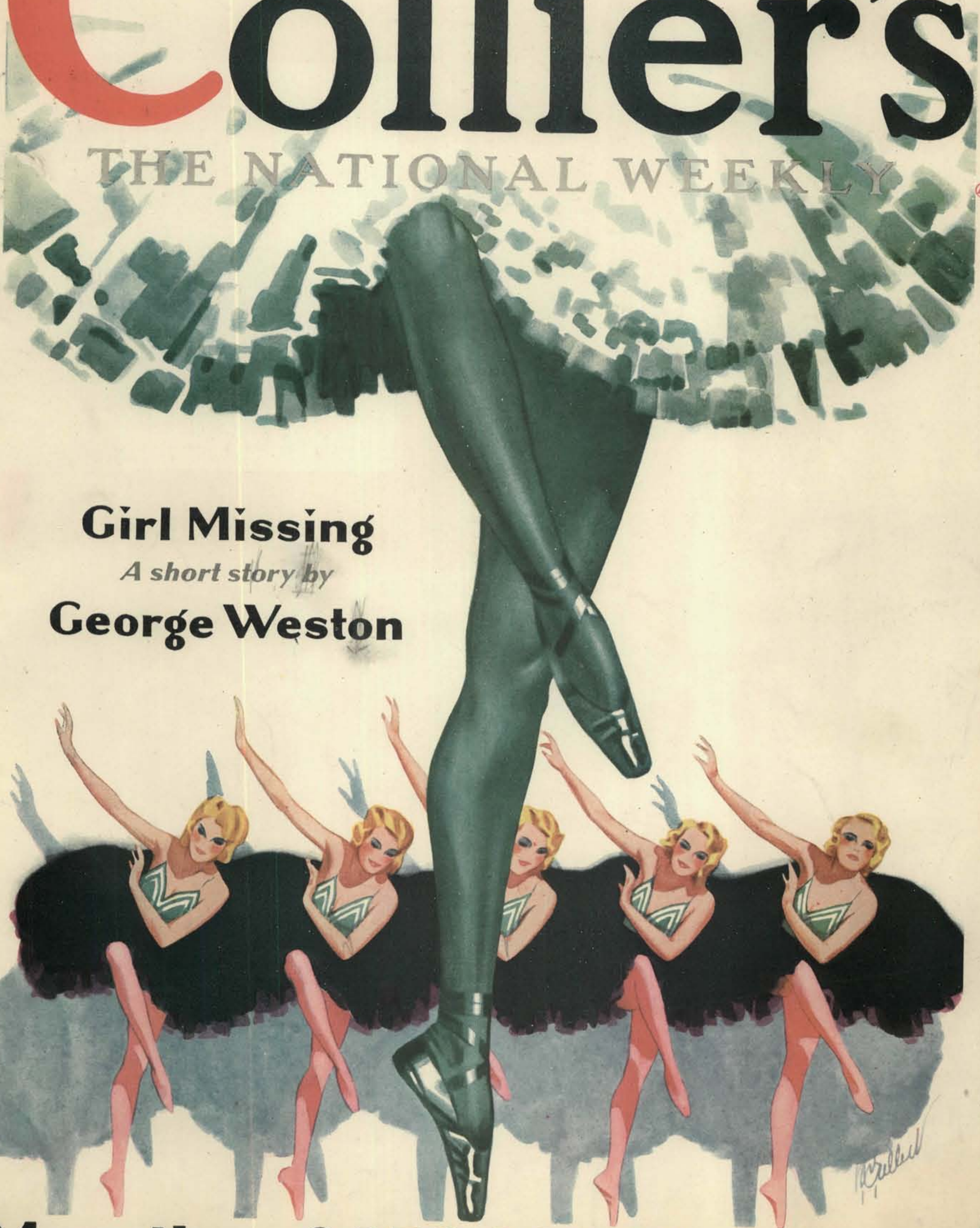
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Girl Missing

A short story by

George Weston

More than 2,250,000 Circulation

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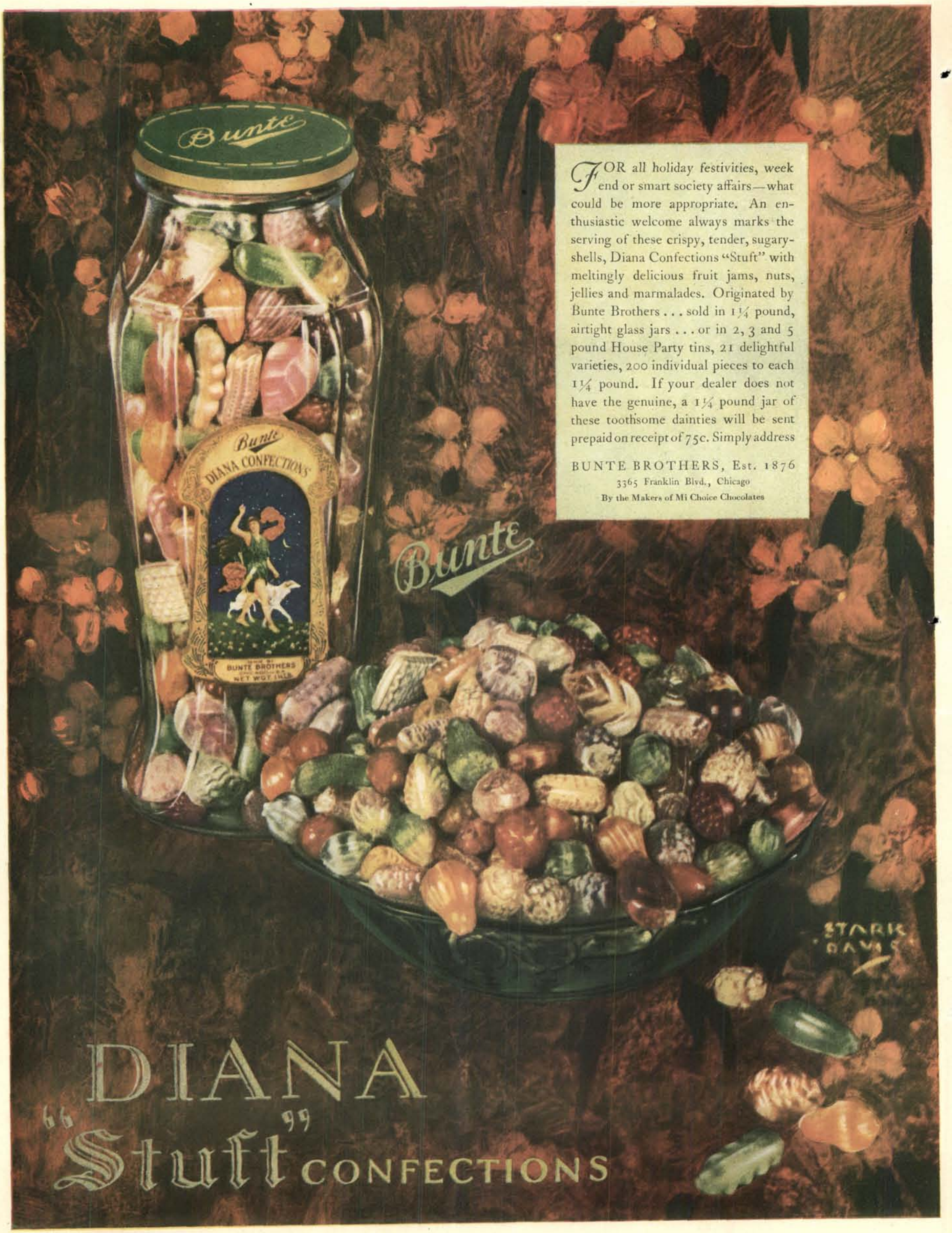

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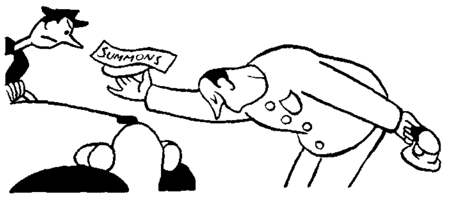
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IF YOU buy your Collier's at the newsstand and arrive too late for next week's copy you will have been sufficiently warned, at least, that it is to contain the first part of Erich Maria Remarque's new novel, "The Road Back." Therefore, we formally absolve ourselves from blame. It was mentioned here last week and in this very issue, on page 50, you will find a special, illustrated de luxe (to borrow an adjective from the book trade) announcement of the event.

Having thus done our duty there remains only our public prediction of a great popular success for the serial and a last bit of advice to procrastinating purchasers: Step lively.

SOMETIMES we are fatuous enough to believe that courtship and marriage are matters we know all about. We have even been known to give unsolicited advice to callow young persons afflicted with romantic tendencies. But now and then we see or read something which brings us up with a jolt and we realize dimly that no one will ever know all about love. There is something to be learned even from the way a man and woman go about the romantically unpromising business of extracting a midnight snack from the refrigerator. Jimmy Gardiner and Constance Trenholme, who had suffered from the traditional unsmoothness of the love path, discovered that truth by peeking in at a kitchen window. What they saw and what it meant you can learn, as we did, from Lucian Cary's gay story "Food After Midnight."



GANGSTERS and racketeers (not always synonymous) give the city of Milwaukee the run-around. Milwaukee is hard-boiled with criminals but, while the formula is simple, too many cities in America are prevented by political corruption from using the same method. Criminals nowadays have, or can buy, influential friends.

We asked William G. Shepherd to go to Milwaukee and find out why holdups on its streets are rare, why burglary insurance rates there are lower than in any other city. He tells about it in "Gunmen Dodge This City."

ROB WAGNER, in "Talkie Troubles," tells the diverting story of the gift of tongues in Hollywood. He explains things you may have been wondering about.

WALTER DAVENPORT introduces you to Huey Long, the fast-talking, fast-thinking, utterly unconventional governor of Louisiana. A breezy fellow, the Big Noise in his state, caught for examination in "Yes, Your Excellency."

THERE are short stories by Don Marquis, John B. Kennedy, William MacHarg. Grantland Rice and the politically wise Gentleman at the Keyhole, the Short Short Story and Zane Grey's big Western thriller—a generous, plum-pudding sort of issue. Take them one at a time.

THIS WEEK

December 6, 1930

Cover—Robert C. Gellert

Page 7—Hugh MacNair Kahler
CITY SIMPLE: The Lebbeter twins work things out.

Page 10—Clinton W. Gilbert
OUT OF COMMISSION: What's to follow prohibition?

Page 11—Grantland Rice
LADY OF THE LINKS: Manners and customs of Glenna Collett.

Page 12—George Weston
GIRL MISSING: Smuggling, adventure and, of course, love.

Page 14—Zane Grey
ROBBERS' ROOST, Part IX: Western romance.

Page 16—James Hopper
SWEET, WILD ROMANCE: Runty, a Yosemite Park bear, goes native.

Page 18—Rube Goldberg
THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 19—Frank Condon
BLATHERSKITE: The club pest in action.

Page 20—Knute K. Rockne
WHAT THRILLS A COACH: Good football, for one thing.

Page 22—Betty and Edward Stuart
COLOR SCHEMING: Arranging this and that to match.

Page 23—P. G. Wodehouse
BIG MONEY, Part XII: And so, regrettably, it ends.

Page 25—The Short Short Story
NOT IN THE RECKONING: By Frederick Skerry.

Page 26—In One Ear
Stories picked up by our alert staff.

Page 43—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Bridge for addicts.

Page 54—Word Hunt

Page 58—Sol Metzger
STANFORD'S FORWARD-LATERAL PASS.

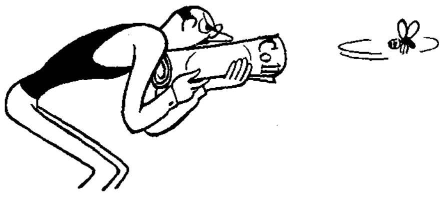
Page 65—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
THE UNWILLING MOSES: Mr. Owen D. Young.

Page 66—Editorials

Any Week

WHAT a man is Mr. Otis Muller, who writes from Colorado that he reads all the popular magazines and finds that Collier's is the only one that inspires him to argue.

"You're always stirring me up," says he. "The others give me the idea that they are afraid of hurting my feelings. So they don't print anything for fear of making a reader mad. But you don't seem to give a darn. Keep it up. It keeps me young."



"MY SISTER and I," writes Mrs. Eugenia Burr Kelly of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, "were trying hard to kill a fly in our living-room. It was the only one there but was so agile it eluded both of us. Father, who was deep in Collier's, became annoyed. He got up, folded his magazine, murdered the fly with one wallop of it and returned to his reading. We've never seen him drive nails with Collier's but we bet he could."

WE LEFT the "u" out of the word labor in P. G. Wodehouse's "Big Money" and were admonished by Mrs. Paul Muller. But to our defense comes the erudite Mr. C. A. Castle of New York, saying:

"It seems you are having trouble with the absence of 'u' in 'color,' 'labor,' et cetera. When a Rhodes scholar at Oxford I had frequently the same discussion. We Americans regularly answered the Britishers by saying we preferred to be purists and follow the original Latin, which is precisely 'color,' 'labor,' et cetera. The 'u,' as research reveals, seems to have crept in via low Gallic; i. e., the Latin of the uneducated Roman soldier."

THANK heaven, that's settled. It permits us to inform you that Mr. Harold Geiken of Dayton, Ohio, is on the verge of "getting plain tired" of all this nonsense in the Eastern newspapers about Albie Booth of Yale when Harry Newman is playing quarterback for Michigan. Mr. Geiken assures us that Mr. Newman is so much better than Mr. Booth in everything from hip-swinging through broken fields to chapel singing that it's sickening.

MRS. ELEANOR CARL KLEMM (Republican) of Cleveland insists that we know of a horrid predicament her party had to squirm out of during the late campaign. One of Dr. Fess' virtually indispensable lieutenants became so fed up on something or other that he not only joined the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment but got thoroughly saturated with Ohio corn. The Anti-Saloon League insisted that the intoxicated leader be excommunicated, arrested and jailed. The Republican organization didn't dare do anything but silently deplore. But fortunately for everybody but the hero of the problem he visited one too many speakeasies, caught pneumonia and thereby opened the way for the party to bundle him off to a hospital with instructions to keep him there until after election.

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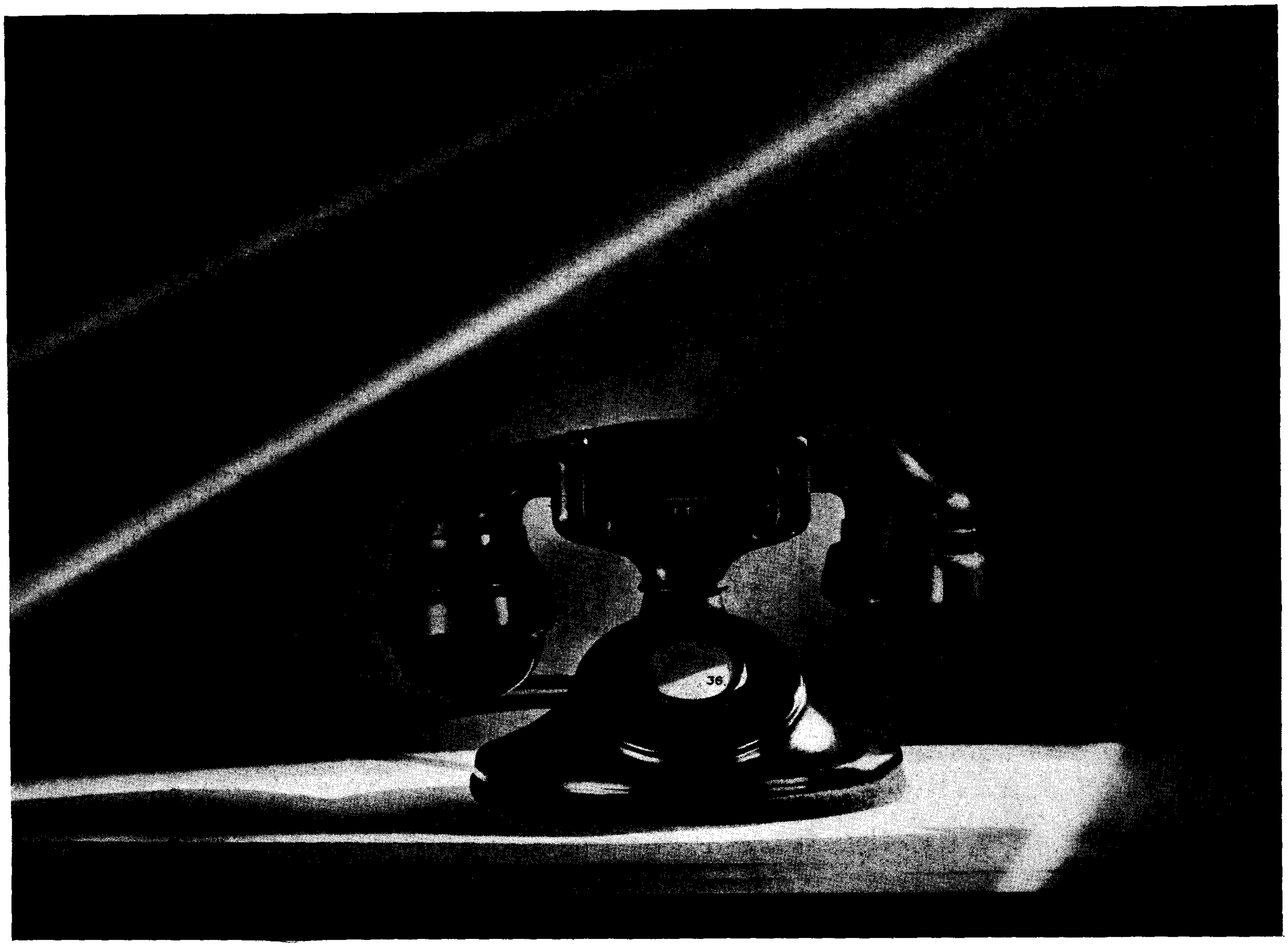

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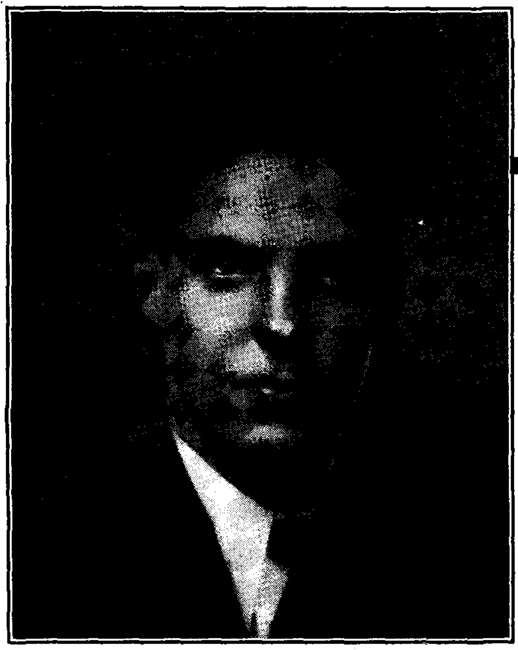

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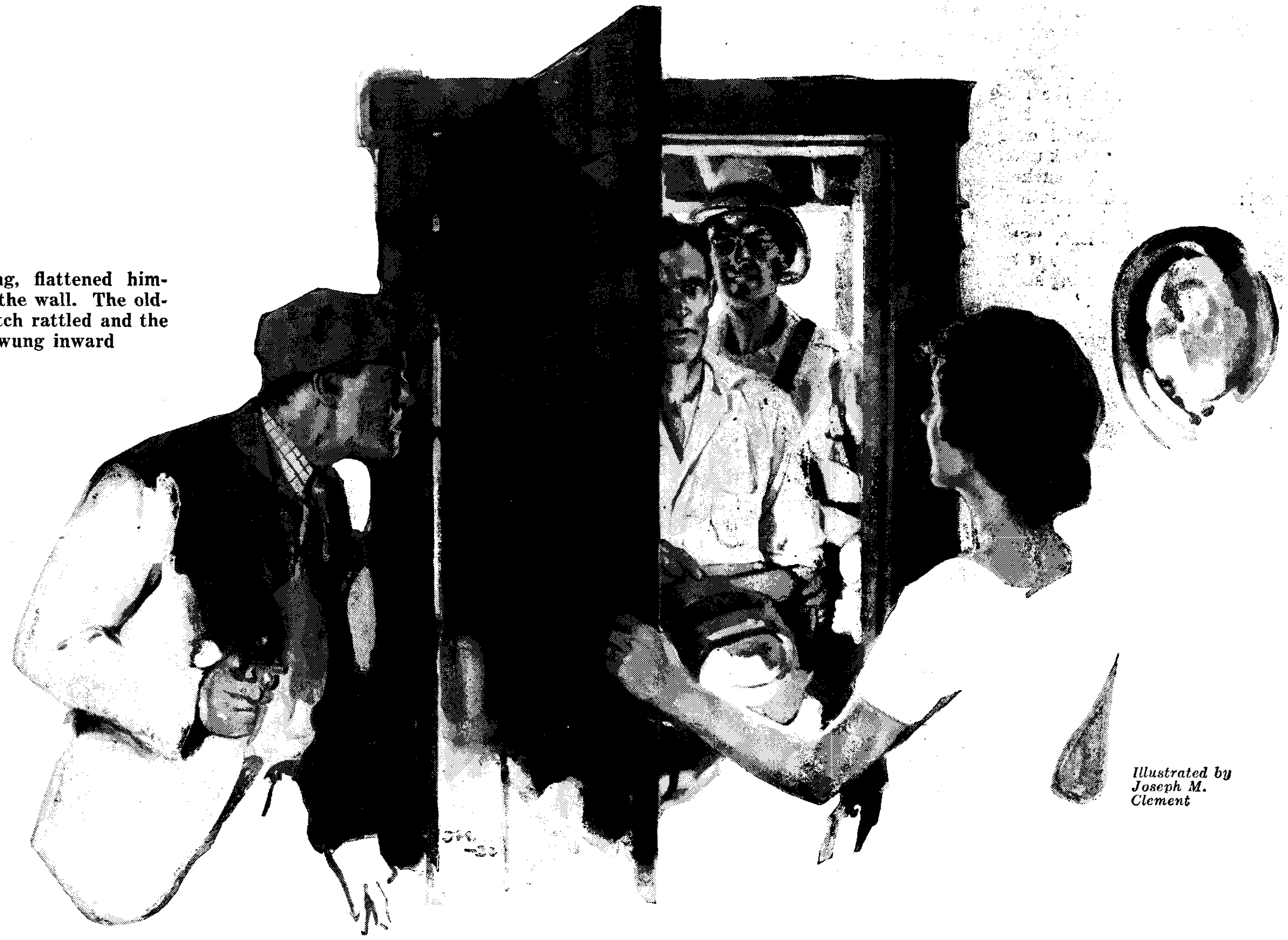
Collier's The National Weekly for December 6, 1930



Spike, sidling, flattened himself against the wall. The old-fashioned latch rattled and the door swung inward

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

City Simple

Another pleasingly sinister chapter from the triumphant saga of the Lebbeter twins

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

UNDER the bridge Little Run deepened to a pool that held two feet of water even in the August drought. In the shadow of the bridge on the upstream side the slanting gravel bottom showed itself as clearly as if through glass. Lying face downward on the planks, the Lebbeter twins were happily engrossed in the delicate process of sucker-snaring.

Thus engaged, they were even less talkative than was their habit at other times. Slipping a noosed horsehair over the head of even a mud-sucker is a task that needs all of any man's attention, and the Lebbeters had never learned to talk without thinking hard about it. The sun was warm and gentle on their backs and there was no sound except the hushed murmur of the shrunken brook and the tiny, frightened whispers of aspen leaves, shivering mysteriously in air that was perfectly still.

Bert's hand twitched cunningly and lifted a fish, fat and comically stupid-looking.

"That's the same one I caught twice before. Tell by that nick in his tail. Looks just as s'prised, though, as if it was the first time. I guess there's nothing so almighty dumb as a sucker."

Clem twisted his head to glance uneasily at the road, visible for a few yards on each side of the bridge before it bent out of sight between dust-laden alders.

"I guess anybody that came along and caught us would figure you and me must be dumber yet," he said. "Fishing for suckers in August when anybody knows they ain't fit to eat!"

Bert loosened the slipknot in the horsehair and stretched his arm to release the fish under water. He dried his hand on his trouser-leg and handed the noose to Clem.

"We ain't really fishing," he pointed out. "We let 'em go as soon as we catch 'em."

"I guess folks would figure that's dumber than catching 'em and trying to eat 'em," Clem said.

Bert took time to ponder. "Maybe, but nobody's apt to come along and catch us at it, not on a Sunday."

"THAT'S so." Clem dedicated himself single-mindedly to sport, and again conversation languished. Neither of the twins heard Belle Trexler's step in the deep dust-cushion of the road until she had turned the bend. Then, straightening, they directed toward her looks of abashed alarm so exactly identical that Belle, for all her familiarity with the comical resemblance between them, couldn't help laughing.

She came to them, walking with the easy, pliant swing of the hills, a tall woman, slender with no suggestion of fragility. There was a bridge of freckles across her face. She swung her straw hat by its ribbons, and the sun glinted on her coppery hair.

"Caught you!" She spoke with gay solemnity, wagging a sun-browned forefinger. "Fishing on Sunday!"

The twins, moving in accurate chorus, scrambled to their feet. As always when there was talking to be done with an outsider, Clem answered for them both.

"We ain't really fishing, Belle. We just catch 'em and put 'em back, for the fun of it, kind of."

Belle shook her head. "That's no excuse, and you know it. It's a good thing I caught you, instead of Pa, or you'd get a proper sermon on Sabbath-breaking."

The twins understood that she was poking fun at them. They held their peace, regarding her with the duplicate grins of pleased embarrassment with which it was their habit to suffer Belle's friendly teasings.

"I won't tell on you this time," she promised, "so you don't have to stay away from the mill for fear of getting one of Pa's lectures."

Each of the twins greeted the remark with a backward scrape of his foot. Again Clem performed his appointed task as spokesman for both of them.

"We figured on driving up tomorrow with a little feed. You guess the mill will be running, Belle?"

"There you go again, trying to talk business on Sunday." She waggled an accusing forefinger merrily, and the twins grinned in uneasy chorus. They knew that Belle didn't share her father's strict ideas about Sunday, although she always pretended to. There was a time-honored ritual for evading the letter of old man Trexler's fanatical Sabbatarianism.

"Suppose this was Saturday," Clem said, "and I was to ask you if the mill would be grinding on Monday, what'd you say?"

"That's very different," Belle said. "Of course if this was Saturday there wouldn't be anything wrong in your asking me that question or in my saying yes. The pond'll be full by morning."

SHE laughed and walked on, swinging her hat gayly. The twins watched her until she turned the bend in the road. Then, cheerfully, they resumed their fishing. After a long time Clem had recourse to words:

"I hope she don't tell the old man she caught us, or we're in for an almighty lot of talk when we go up there tomorrow."

Over both sun-bitten faces there now passed the look with which, collectively and separately, the Lebbeter twins always contemplated the prospect of any extended conversation. As it was Clem who had introduced the topic, it now became Bert's turn to think. He did so while his brother, for the fourth time, captured and released the long-suffering sucker with the nicked tail.

"She won't be apt to say anything," Bert said at last. "She can't tell her pa about us without letting him know she was out for a walk, and the way old Trexler looks at it, it's 'most as bad to go walking on Sunday as to go fishing."

Having thus performed, for the moment, his share of both thinking and talking, Bert now gave himself over single-mindedly to the fifth attack upon the liberty of the notch-tailed sucker, while Clem took his turn at meditation.

"It's kind of funny, Belle walking clear down here," he said at last. "She knows what a fuss her pa'd make if he found it out, and going and coming she'd be away a good hour, anyhow."

THERE was another long pause while Bert deliberated. "Jeff Tupper's home, and I'll bet Belle had it fixed up with him to meet somewheres along the road. The old man's so dead set against Jeff that she wouldn't dare leave him come to the house, and she certainly looked kind of—well, kind of chirked up, as if she was real pleased about something."

Clem thought it over. "I wouldn't wonder if that was the way of it."

"Hope so, anyhow," Bert said.

"Why?"

"Because if that's why Belle was down here, she certainly won't want her pa to find it out, and that means she isn't going to say a word about catching us sucker-fishing."

Clem brightened. "That's right, Bert. You certainly got a good head on you to figure that out."

"Took the two of us to do it." Bert made his invariable answer to Clem's hopeful suggestion that one of the Lebbeters, at least, was not so dumb as folks claimed.

Both brothers, however, were able now to resume their sport with minds at peace. Belle certainly wasn't going to tell it around that they were dumb enough to waste a Sunday afternoon fishing for suckers that they didn't want, and there wasn't much chance that anybody else would happen along the road before tomorrow.

In this security of spirit they were again betrayed. The car that slid around the bend approached so swiftly and with so little sound that the driver barely managed to jam on his brakes in time. The front tires stopped less than a foot from Bert's legs. The Lebbeters, making exactly the same set of awkward movements, scrambled clumsily to their feet. The driver glowered at them out of close-set, half-closed eyes and demanded in an ugly, grating voice to know what was the big idea, but the fat little man who rode beside him surveyed the twins with the amused affability to which they were accustomed, and, grinning, displayed short, wide-spaced teeth.

"Didn't hit you, did we?"

Clem wagged his head. Although it was his job to do the talking, he did it, whenever possible, without employing spoken words.

"That's good." The short-toothed grin widened a little. "Fishing, eh?"

Clem nodded. He was used to this habit, on the part of clever people, of asking questions when they already knew the answers, but it still perplexed him.

"What for?"

"Suckers," Clem said.

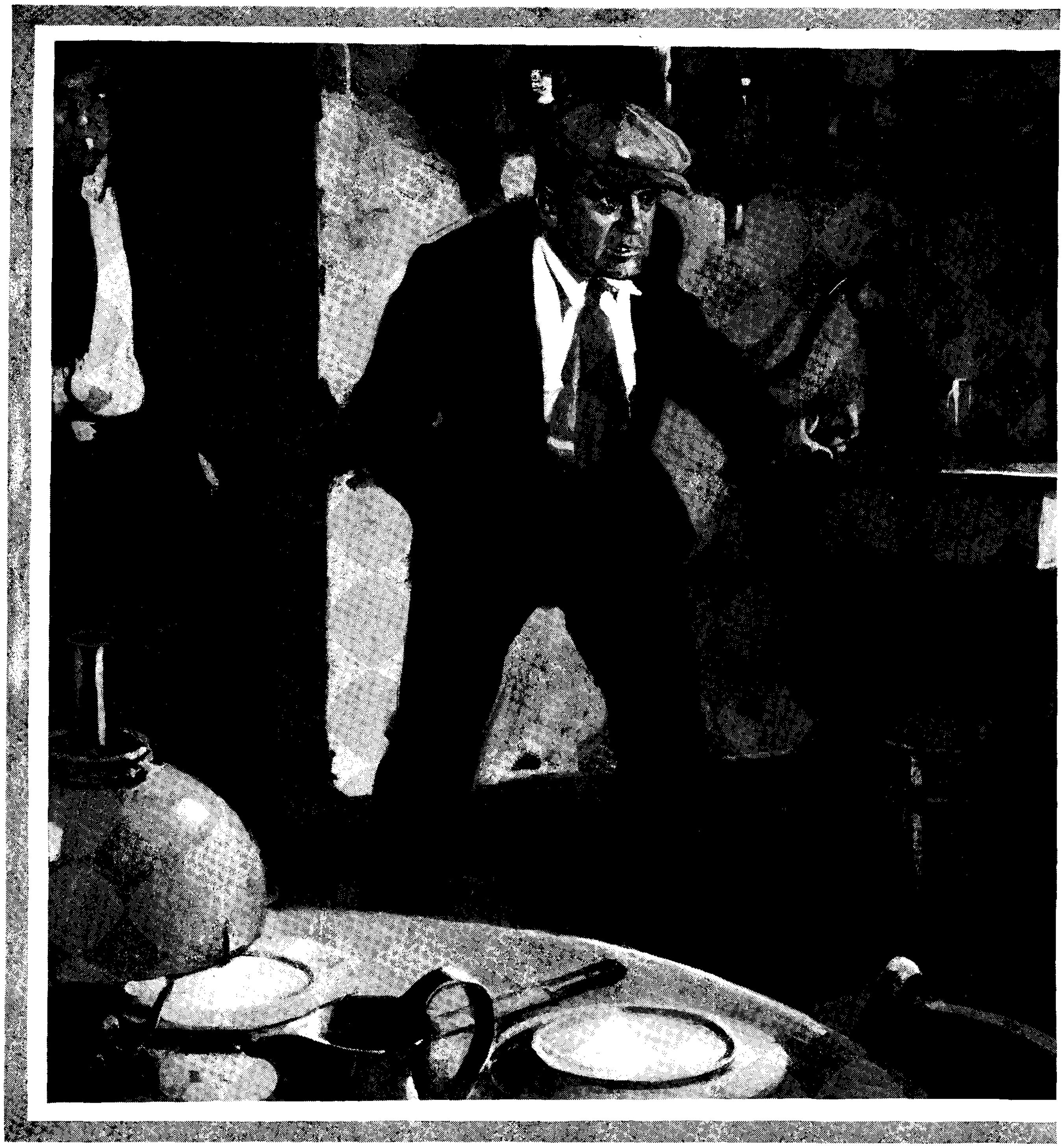
The plump man's grin vanished.

"Trying to kid me, eh?"

Clem scraped his foot on the planks.

"We throw 'em back," he explained. "Know they ain't fit to eat, this time of year, but it's kind of fun, catching 'em."

"You mean to tell me that there's a *fish* you call a sucker?"



"Snap out of it, Grampaw, and save yourself a lot of grief while you got the chance,

Again Clem nodded. He was used, also, to the bewildering ignorance of smart people about things you would expect pretty nearly anybody to know. He pointed to the water. "You can see one laying on the bottom, if you look close."

"Well, what do you know about that?" The plump man clicked his tongue against his cheek. "I guess," he chuckled, "it must be a pretty dumb kind of a fish, eh?"

Clem nodded.

"I guess there's nothing so dumb's a sucker," he said. "You can catch the same one over and over. We caught this big one four-five times already and—" he leaned to look—"yeh. He's right back in the same place."

"No wonder they call 'em suckers." The plump man laughed briefly, sobered. "You know where Eben Trexler lives?"

Clem pointed up the road. "First place you come to after you pass our house, over yonder."

"How far is it?"

"Mile, mile and a half."

A BRIEF glance passed between the two men in the car.

"A mile, eh, and it's the first place after we pass yours. Is that right?"

Clem nodded again. It was certainly queer how some people, especially people who wore city clothes and rode in automobiles, insisted on saying the same thing over and over again.

"I suppose you don't know whether we'll be apt to find Trexler at home, do you?"

"Bound to," Clem said.

"Well, that's good. We've got some important business with him, and I'd certainly hate to have to make another trip up over this road."

"Guess you'll have to, just the same." Clem shook his head. "No use trying to talk business with Eb Trexler on a Sunday. Right set against Sabbath-breaking, he is. Looks at it so strict he won't even have a fire in the cookstove. If you aim to talk business with him you might's well turn right 'round here and go back."

There was a very brief silence, during which the two men in the car exchanged glances. The plump one waved his hand.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "It's church business we want to see him about." He paused. "Maybe it might be better, though, to make sure. How about telephoning him from your house?"

Clem shook his head. "Telephones ain't got up this far yet."

"Is that so? Well, I guess we might as well be on our way, then. Thanks."

The Lebbeters watched the car out of sight; then, without words, returned placidly to their fishing.

SPIKE SCIAPO'S acid disposition had not been sweetened by this task of piloting the car up six or seven miles of nearly vertical hill road. His discontent overcame the uneasy fear in which he usually held Moe Zarakoff.

"Moe, you certainly hate to hear yourself talk!"

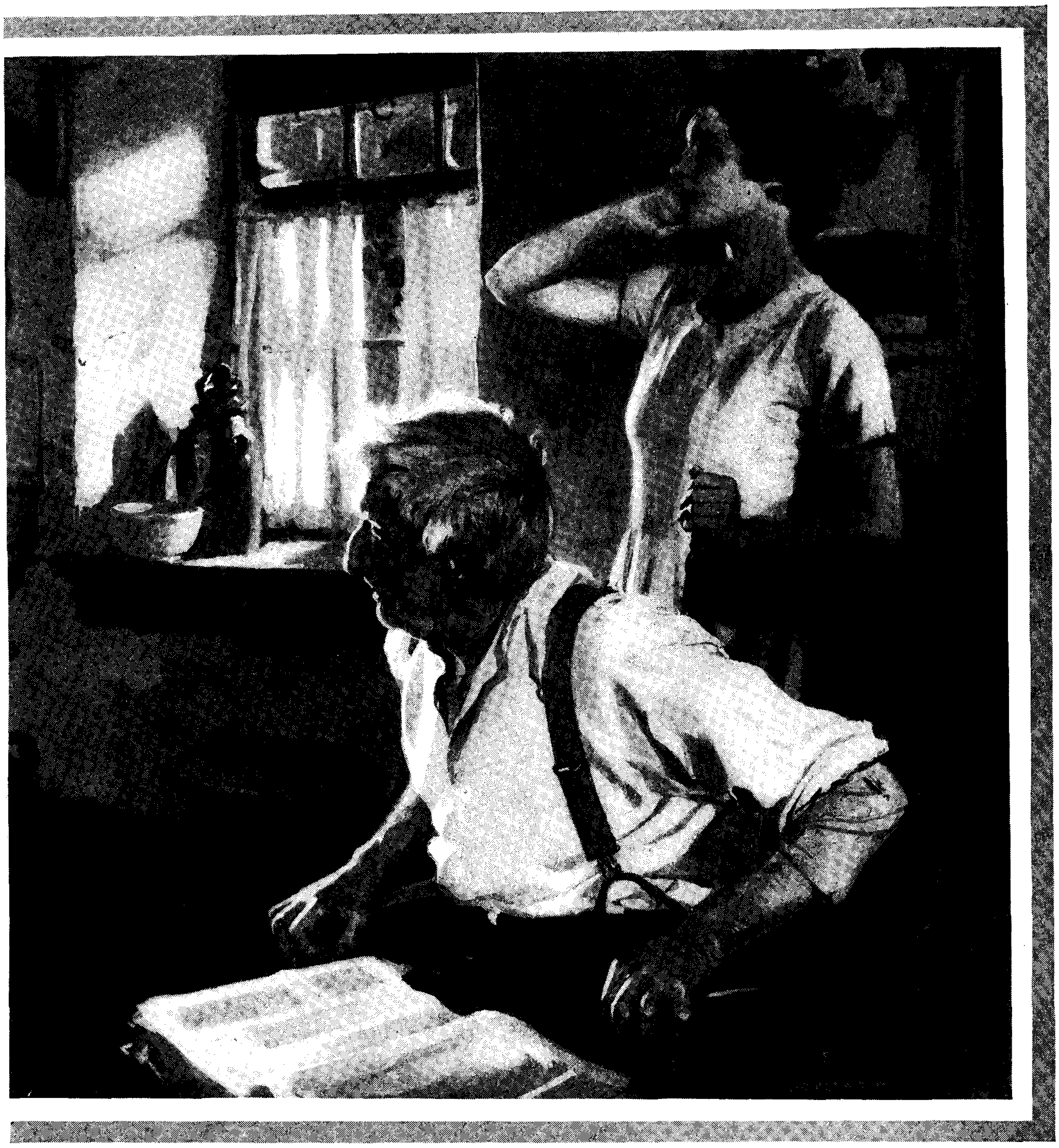
"Why not?" Zarakoff was still grinning. "It's one pleasure you don't have to pay for."

"Oh, yeah?" Spike laughed sourly. "Go out of your way to put them two stumblebums wise to our racket, and kid yourself it don't cost you nothing."

"Listen, horse-collar." The good nature went abruptly out of Zarakoff's voice. "I'm sick of hearing you beef. You're getting a cut in the softest, sweetest piece of jack you ever touched, and you've been putting up a whine ever since we started."

"Well, I don't like it," Spike admitted. "It kind of gets my goat, being out in the sticks. I like to do business where I know my way around." He glowered at the empty fields and the wooded crests that overhung them. "Gosh, it's lonesome."

"Listen, sap! Get it through your dome that the lonesomer it is the better for us. It wouldn't worry you a minute



see? We know you got a lot of jack in the house and we want it, and we want it quick"

if we were going up against a racket back home, where even the suckers are apt to be hard, wise babies. What's the sense of getting the heeby-jeebies over a soft job like this, where all we're up against is—peasants?"

He cleared his throat with an exasperated sound.

"You heard what Jake told us about this bird Trexler. You know he's so dumb that he hasn't found out yet there's any kind of money except gold and figures it's safer to keep his jack in the house than stick it in the bank." He chuckled.

"Just like the peasants back in the old country my old man used to talk about. You just been looking at a couple of samples back there by the bridge." The thought seemed to restore his good humor. He laughed again, genially.

"One sucker after another!"

EVEN Spike Sciapo's mouth twisted itself into a sour, unwilling grin.

"Dumb, all right," he admitted, "falling for that bedtime story about us being up here on church business."

"And even supposing they had a pint of brains between 'em," Zarakoff pointed out, "what difference would it make? They live a mile away from Trexler, don't they? And you heard 'em say that they didn't have a phone."

Sciapo brightened a little. "That's right, too. I was kind of worried about having to make a get-away over these bum roads, but I guess it don't matter."

"That's what I keep trying to tell you," Zarakoff said. "Easy, Spike. This must be the place now."

The road forked, a lane leading off at an easy angle along the bank of a little pond toward a big gray gristmill, four stories high, that seemed to dwarf the white-painted house that stood close beside it.

Spike stopped the car in front of the house. Zarakoff led the way around to a side porch and Sciapo, following, slid his right hand into the pocket of his coat and kept it there. Belle Trexler opened the door at Zarakoff's knock. He took off his hat and grinned amiably at her.

"I guess you're Miss Trexler. We came up to see your father."

He moved as if to enter, but the woman stood in the doorway. She shook her head. "I'm sorry, but Pa doesn't hold with Sunday visiting."

"Sure, I know. Me neither. But he'll talk with us, all right. It's church business and—"

She hesitated, stood aside, and he pushed quickly past her into a wide, low-ceiled kitchen. On the far side of the room a big, gaunt old man sat in a rocker, his huge hands cupped over his knees. He lifted his head.

"Church business?" His voice was slow and heavy.

From the tail of his eye Zarakoff observed that Spike had shut the door and set his back against it.

"Yeah, we're taking up a little collection." He chuckled. "For the heathen, y'know."

THE old man regarded him steadily, but did not speak. Something in the steady, level gaze suddenly angered Zarakoff. His grin vanished.

"Snap out of it, Grampaw, and save yourself a lot of grief while you got the chance, see? We know you got a lot of jack in the house and we want it, and we want it quick."

"Thieves," Trexler said. He didn't seem to be talking to Zarakoff. His eyes moved slowly toward the door. Spike Sciapo's hand came out of his pocket. The light winked on his gun.

"Act sensible," Zarakoff urged. "You haven't got a chance. Show us where you got your jack planted and we'll go easy on you."

Old Trexler shook his head slowly. "You'll get no money here," he said.

"I'll give you one more guess," Zarakoff snickered, "and you better guess right this time, because after that the trouble starts."

The old man shook his head again but did not speak.

"All right, have it your own way, then." Zarakoff crossed to the big, shining cookstove. "No fire on Sunday, huh? Well, I guess I could start one."

There was kindling in a hickory-splint basket, split cedar sticks, each with a ruff of whittled shavings curling around it. Zarakoff threw a dozen of them into the stove and struck a match. The dry wood caught quickly. There was a spicy smell, cheerful snapping, crackling sounds. Zarakoff thrust the poker into the flames.

"If you got to have a red-hot poker on your feet before you talk, it's all right by me."

THE old man made no answer to this. "Come on, get wise," Zarakoff urged. "What's the sense of acting pig-headed? Sooner or later you got to talk. Why don't you do it now, while you got your health?"

The old man shook his head.

Zarakoff pulled the poker from the fire. It did not show red, but it hissed spitefully when he touched it with a wetted finger. "For the last time—"

"Wait!" Belle Trexler cried out sharply. "Don't hurt him. I'll tell."

Zarakoff swiveled to face her. "Make it snappy then, sister. And don't guess wrong either, because if the jack wouldn't be where you told us, you'd be kind of out of luck yourself." Again he tested the heat of the poker. "It wouldn't be healthy to try and kid us any."

"She doesn't know." Old Trexler's voice rose harshly.

"It's in the pond," Belle said quietly. "It's hidden under a big flat stone right in front of the dam."

Zarakoff's ear caught the sound of Trexler's indrawn breath. His eye twisted to the old man's face in time to see and read the anger and astonishment printed there. He laughed.

"Had you fooled, did she, Grampaw? Cheer up, there's lots of wiser guys than you been outguessed by a dame." He turned back to the girl. "Now listen, sister, get this straight: "You're only going to get one guess. We haven't got any time to waste looking in wrong places."

"I've told you where it is." She spoke quietly. "The pond's pretty full, but if you stand on the top of the dam you can look down and see the stone."

Zarakoff considered. "You watch 'em, Spike. I'll go have a look."

He went out to the dam. Through the still, clear water he could see a big stone on the bottom. A bamboo fish-pole leaned against the mill wall, and he used it to measure the depth—nine or ten feet, he estimated. He pushed uselessly at the stone with the pole. He went back to the kitchen.

"Listen, sister, I told you it wouldn't be healthy to try and kid me."

"I'm not. It's there, I tell you."

"Oh, yeah?" He moved suggestively toward the stove. "I guess maybe the poker's warm enough by now so you could think of a place where I could anyhow go and look."

"I tell you it's there," Belle said again.

"Yeah? And I suppose the old man's got a diving suit to go down there after it."

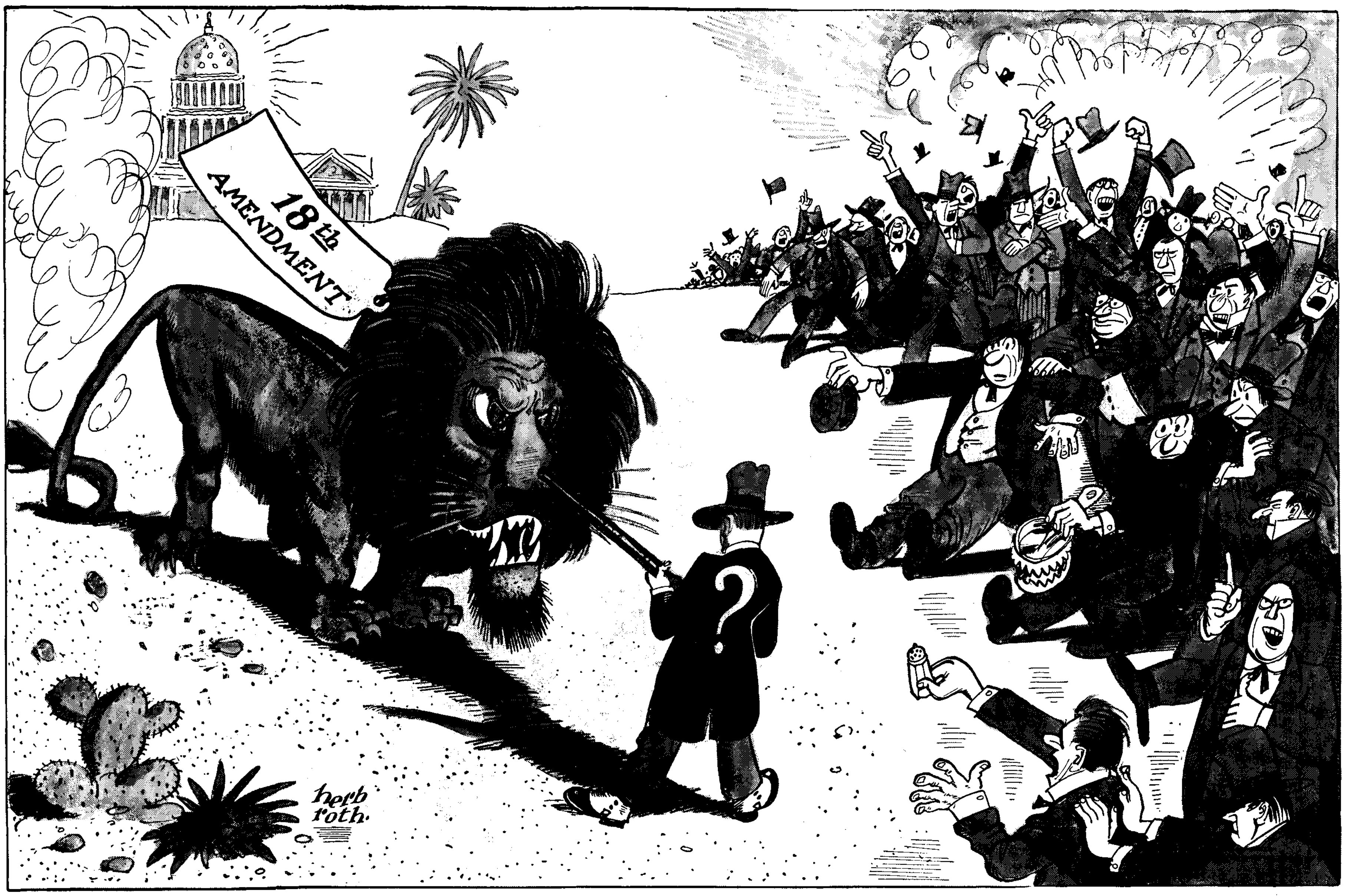
"Why, no. You can reach it all right when the water's low."

"Much obliged. And I suppose you would send us a picture postcard the next time the water gets low, or do we wait right here until it dries up?"

She stared at him round-eyed. "Why, no. You just have to lift the sluice-gate, and the water will run right out."

"Oh, that's it, huh? And how d'you work this gate thing?"

(*Continued on page 34*)



The prize of the Presidency awaits the man who shows us a practical way out of the prohibition muddle

Out of Commission

Illustrated by Herb Roth

That unpleasant sound you hear in Washington is the muttered cursing of frightened politicians. They are heaping ugly imprecations upon the head of a dead man—Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, author of the Eighteenth Amendment. That noble experiment has become an ignoble bogey man. If you don't believe it please refer to the report of President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission. Or, if you can't wait, read this

By Clinton W. Gilbert

WANTED:—A way out of the prohibition muddle. A large prize will be awarded to the public man who will offer a solution which will commend itself to political parties half wet and half dry; and to a voting public shocked by the evils which have come in the train of prohibition but at the same time desiring to be assured that the evils which prohibition sought to cure will not come back.

The prize is the Presidency of the United States.

President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission has spent more than a year trying to solve this problem. About all it has been able to accomplish, so far as moral effect is concerned, is to emphasize the necessity of giving up the Federal attempt to stop the manufacture, sale and consumption of intoxicating liquor.

It will report to Congress at the session just beginning that the enforcement of prohibition has broken down. It has found that public opposition to prohibition is so strong that, as embodied in the Volstead Act, it is unenforceable.

But it has no real solution. All that a majority of the commission can recommend is a palliative—an amendment of the Volstead Act that will permit the manufacture and sale of light beer. That and a retirement of the Federal government from part of the field of prohibition enforcement in favor of the states.

The report of the commission will be a moral victory for the wets. It will put the stamp of authority of several great names upon the wet contention that prohibition has so far failed; and, further, that as at present conceived it is bound to continue to fail. It will have an important effect in centering political attention upon prohibition and directing efforts toward finding the solution, the reward for finding which will be political victory in 1932.

The Facts at Last

The country will have before it the findings of an able and unbiased body of men, men as nearly expert as anyone could be with an experience of ten years with the noble experiment. Its opinions will not be universally accepted. But to the vast majority they will be final on the question of what good prohibition has accomplished and what evils have been accomplished by it, and upon the difficulty of realizing through it the objects which were sought when it was adopted.

We have an accounting of a decade of prohibition. The debate on what the facts are will largely cease. Public attention will now turn to what is to be done. With the transmission of the commission's report to Congress, prohibition will become the country's dominant political issue.

As for the political confusion into which the report will throw Washington, I cannot describe it better than in the words of a distinguished public man:

"Beer will do no good. And as for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, it will take ten years to accomplish it; ten years that will split political parties all to pieces and bring about heaven knows what radical realignments."

Wayne B. Wheeler, who sleeps in an unmarked grave in Ohio, gave to the country a Pandora's box of trouble when he put prohibition into the United States Constitution. He put it there in the belief that it could never be got out. And the job of getting it out, next to the task of getting rid of slavery, will be the most disruptive experience that this nation has had to go through.

Someone ought to erect a monument to Wayne B. Wheeler. He should be remembered as a man who has made a great contribution to the legal history of this country, establishing the principle that you can't make human nature over even by a constitutional amendment.

The eleven members of the Hoover Law Enforcement Commission have received a great deal of enlightenment from their year's study of prohibition. An amusing story of this enlightenment is told.

Not to be Denied

Judge William S. Kenyon, dry member of the commission, and Senator William E. Borah, another distinguished dry, spent some days together last summer on the shore of New England. They were talking about prohibition.

"I'll show you how it is done," said the judge, who had been learning a lot about the ways of rum runners. It was evening and they sat at a lonely spot on the beach. They looked out to sea. A small dark boat maneuvered nearer to them. It looked like an auxiliary naval vessel. Finally it got close. A

(*Continued on page 56*)

Lady of the Links

Everyone is talking about Glenna Collett's golf record—everyone but Glenna. She hates all forms of publicity, and at the same time creates more of it by consistently winning national championships

By Grantland Rice

A fundamentally sound swing is the basis of Glenna Collett's golf supremacy

WHEN the Woman's Golf Championship of the United States was played over the Hollywood course at Deal, New Jersey, nine years ago, the field at large was dominated by such eminent performers as Cecil Leitch, British champion, Alexa Stirling, Marion Hollins, Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd and Mrs. W. A. Gavin. No particular attention was paid at the time to a young seventeen-year-old entry who qualified but dropped out early. Her name was Glenna Collett.

Yet even that far back those who studied Miss Collett's swing were willing to testify that her ruling day had to come before very long. This day arrived a year later at White Sulphur Springs when Glenna Collett beat Mrs. Gavin of England and became the woman's golf champion of America. And this was the first of her five championships, the last of which she won at Los Angeles in October of this year.

In many respects Glenna Collett is the most unusual champion in any sport. There are other modest champions but there is no other ruler of the competitive realm quite as shy and as shrinking from praise or publicity.

I got one of the first close-ups of her true character in the winter of 1922 at Pinehurst. Miss Collett had beaten the brilliant, hard-hitting Cecil Leitch the previous fall. On this occasion at Pinehurst a number of women were discussing Miss Leitch's game. Miss Collett stood at the edge of the circle, silent and listening.

Finally someone turned to her and asked, "Glenna, have you ever seen Cecil Leitch play?"

"Yes," she said, "I've seen her."

Just that—nothing more.

Naturally someone promptly declared that Glenna had played against and had beaten Cecil Leitch, but at this point the young star faded from the scene. She had no liking whatsoever for public praise or discussion of her own skill.

Too Much Sympathy

This is the day and age when most champions are supposed to be of the "killer type." The competition is so keen that only grim determination and concentration can bring out victory.

If there is an ounce of the killer in Glenna Collett's makeup she has kept it carefully hidden. On the other hand, her sympathy for a losing opponent has cost her more than one match. Sport to her, even championship play, isn't quite that vital and important. One weakness has been that when she gets a good lead she is liable to lose her concentration, to start thinking of something other than the next stroke to be played, and thereby toss away a few holes that now and then cost her some title.

There is none of the grimness in her golf that one so often sees now among the best men and women players, amateur or professional. Here is more of the happy-go-lucky, take-it-as-it-comes, miss-and-smile-a-little variety of competition. She is one of the few who, in generously congratulating a winning opponent, seem actually to mean every word they say.

I don't believe there is any occasion that would make her do, psychologically or otherwise, the slightest thing to adversely affect an opponent's play. Naturally she wants to win. But never badly enough to go beyond her own skill for the day in winning.

It was just a year after Miss Collett made her first bid of any importance for the woman's championship that she played her way through to win her first title. That was in 1922. And in defeating Virginia Van Wie at Hot Springs a few years ago she played a brand of golf that would have put Bobby Jones to work. She was out in 35 or 36 over a championship course. I asked her once about one or two lapses in concentration that had cost her rather heavily in close matches. She had a good answer. "I play golf largely for the fun and the exercise I get from it," she said. "I know how important concentration on every stroke is, for there is no other way to be fairly sure you are going to hit the ball where it ought to go. But there is no fun in concentrating for three hours. That means nothing but work, and usually hard work. If I tried to concentrate correctly on every stroke I played I might play better golf. But I wouldn't get as much fun from the game."

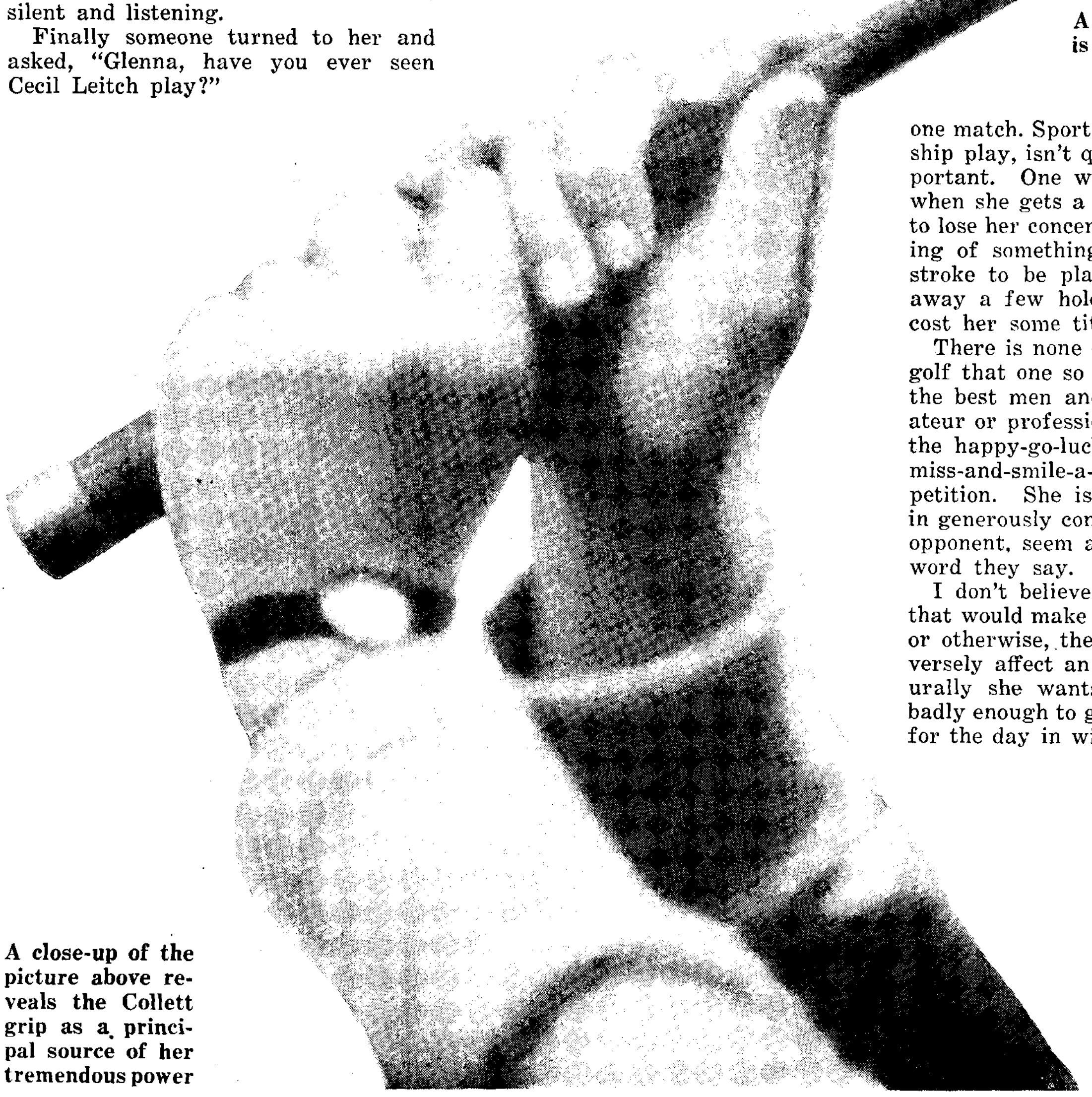
The more or less general belief that the male player is a better sportsman than the female of the species is one hundred per cent bunk, as most such general deductions are. There certainly has been no masculine entry in any game who knows less of the alibi than Miss Collett has ever known. She may have had a half-dozen good reasons for some particular off day, but no one could ever make her admit it. In this respect she is one of the most remarkable of all the golfers, for so many players seem to feel there must be some particular reason presented for an off day. As one morose golfer recently remarked: "I never beat a well man in my life."

One on the Boys

Glenna Collett was one of the first long-hitting women golfers. Some years ago she got the only 3 ever made on the 540-yard sixteenth hole at Belleair. And this hole has been played repeatedly by the best of the pros, including Hagen, Horton Smith, Sarazen, Armour, Farrell and others.

Another remarkable feature connected with Glenna Collett's game is the almost impossible job of getting her to talk about it. She comes closer to leaving all her golf on the golf course than anyone I know. That may be one reason why her keenness for the game remains and why she so seldom runs into stale spots through a championship week. Most staleness results from worry, bother and fretting between contests.

There you have Glenna Collett—champion at eighteen in 1922—still champion in 1930—five times champion for a new record, and the best part of her play still ahead of her. And beyond all that she is a champion whose attitude toward sport is something worth the consideration of all who play, whatever the game, in this frenzied age where only victory seems important.



A close-up of the picture above reveals the Collett grip as a principal source of her tremendous power

Girl Missing

Bannigan's first assignment as a detective was El Trovador Restaurant, where a great deal besides cooking was done. Mr. Bannigan is now in Europe studying art

By George Weston

EDDIE BANNIGAN entered the 126th Precinct station house, went up slowly to Room 3, near the head of the stairs, and knocked. A muffled voice called "Come in!"

Inside the room two men sat facing each other at a double desk. The elder—the one with the greater air of consequence—had a long face, faded blue eyes, and an indomitable expression of authority. The younger man had a cynical glance, and was inclined toward foppishness, that is to say, he was wearing purple garters around the sleeves of a lavender shirt.

"Sergeant McGann in?" asked the visitor in his shy voice.

He with the air of authority briefly nodded; and taking this for an answer, Eddie gave him two letters, each in an envelope which bore the printed return legend of police headquarters.

The first letter was on a mimeographed form and, as the elder man read it, Eddie began, mentally, to sketch him. The long face across the desk grew longer, the eyes glared, the nostrils not only dilated—they descended. Eddie's imaginary portrait was evidently to be a caricature. Then from each side of the forehead a horn pushed out, and finally, neatly lettered in the lower right-hand corner, appeared the title "The Old Bull."

"Well, I'll be damned!" suddenly exclaimed the Old Bull in person.

Eddie, his fingers still, felt his ears grow warm.

"You ain't Eddie Bannigan's son?" continued the other.

"Yes, sir," said Eddie. "Assigned to his old precinct."

"Well, I'll be damned!" repeated Sergeant McGann. And turning to the shrewd-eyed cynic across the desk, he continued, "Jerry, you've heard me speak of Eddie Bannigan?"

JERRY, who had been sitting motionless in the midst of his sartorial splendor—hearing and seeing all at the comfortable expense of the city of New York without the least trouble in the world—Jerry now shortly nodded and said, "He was bumped off, I've heard you say, and his widow got a gold medal."

"Ye-ah," said the other. "And that's not all. Don't forget that *I'd* have been the one whose widow would have got the gold medal—only Bannigan pulled me back from the door where they'd shot my leg from under me, but didn't dodge quick enough himself. . . . Well, well! . . . So you're young Eddie—the boy he was never through talking about. Seems to me, though, he always said you were going to be an artist—"

Eddie felt a tug at his heart.

"I thought so once myself," he said, "but Uncle Malachi would never listen to it. So when he saw they needed the money at home, he had me entered in the department's new school of detectives. Perhaps you'd heard Dad speak of Uncle Malachi—"

"Sure I've heard of him. Who hasn't? Still district leader in his old ward, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir," said Eddie, the respect in the sergeant's voice finding only the least echo in his own.

Meanwhile the Old Bull had opened the second letter which Eddie had given him—a half sheet of note paper on which was written a few short lines in a crabbed, heavy hand. "Mmm," he said, replacing it carefully in its envelope. "Well, well; let's see."

From a drawer of his flat-top desk he presently drew a card containing a name and address.

"Now, Ed," he said, "I'll get you teamed up later as soon as I find what transfers, if any, are being made because of your being assigned here. But till I hear about that, I've got something here to keep you out of mischief. This is the name and address of a restaurant that I want a report on. Start taking your meals there. I want to know who owns the place. But most of all, I want to know whether it's a bonyfido restaurant or just a cover-up joint for something shady. You get me?"

"Yes, sir."

"And while you're on this assignment I want you to stay away from the station house," continued the sergeant. "Nobody knows you 'round here and you don't look like a cop—two blue chips that I'm going to play for all they're worth. So till further notice I want you to make a full report in writing every evening; and I want you to call me on the phone twice a day. Now as for when and where to call me—"

It didn't take long to settle the details.

"Good luck, now," concluded the Old Bull, rising to shake hands. "Don't take in any lead money." In honor of his father, he escorted Eddie to the door—then thoughtfully returned to his desk.

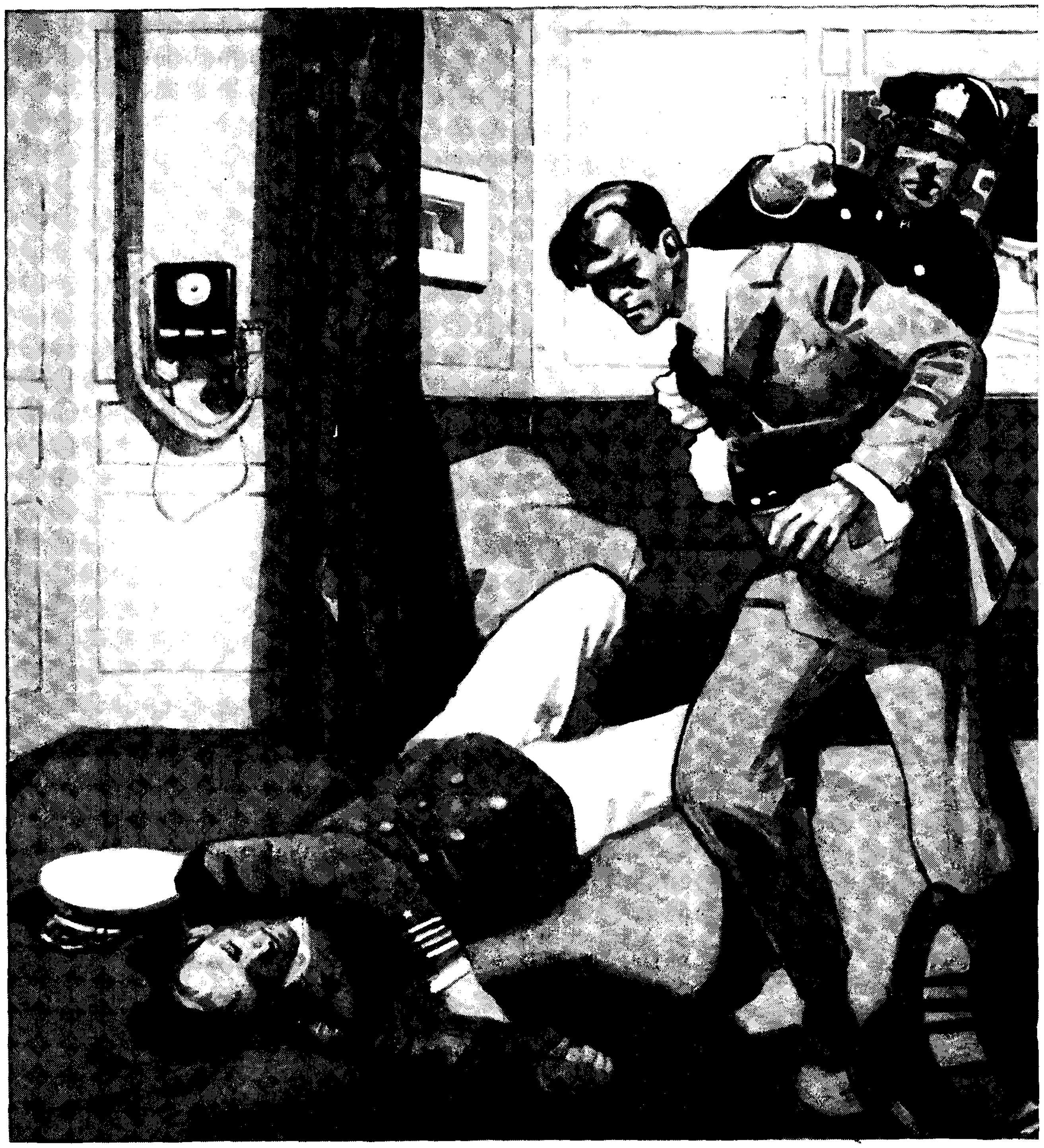
"Funny, that boy turning out to be a teck," he half-frowningly remarked, staring at the plaster on the opposite wall. "His father was always dead set against the idea. 'In this business,' he said to me once, 'you get after a while so you suspect everything and everybody; and that boy of mine now, dreaming over his fairy books and thinking the whole world's beautiful—God forbid he should ever get sour like me.' "

"He's certainly got a lot to learn," said Jerry the Cynic. "Don't you *think* it would have been better if you had teamed him up on his first case—everything being so new to him?"

"TEAMED him up?" repeated the other, still staring at the opposite plaster. "How do you know he ain't teamed up already?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Jerry, staring.

" 'Tain't very often I talk like this," said the Old Bull, slowly, "but his father knew this precinct from A to Z. Now maybe this doesn't mean a thing in



The sergeant had to work hard before he could pry them loose; and by that time the captain's anybody's life. But if them that's gone can give a hint to them that's here yet—well, I don't know whether you get me or not; but it seems to me that, for all we know, young Eddie Bannigan may be teamed up already a damn' sight better than if he had the whole detective bureau of the New York police department trailin' 'round with him. . . ."

OUT on the street, Eddie looked at his watch. Ten minutes to twelve. A little early, perhaps, for his first assignment, but at that hour, he could choose the table that was best for his purpose—could have a leisurely lunch, and miss nothing of the scene.

"El Trovador Restaurant," he read, glancing at the card which Sergeant McGann had given him. "Sounds Spanish. There may be some good subjects there."

It was, he soon discovered, a basement restaurant; and from the statue of the bull and matador in the right-hand window unmistakably Spanish.

"Damn Uncle Malachi!" thought Eddie with a fine religious feeling. "But anyhow—here goes."

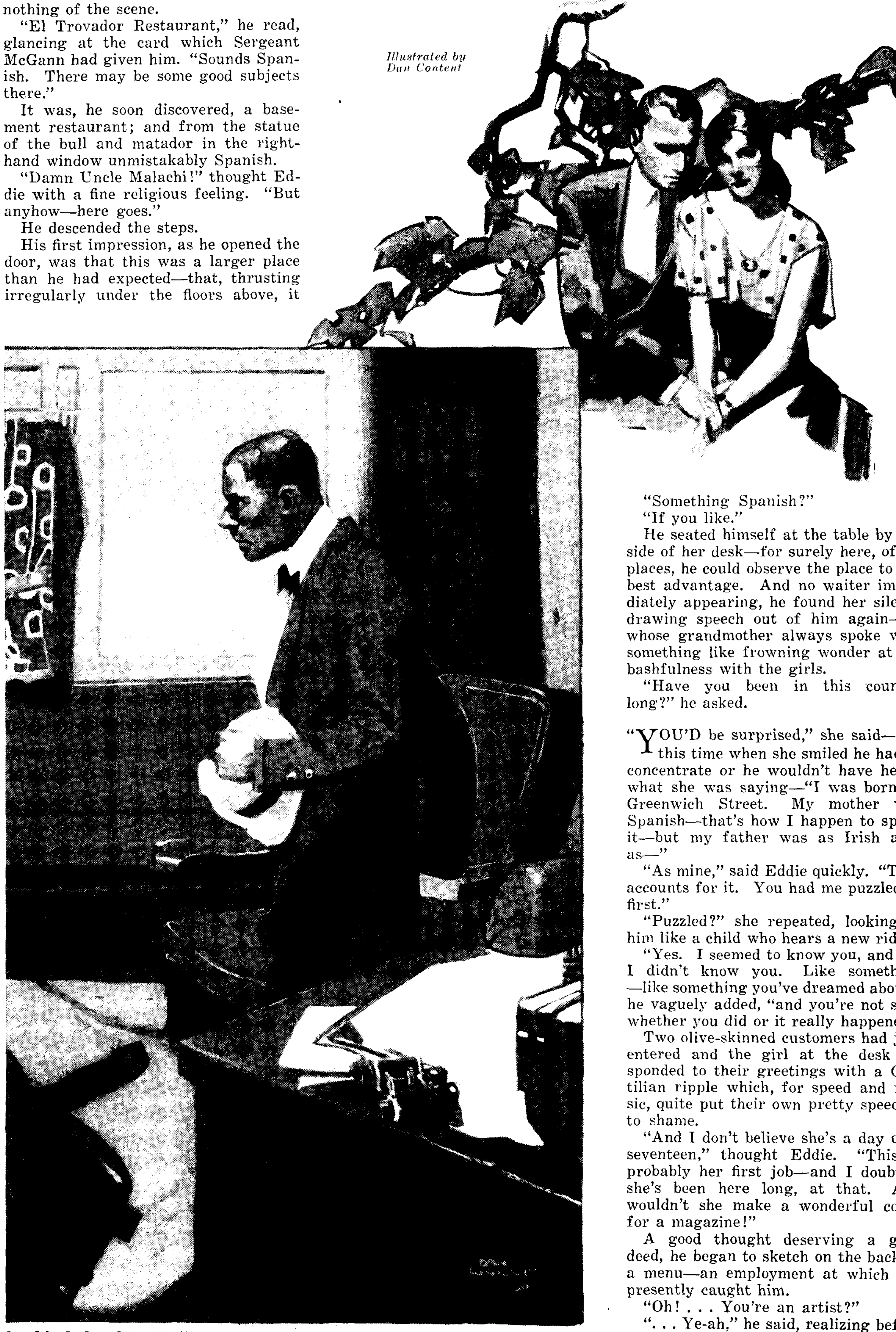
He descended the steps.

His first impression, as he opened the door, was that this was a larger place than he had expected—that, thrusting irregularly under the floors above, it finally made its way to the next street. And then his eyes met those of the girl at the desk, and all other impressions—all other sensations—temporarily vanished from his mind.

She was extraordinarily dark, for one thing—"as black as a coal" his grandmother would have said—but in her cheeks and lips not only life, but the joy of life, was unmistakably glowing. Her hair was parted in the middle and brushed down flat over her head to a bun in the back—a bun which again reminded him queerly of his grandmother. The tilt of her nose, too, was vaguely familiar, and so was the keenness of her chin—but her eyes: there was nothing like those either in the Bannigan or the Sullivan side of his family—nothing so hauntingly deep, or so widely spaced, or overhung with such long, dark awnings of lashes.

"Good morning, señorita," hesitated Eddie—she, to his surprise, drawing the speech out of him as naturally as the sun draws water. "Am I too early for lunch?"

"Call it a late breakfast, if you wish, señor," she smiled. "Under that name I feel sure you'll find something to eat."



Illustrated by Dan Content

head had played the devil's tattoo on the stateroom floor

"Something Spanish?"

"If you like."

He seated himself at the table by the side of her desk—for surely here, of all places, he could observe the place to the best advantage. And no waiter immediately appearing, he found her silence drawing speech out of him again—he whose grandmother always spoke with something like frowning wonder at his bashfulness with the girls.

"Have you been in this country long?" he asked.

"YOU'D be surprised," she said—and this time when she smiled he had to concentrate or he wouldn't have heard what she was saying—"I was born on Greenwich Street. My mother was Spanish—that's how I happen to speak it—but my father was as Irish as—as—"

"As mine," said Eddie quickly. "That accounts for it. You had me puzzled at first."

"Puzzled?" she repeated, looking at him like a child who hears a new riddle.

"Yes. I seemed to know you, and yet I didn't know you. Like something—like something you've dreamed about," he vaguely added, "and you're not sure whether you did or it really happened."

Two olive-skinned customers had just entered and the girl at the desk responded to their greetings with a Castilian ripple which, for speed and music, quite put their own pretty speeches to shame.

"And I don't believe she's a day over seventeen," thought Eddie. "This is probably her first job—and I doubt if she's been here long, at that. And wouldn't she make a wonderful cover for a magazine!"

A good thought deserving a good deed, he began to sketch on the back of a menu—an employment at which she presently caught him.

"Oh! . . . You're an artist?"

". . . Ye-ah," he said, realizing before it was too late that Fate had given him a perfect excuse for his future frequent calls at the restaurant El Trovador. "I'm a magazine illustrator—and—they have some Spanish stories—and—I thought I could get some types down here—that is, if you don't mind helping me—and giving me an idea of who's who, and what's what—"

Even while he was saying this he was thinking, "God forgive me for the lie—and God forgive Uncle Malachi for being the cause of it." And quickly then, he added aloud, "Take those two men who just came in—are they from South America?"

"No; they're Mexicans," she told him, leaning confidentially over the end of her desk. "See that long table where they're sitting? In a little while you'll see it full of them. Popo—he's the little lame waiter with the sad eyes, swatting flies—Popo says they can't go back till there's a change of government. . . . Say, Popo ought to make a good sketch for you."

BUT Eddie was still busy on a better sketch than Popo.

"Are they all Mexicans who come here?" he asked, making the eyelashes longer.

"No," she said. "There's some from Nicaragua. They have the table in the long alcove."

"Listen," said Eddie, making them curlier, too. "You haven't told me your name yet."

"No; and why should I?"

"Why . . . to put under your picture when I get it done. Why else?"

"Let's see the picture, then; and if I like it, maybe I'll tell you."

It was only a sketch, but Eddie had put both heart and soul into it. She gave it a long, almost a wistful look—and handed it back over the top of her cage.

"My name," she said, looking at him with a new respect, "is Maria Christina Buckley. What's yours?"

"Eddie Winterbottom," he said—again hoping with crossed fingers that Uncle Malachi would be forgiven.

"That's a funny Irish name," she said.

"I'll tell you about it later," he hurriedly told her. "Listen. Who's the boss around here? Would *he* make a good sketch?"

"If he'd let you," said Maria Christina doubtfully. "But he isn't exactly friendly, as a rule. He's in the office now," she continued in a lower voice, nodding toward a closed door across from the cashier's cage. "Do you hear that deep growl once in a while? . . . That's him."

"What's his name?" asked Eddie.

"Sannazaro—Fernando Sannazaro. Here he comes now!" she quickly added beneath her breath.

The entrance to El Trovador was a bottle neck—with the cashier's desk on one side and a narrow office on the other. The door of this office had swung open and a moment later Eddie's fingers were itching to sketch the face and figure which had appeared in the doorway.

"Fat and clever and cruel," he thought. "Draw a handkerchief around his head and a couple of old-time pistols in his belt." Other items automatically sprang to place in the composition: the gun-cluttered deck of a pirate ship, a blindfolded prisoner walking the plank, a sea full of laughing sharks. . . .

"Hola! Popo!" exclaimed the unconscious subject of this picture, hurrying down among the tables.

Through the doorway Eddie caught sight of a visitor in Señor Sannazaro's office—an elderly man with the profile and beak of a hungry eagle—an eagle, however, incongruously wearing the white-topped, gold-braided cap of a ship's officer. He was seated at the end

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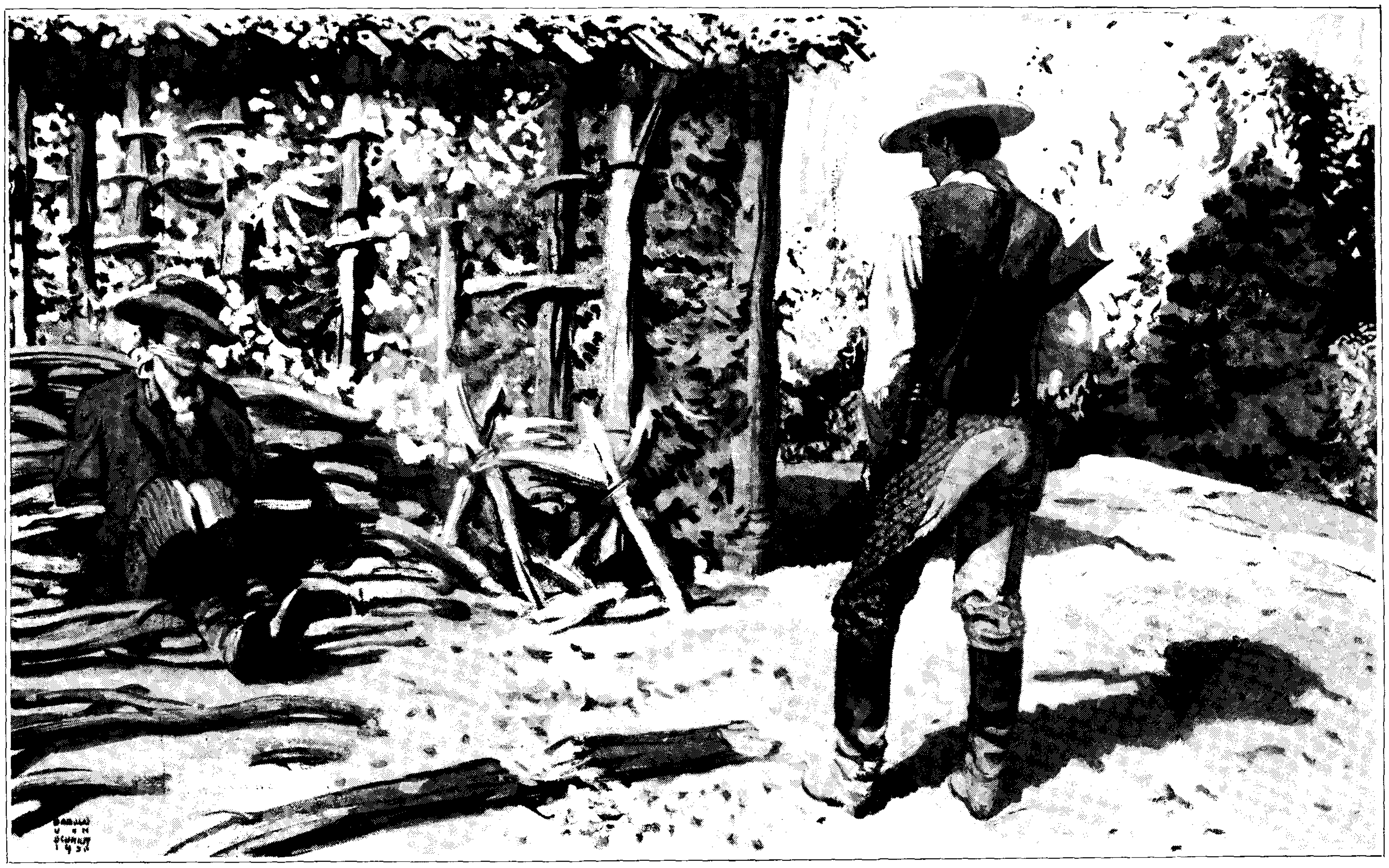


At a second glance Jim saw that Hays had been gagged and his face was so contorted by rage that it appeared scarcely human

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING fled to Utah in order (so he says) to escape the long arm of the law, a young Westerner who gives his name as Jim Wall gets a job at the Star Ranch.

To his amazement Jim finds that practically all the employees at the Star are desperadoes! The explanation, however, is simple: Having found himself surrounded by gunmen and cattle rustlers, Bernie Herrick, the wealthy Englishman who owns the ranch, has hired them to ensure himself against their depredations.

Hank Hays, the superintendent, confides in Jim: tells him how he, Hays, and his followers are plotting to rob Herrick and desert him. And presently Jim finds himself, much against his will, a member of Hank Hays' gang.

Helen Herrick, Bernie's sister, comes out from England for a visit. She is young, cultured and beautiful. Soon Jim is madly in love with her; to his horror be observes that Hays, too, seems deeply interested.

Jim knows he can never hope to marry Helen. So when Hays informs him that, as all of Herrick's cattle have been stolen and sold, get-away day has arrived he decides to accompany the robbers. With the other members of the gang he rides away from the ranch.

A short time later the party is joined by Hays and Sparrowhawk Latimer, an aide. A girl is riding between them. It is—Helen Herrick. They have kidnapped her!

Hays announces that he will hold the girl for ransom; and, realizing the hopelessness of his position, Jim makes no protest. At the earliest opportunity, however, he tells Helen of his love and vows that he will save her.

A rival gang—led by one Bill Heeseman, Hays' bitterest enemy, who had planned likewise to kidnap the girl—rides up and a running battle ensues, after which Hays leads his party to "Robbers' Roost," a secret retreat, to which access is extremely difficult. . . . Sparrowhawk Latimer, wounded in the battle, dies. Before he passes away he informs Jim and Smoky that Hays had robbed both the girl and her brother—that the scoundrel is interested not in the ransom but in Helen Herrick!

Gradually the bandits begin to realize that Hays has deceived them.

Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

IX

THE season of storms arrived and showers of rain fell almost every day. Dust cleared out of the air; the heat diminished; and flowers and grass sprang up out of the earth.

One day, when Jim was returning to camp, somewhat before sunset, he heard a shot. It startled him. Gun shots, except his own while hunting rabbits and antelope, had been marked by their absence. And this one either had a spiteful ring or so it sounded to Jim's sensitive ears. He listened for others. None came.

The moment he entered the oval, to see Hays striding for the cabin, his hair standing up, and his men grouped outside of the camp shelter, Jim knew that there had been trouble. It had been long in coming, but it had arrived. Jim hoped Hays had not shot Smoky or Happy Jack. Any one of the others would be one less.

Presently Smoky detached himself from the group and came to meet Jim.

"What now, Smoky?"

"Hank did fer Brad."

"How? Why? . . . You don't mean Hays beat Lincoln to a gun?"

"He did, Jim. By Gawd he did!" ejaculated Slocum, his eyes gleaming strangely. "But Hank was at the end of the table an' had a free throw. You know thet bench Jack fixed on the side next to the fire? Wal, Brad was sittin' on it an' his gun bumped the table. Thet gave Hank the edge. He bored Brad. I was the only feller who seen it. The rest was duckin' to beat hell."

"What was it about, Smoky?"

"Wal, Brad has been gittin' sorer every day, an' today we cleaned him. Hank had a bad run, too. But you know he was way ahead, an' most on Brad's money. Brad opened up on Hank, no doubt meanin' to call him fer fair. But Brad didn't git goin' good before Hank hissed an' went fer his gun."

"Smoky, he had his mind made up," declared Jim, tensely.

"Shore. Thet's the queer part of it. Hank was not goin' to let Brad spit out much. . . . An', friend Jim, thet's a hunch fer us."

"You and me?"

"So I take it."

"Hays can't beat me to a gun," rejoined Jim, with a cold ring in his voice.

"Nor me either. Thet's a safe bet."

"Does Hays *know* that?"

"Wal, he orter know it, leastways about me," replied Smoky, in perplexity. "But he's grown so cocky lately thet mebbe he's damn' fool enough not to believe it."

"Shall I call him out?"

"Hell, no," flashed Smoky, with a passionate gesture. "After all, Brad was to blame. . . . But, Jim, I jest can't advise you no more. We both gotta paddle our own canoes."

"Well, I'm not so squeamish," declared Jim, with meaning. "I like you, Smoky; I reckon you're the one real, square man in this bunch. And if you want my advice you're welcome to it."

"Jim, I've sorta cottoned to you," admitted Smoky. "But, honest to Gawd, I'm afeared to ask you anythin'."

"What're you afraid of, Smoky?"

"I don't know. Mebbe it's a queer hunch Hank has busted up over this gurl."

They reached the camp. Lincoln lay face down over the table, his right arm hanging low, his gun lying near his hand.

"Wonder who'll go next?" queried Mac, gloomily, twisting his lean hands.

"Lend a hand, some of you," ordered Slocum, peremptorily.

They carried Lincoln, face down, across the oval to the lower side of the cottonwood grove, and in half an hour he had been consigned to the earth, and his possessions divided among the men who had buried him.

"Grave number two?" speculated Smoky. "Fellers, it runs in my mind thet Robbers' Roost in these next twenty years will be sprinkled all over with graves."

"How so, when nobody has any idee where it is?"

"Heeseman will find it, an' Morley, an' after them many more," concluded Slocum, prophetically.

"Let's rustle out of the damned hole," suggested Bridges.

IT WAS dark by the time Happy Jack called them to supper. Jim carried over an armload of brush to make a bright fire. By its flare Hays was seen approaching, and when he drew near he said: "Jim, did they tell you straight how I come to draw on Brad?"

"Reckon they did," replied Jim, coldly.

"Anythin' to say?"

"No. I don't see how you could have acted any differently."

"Wal, you've coppered it with the ace. The second Brad jumped me I seen in his eyes he meant to egg me on to draw. So I did it quick. . . . Jack, what you got fer supper?"

By tacit consent and without a single word the men avoided Happy Jack's table that night and ate around the camp fire. Hays stood up, Smoky sat on a stone, Jim knelt on one knee, and the others adopted characteristic poses reminiscent of the trail.

"Cool after the rain," remarked Hays, after he had finished. And he took up a blazing fagot of wood. "Reckon I'll make a little fire fer my lady prisoner."

He stalked away, waving the fagot to keep it ablaze.

"I call thet nervy," declared Smoky. "What you think, Jim?"

"Just a bluff. Watch him."

"Hank's gone dotty," snorted Happy Jack. "Thet gurl hates his very guts."

"Men, what this Herrick girl thinks or feels is nothing to Hays," chimed in Jim, ringingly.

"I seen her last night when he called me to fetch her supper," said Jack. "Fust time I'd had a peek at her face lately. Seemed a ghost of thet other gurl."

"Yes, and you fellows saw only a ghost of the money Hays got from the Herricks," retorted Jim, divining the moment for revelation had come.

An angry roar arose. Smoky threw up his hands and left the camp fire. Then Jim, in brief, cold terms, exposed the machinations of their chief. After the first outburst they accepted the disclosure in astounded and ominous silence. Jim left the poison to brew and paced off into the darkness.

The fire Hays had built in front of the shelter cast a bright light, showing the girl walking to and fro. Jim kept in the shadow of the cliff and stole within a couple of hundred feet, then sat down on the grassy bench. If the girl spoke, when Hays brought her food, it was too low to hear. Jim quivered when she faced in his direction and at the end of her short walk gazed across at the camp fire. It was too long a gaze to be casual.

Jim had a feeling that he could not much longer stay his hand. Right then if he had seen Hays as much as touch the girl he would have shot him, and risked having it out with the men. But the chief sat there, a fading figure in the dusk. Finally Helen went into her tent. Jim grasped at that break in the tension of the hour and stole away to his bed. Tomorrow! He could wait through tomorrow. There would be a row and anything might happen. Hays was in no mood to tolerate inquiry or criticism. Most of them all, he had answered to a vitriolic devastation of character through crime. He wanted that money, that which he had kept, and all of theirs. He wanted it for more than gambling. Robbers' Roost was a hiding place only; Utah had grown too small for him. So Jim Wall's divining mind whirled on, until slumber claimed him.

SOME time during the night Jim was awakened. As he lay there, eyes open, a soft hand touched his cheek and a whisper brought him wide awake, transfixed and thrilling.

"Jim! . . . Wake up. It is I."

Helen knelt beside him. Jim sat up with a violent start.

"*You!* . . . What is it? Has that devil—"

"Hush! Not so loud. Nothing has happened. . . . But I couldn't sleep—and I must talk to you—or go out of my mind."

In the starlight her face had the same pearl-white tint as the clouds, and her eyes were like great black gulfs peering down upon him. After a moment he could see more clearly.

"All—right. Talk—but it's risky," he whispered huskily. His hand rested upon the blanket. She put hers on it, as if in her earnestness to assure him of her presence and her feeling.

She bent lower, so that her face was closer, and she could whisper very softly:

"First I want to tell you how cruelly it has come home to me—my ignorance, my failure to believe and trust you, even after you—so—so rudely insulted me that day up on the mountain trail. If I had only had faith in you then! It's too late. But I want you to know I have the faith *now*."

"Thanks. I'm glad, though I didn't kiss you—handle you that day—just to frighten you. I fell!"

"I don't believe that altogether. No matter. If I had listened to you I would not now be in this terrible predicament. The fear and the suspense are wearing me out."

"But you are well—all right still? . . . He has not harmed you? *Helen!*"

"No, he has not harmed me, and I am not ill. I'm losing flesh because I can't eat. But that's nothing. . . . Lately I don't sleep because I'm horribly afraid he will come—and—smother me—or choke me—so I can't cry out. I've slept some in the daytime. . . . Jim, the thing is I—can't stand it much longer." Jim smothered a violent curse. "He has not tried—lately," she went on. "I swore I would jump over the cliff. I think I frightened him. But I can see—I can feel— Oh, Jim, for God's sake, do something to end—this horror—"

She leaned or fell forward in the weakness of the moment, her head against him. He stroked it gently, his reaction as far from that passionate and mocking embrace at Star Ranch as could have been possible.

"Helen, don't—give up," he replied. "You have been brave. And it has gone—better than we could hope. . . . Only a little while longer!"

"We might steal away—now."

"Yes. I've thought of that. But only to get lost and starve—or die of thirst in these brakes."

"That almost—would be better—for me."

"If you can't stick it out we'll plan and go—say tomorrow night. We must have food, horses. . . . It's only honest, though, to tell you the chances are a hundred to one against us. . . . We've got an even break if we wait."

"How can you—think that?"

"THIS gang is about ready to go up in smoke. There'll be a terrible fight. Hays surely will be killed. And just as surely, more than he. That will leave a proposition I can handle without risk to you."

"Even then—we still have to find a way out of this awful place."

"Yes, but I'd have time, and I could pack water and food. . . . Helen, trust me, it's the best plan."

"If you take me back to my brother, I'll give you the ransom."

"Don't insult me," he replied, bitterly.

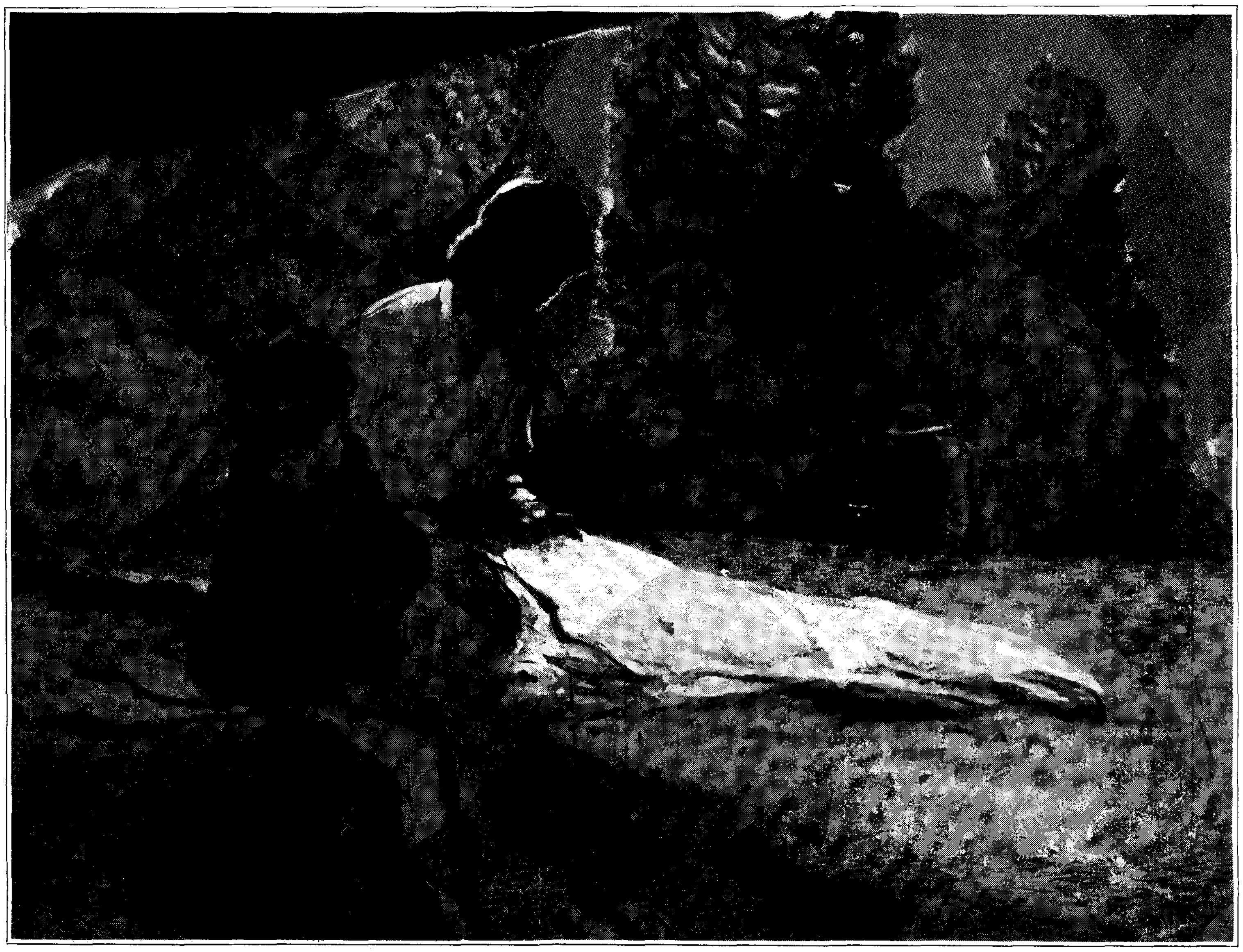
At that she drew up suddenly, and threw her hair back from her face. "Forgive me. . . . You see, I have lost my mind. That never occurred to me before. But I'll reward you in some way."

"To have saved you will be all the reward I ask—and more than I deserve. . . . You have forgotten that I love you."

"Yes—I had," she whispered. Her great eyes studied him in the starlight, as if the fact had a vastly different significance here than it had had at Star Ranch.

"The proof of it is that I'm one of

(*Continued on page 29*)

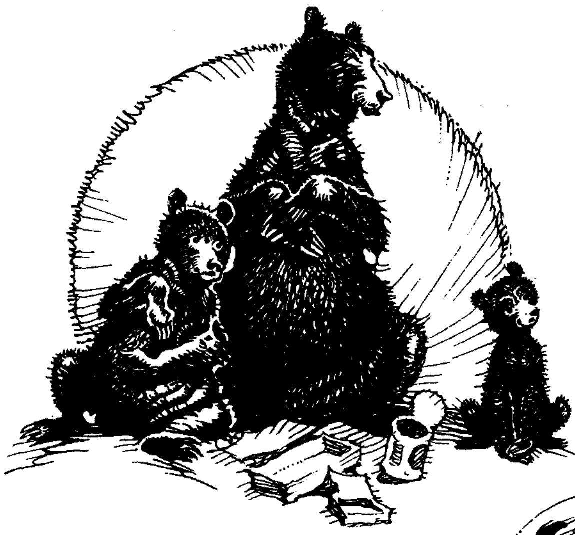


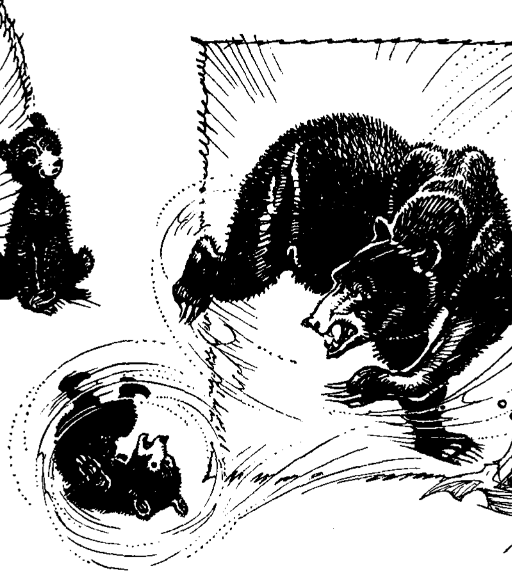
Cold terror assailed Jim Wall. That was Hays crawling upon them with a gun in his hand

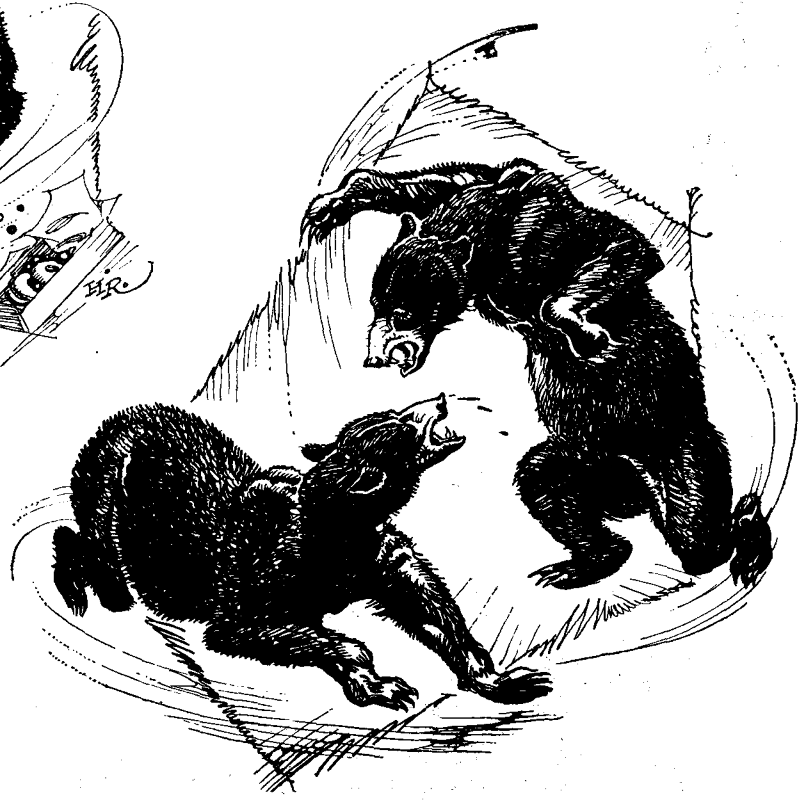
Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

Sweet, Wild Romance

The story of a Yosemite bear who fled the fleshpots and went back to nature







IN THE great national park set in the heart of the California Sierras, which takes in the glacier-polished cleft called the Yosemite Valley, and high mountains above it and huge forests to the right and left of it, wild life is carefully protected. No rifle, no shotgun, no pistol is allowed within the sacred precincts; the hunter is taboo and man's killing instinct utterly quenched. The result is that furred and winged creatures have lost their fear of the tyrant who walks about on two legs and, having lost their fear, have lost also their hatred. Snarls and growls are not heard in this Park. The bird spears the cherry between your lips, the deer noses your hip pocket for a cud of tobacco, and the bears . . .

I was camping in the valley last summer with a young daughter and young son, and of a Saturday evening had bought in the village store, for the Sunday breakfast, three of those delectable convolutions of pastry, raisins and sugar called "snails." I remember still the heavy, virtuous satisfaction that filled me as I went to sleep in my blankets, with the pines black against the stars, a big planet rising like a lamp over the tip of Glacier Point, and my innocent anticipation of the promised gastronomical delight of the morrow.

The morrow came; I got up early and went down to the river for a pail of water. The youngsters were still sleeping, curled up in their blankets, side by side outside the tent. As I returned to camp a large bear was walking past them, not three inches from their unsuspicious toes. And I saw that he was carrying in his mouth something that looked like a ham.

I put down my pail and followed him, curious to see if really the old boy had got himself, somewhere, a ham. He went on leisurely, giving no sign of being disturbed. I gained on him, and after a moment began to suspect that what he bore in his mouth was not a ham. It was something else that accidentally had taken the shape of a ham. It was a paper bag that had the shape of a ham. I hastened my step. He did not hasten his. He stopped altogether, pivoted on his huge flabby rear, laid the paper bag between his forepaws, gave me a profound look out of his little pig eyes and then, as I stood there, tore up the bag, discovered my three snails and ate them under my nose!

I spoke to the ranger in charge of our camp site about it.

"I guess that bear was Captain Kidd," he said. "I've been keeping books on him. He has eaten campers' food, during the last week, to the value of one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents."

I asked him if that was not something which should be discouraged. He agreed. "The bears," he said, "should stick to the garbage.

"When they stick to the garbage," he explained, "it's all right. When they eat up the campers' food, of course, *that's* not right. We'll try to keep them to the garbage," he said reassuringly, as I left.

Which reminds me of Runty the Bear.

Runty was not of the tribe that dwells on the floor of the valley. He lived three thousand feet higher, at Glacier Point. For two reasons, this is a still better place for bears. There are no campers here, just a great hotel where only rich people stop—people of slightly jaded appetites—so that the garbage is rather of a higher grade than that of the lower altitudes, peopled as they are by beings of more jovial digestive habits. The second reason is this: Only one road comes to Glacier Point and its hotel. Having climbed a great deal, it ends in a level stretch of two or three hundred yards. When not playing with the rotund cans at the doors of the hotel kitchens, the bears line up along this stretch of road and beg from passing cars.

THEY stand there, in a line along the road, like Neapolitan beggars before the days of Mussolini. One looks as though he had a patch over one eye, another as if he had a bandage about a carefully cultivated wound, a third as if he were on a crutch or had a wooden leg. All carry the head tilted toward one shoulder in the professional piteous manner, and all seem to be holding out before them a little tin cup for pennies.

On a sunny day of early summer the cub Runty Bear was standing in this line with his mother, Big Belle, and with his cub twin brother, Fine Boy.

Now and then a car came whirring up the last rise and, slowing up, entered the flat stretch in sight of the hotel. The bears on both sides immediately intensified their piteous expression and the car stopped. The people within passed out to the bears apples, bananas and oranges; pies, peanuts, gum and peppermints; roast chicken and pâté de foie gras; chocolate bars, nut brittle and glacé fruit.

But Runty was getting but little of that. He was having a hard time.

If he had not been such a stubbornly cheerful little fellow he would have known that his hard time had begun a long time ago, with his very life. His misfortune came of having been born just a little too late and yet not late enough. If he had been born a little earlier, he would have been born ahead of his elder twin, Fine Boy, and hence would have been the elder twin himself. Having failed to do that, it would have been better for him if he had been born later still.

As it was, Big Belle had been in the act of admiring the fat, newly arrived Fine Boy, and about to settle on him his name, Fine Boy, when Runty had abruptly and unexpectedly arrived. Big Belle had never forgiven him her surprise. To Fine Boy had gone the best of her love and the cream of her milk; he had grown big and shining and fat while Runty had remained undersized, with bones showing like hatracks through an unlicked coat full of burs.

And Big Belle's partiality had only increased with the months. If Runty had displayed any awareness of his unhappiness, he might have touched, perhaps, her mother's heart. But he was one of the world's pathetic optimists. Every morning, as he got up, he shook himself happily; he seemed to say, "This is another day; *today* she'll be good to me!" And when Big Belle had failed to be good to him, it would not matter. The next morning again he would awaken shaking himself merrily; again he would seem to be saying, "This is another day; *today* she'll be good to me!"

This only exasperated Big Belle the more. By the time she had weaned the cubs and the moment had come to introduce them to the severe realities of wild life—the upsetting of campers' garbage barrels, the begging from passing cars—her unnatural complex had become fixed. When they begged along the road and a car stopped and handed out its gastronomical alms, she saw to it that Fine Boy got all the good things, while to Runty went the bones picked white, the paper bags, tin-foil wrappings and labels from cans. Poor Runty was getting thinner all the time; there were circles under his eyes; he was hungry all the time.

Today was announcing itself as one of the worst. It had not been that way at first, it had been like all the other days. Whenever a car stopped, attracted (that was the worst of the injustice) by Runty's big solemn eyes and evident need, Big Belle gave Fine Boy all the nourishing things and gave Runty what may fill but cannot nourish.

But as the hours passed, Big Belle (probably tormented subconsciously by her conscience) was treating Runty with increasing shabbiness. By ten o'clock he was being kept even from the rude fare which had been his lot. Whenever he advanced his trustful small nose toward the merest crumb or sliver dropped by his big brother, Fine Boy, or a bit of sacking still with a powder of cracker crumb, or a piece of a cardboard box still a bit sticky with vanished caramels, she sprang upon him and sent him scurrying off in panic. By twelve she was not only denying him all share in the abundant alms; she would not let him stand with them at all as a part of the family group awaiting the next car with piteous mien. At two o'clock she went plain berserker.

RUNTY, innocently, had licked up out of the last car's offerings a wee bit of chewing gum, no larger than a pea. Suddenly Big Belle sprang upon him with a fearful roar. He turned and ran. But this time she followed. Striking him, cuffing him, rolling him over and over between straight dashes when he would escape her and streak away, she chased him down the road till finally he took to a tree and scrambled to its top.

When the noise and the tumult had abated, Runty came down to a lower limb, but was afraid to go farther. He followed the limb out almost to its end, and lay down there, his nose between his paws. A little ways off and below him stood Big Belle and her paragon. Cars stopped before them, discharged oranges, capons, melons, cakes and marmalades. Big Belle and Fine Boy feasted while, up above, Runty Bear felt his already empty stomach gradually tighten and tighten. The worst of it was that, in the great fracas with Big Belle, he

By James Hopper

Illustrated by Herman Rountree

had lost his little mite of chewing gum.

After a while he slid slowly down the tree and walked toward his relatives. He had forgotten. A smile was upon his face, affection in his manner. But Fine Boy rose on his hind legs and snarled. At the sound Big Belle rose to her full great stature and growled. Runty went back up the tree.

Thus the long afternoon wore on. Every now and then, because there was something in Runty that made him certain that things are really never so bad as they seem, he slipped down the tree again, and went briskly toward mother and brother. He seemed to be saying, "*This* time Mother is going to be good to me!"

FINE BOY rose and snarled; Big Belle reared and growled. He came on, pretending not to notice, pretending not to understand. A cuff on the side of the head sent him spinning. He turned, he ran, Big Belle after him, spanking him, rolling him over and over in a cloud of dust. Like the nucleus of a small cyclone he reached his tree, he scurried up the trunk, while his mother, after a moment of threatening vigilance down below, went back to her favorite son and the halted car, the alligator pears, potted partridge, nougats and everything. He crawled back to the end of his branch and stretched out there, panting and hungry and wistful, above his feasting kin, not understanding very well how this world was run.

Finally, worn out, with empty stomach and sore heart, he went to sleep up there on his limb, his nose under his paws.

When he awoke, it was night. He was cold, he was hungry. "Night!" he thought. "The garbage cans!"

But when, having slid down his tree and ambled fast along the road, he came to the hotel kitchens, a vague heaving and tossing of blacker shadows in the darkness told him that the tribe was already here, ahead of him, at the midnight rendezvous. They sniffed in contempt at his approach; they tightened up and let him through only with the greatest reluctance; the big ones jostled him and trod on his toes. And when, finally, his innocent persistence had brought him to a careened and yawning can, it was to be confronted by Fine Boy and Big Belle.

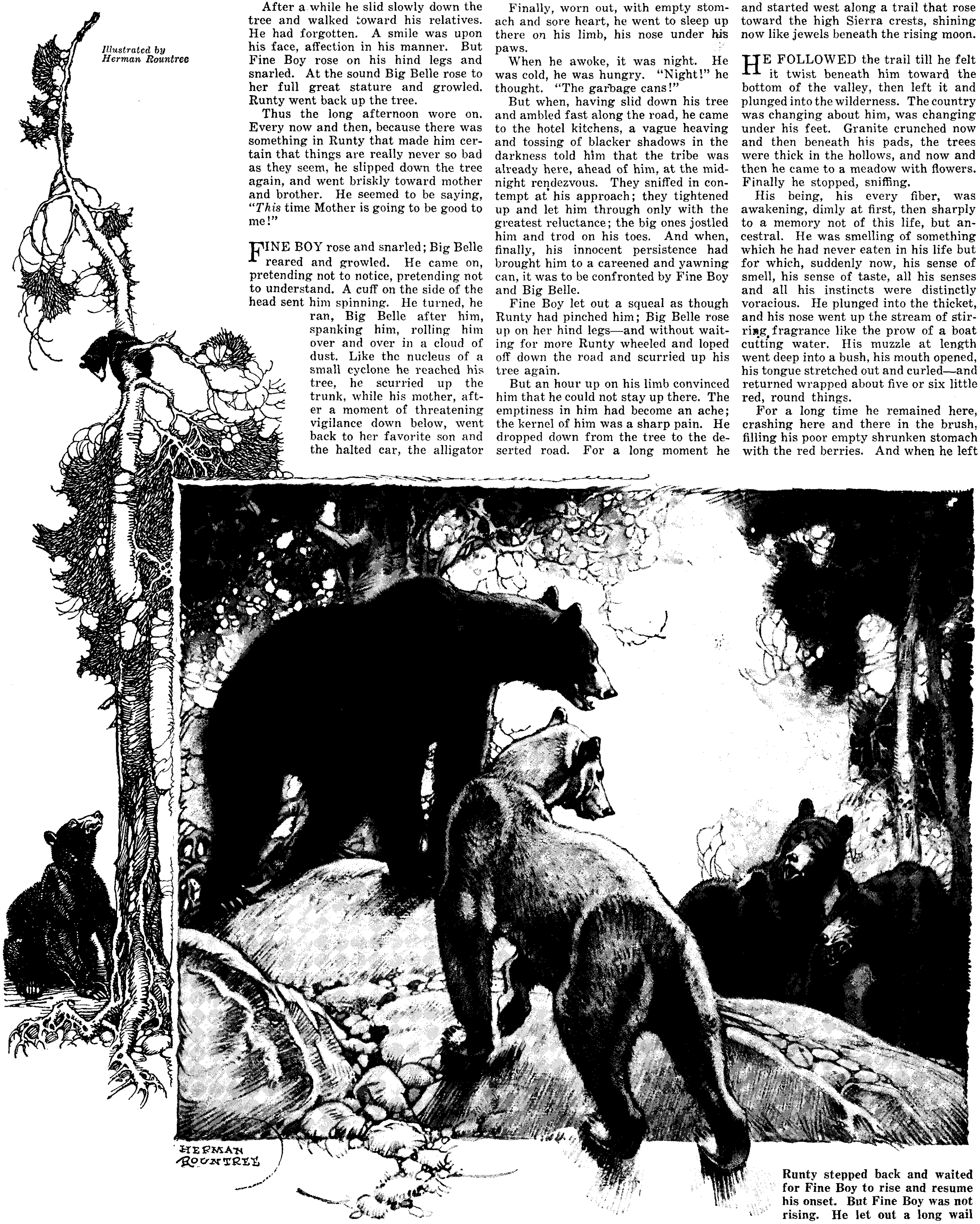
Fine Boy let out a squeal as though Runty had pinched him; Big Belle rose up on her hind legs—and without waiting for more Runty wheeled and loped off down the road and scurried up his tree again.

But an hour up on his limb convinced him that he could not stay up there. The emptiness in him had become an ache; the kernel of him was a sharp pain. He dropped down from the tree to the deserted road. For a long moment he hesitated, his nose toward the loom of the hotel, dim in the night. But something, temporarily at least, had broken within him. It was his optimism. Sorrowfully he turned from the hotel and its ash cans, from his tribe and his kin, and started west along a trail that rose toward the high Sierra crests, shining now like jewels beneath the rising moon.

HE FOLLOWED the trail till he felt it twist beneath him toward the bottom of the valley, then left it and plunged into the wilderness. The country was changing about him, was changing under his feet. Granite crunched now and then beneath his pads, the trees were thick in the hollows, and now and then he came to a meadow with flowers. Finally he stopped, sniffing.

His being, his every fiber, was awakening, dimly at first, then sharply to a memory not of this life, but ancestral. He was smelling of something which he had never eaten in his life but for which, suddenly now, his sense of smell, his sense of taste, all his senses and all his instincts were distinctly voracious. He plunged into the thicket, and his nose went up the stream of stirring fragrance like the prow of a boat cutting water. His muzzle at length went deep into a bush, his mouth opened, his tongue stretched out and curled—and returned wrapped about five or six little red, round things.

For a long time he remained here, crashing here and there in the brush, filling his poor empty shrunken stomach with the red berries. And when he left



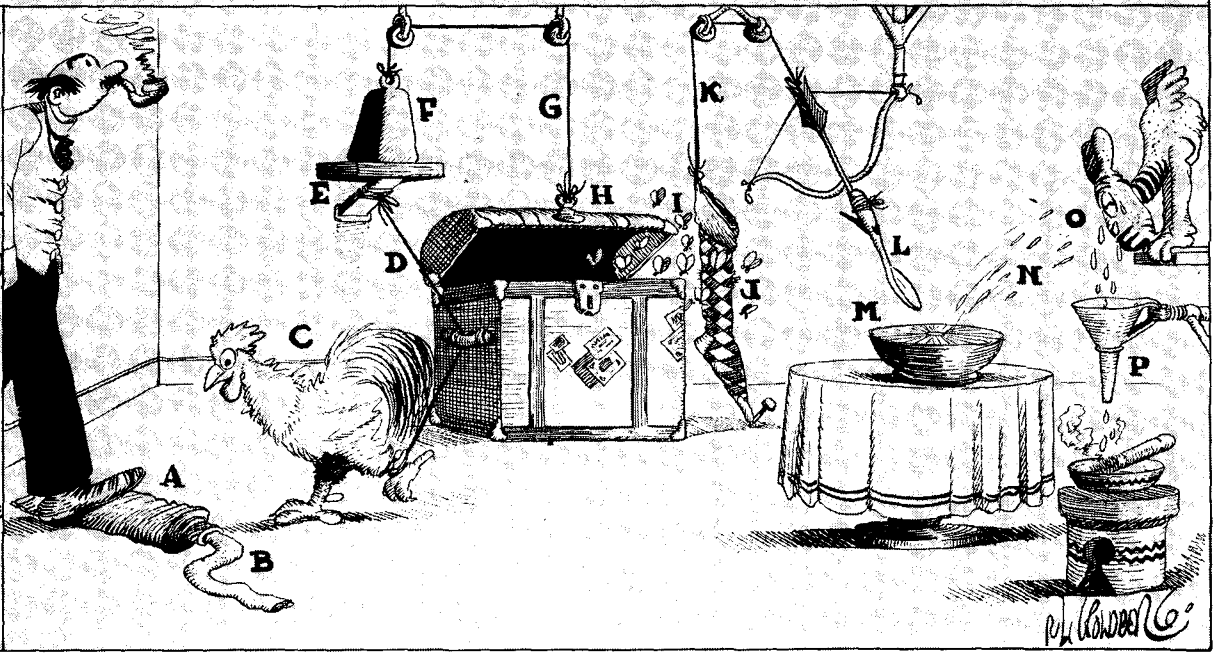
Runty stepped back and waited for Fine Boy to rise and resume his onset. But Fine Boy was not rising. He let out a long wail

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS IN HIS RED FLANNEL UNDERWEAR, PASSES A BULL AND WHILE DANGLING FROM A TREE, INVENTS A SIMPLE DEVICE FOR EXTINGUISHING A LIGHTED CIGARETTE BUTT. YOU WALK INTO ROOM AND STEP ON TUBE OF TOOTH PASTE (A) SQUEEZING OUT CONTENTS (B). ROOSTER (C) MISTAKES IT FOR A WORM AND RUNS TO CATCH IT, PULLING CORD (D) WHICH RELEASES PROP UNDER SHELF (E) AND ALLOWS SHELF TO FALL AND DROP WEIGHT (F). ROPE (G) LIFTS COVER OF TRUNK (H) ALLOWING MOTHS (I) TO ESCAPE. MOTHS PROCEED TO EAT WOOLEN GOLF STOCKING (J) RELEASING STRING (K) AND ALLOWING ARROW TO SHOOT SPOON (L) INTO GRAPE FRUIT (M) AND SQUIRT JUICE (N) INTO GAHOOFUS BIRD'S EYE (O), CAUSING TEARS TO FLOW THROUGH FUNNEL (P) AND EXTINGUISH CIGARETTE BUTT.

THE ONLY PROBLEM IN BUILDING THIS MACHINE IS WHERE TO GET A GAHOOFUS BIRD. THESE BIRDS ABOUND IN ZAMATUNKA, BUT WHERE IS ZAMATUNKA? PROFESSOR BUTTS CAN'T KNOW EVERYTHING.



the patch, he was a new little bear. The pangs had gone out of his middle; strength was flowing back into his legs; still more precious was the new assurance that filled his heart. So that was it! There was food that need not be begged from cars along a road, that need not be nosed out of a hotel's deep round cans. There was other food in the world—free food, firm food, clean food, good food!

HE WENT on, and came athwart a second olfactory adventure. His nose began to twitch—oh, delicious!—his mouth began to water, he could hear within the depths of him the gurgle of gastric juices coming on the run in joyful anticipation. He went off at his ambling trot in a straight line, breasting the thick stream of exquisite fragrance. His head butted into a tree, the rotten trunk of a dead tree. In he went up to the neck, his paws clawing beneath his throat to enlarge the hole.

A savage and multitudinous buzzing exploded around him. Heavy-winged insects, solid as if made of gold, but all a-whir, were butting into him by the thousands and thousands. His heart laughed within his deep fur. He tore at the hole, enlarged it, and went up to the eyes into a soft, yielding, fragrant and exquisite mass.

An hour later he stretched himself out on the smooth glacier-polished granite shore of a high mountain lake and, sighing happily, went to sleep.

He remained in the new land the next day, and the next, and the next, and finally all summer. His food did not come to him: he must seek it in wide traveling with no little effort and ingenuity. His wit was sharpening, his chest was dilating into a deep bellows, his muscles were becoming steel cables.

It was on the tenth day of his life in the wilderness that he had met with an experience which had increased perforce the amount of exercise he was already giving himself. He was topping a ridge when, some hundred feet ahead, he saw two of the two-legged beings that usually sat in automobiles and passed out delicacies through the window. Full of that childish good will peculiar to him which made the ill will of others such a perpetual surprise, he went trotting amiably toward them, in the hope of a peanut-butter sandwich or a bit of chicken.

The two men stopped as they saw him coming, then each raised before him a long stick. Runty swerved playfully and kept on coming. Suddenly fire shot out of the sticks; two screaming cats went by his ears in an infernal, shrill peeeeee—yah—owowowowowowwwww; a clap of thunder followed. Happily, Runty had kept along the edge of the canyon in running toward the men. His start of amazed disillusion now threw him off the ledge in a back-flip, and as he lit on his feet down the sides of the canyon, he accepted the impetus and went on. Down the sharp slope he ran, leaped, loped, somersaulted and rolled to the bottom and safety.

"Did you see that bear go!" one of the hunters asked in appreciation and wonder.

"He's sure no park bear," said the other.

He never saw those two again. But he saw others. Every now and then he would come upon those beings with the thunder sticks. And at first sight of them he threw himself down the nearest declivity, rolled to the bottom and ran as if the witches were after him. These violent acrobatics, these swift runs complemented the exercise search for food gave him, further deepened his lungs, strengthened his heart, toughened his tendons and gave elasticity to his sinews.

Toward the end of autumn he began to grow sleepy. He would find himself dozing long hours in the rays that were left of the low sun. He sought out a cave; he was staying in it most of the time. One morning he found the entrance of the cave a wall of snow. He went to sleep and slept there the winter long, in the silent darkness, sucking his paw.

WHEN he emerged from the cave in spring, he had on a new and shaggy coat; he was thin and a little weak, but felt clean and washed out. A fine appetite possessed him—for several weeks it seemed to him that he would never get his stomach really filled. Finally this was done; a few days of perfect content followed. But almost immediately there came a new restlessness which he could not understand; which berries, which honey, which long drafts of water did not satisfy. He was lonely for something, he did not know what.

All summer he roamed his range alone with the great loneliness, and he was glad when winter returned, and long sleep. When for the second time he broke through the last of a melting snow bank out into the land of spring, it was as the year before. He was resplendent in a new coat. Hunger was in him, and when at last he had caught up with it, the days of content were few. Almost immediately there came into him that strange other dim but great desire which berries, which honey, which great drafts of water did not satisfy; a sort of an expansion of his whole being in a vast sigh for something, he did not know what. To the drive of this mysterious compulsion he found himself one day ambling toward the home of his cubhood and Glacier Point, and the hotel at Glacier Point.

He debouched upon the flat terminal of the road above the hotel—and there they were, his tribal bear brothers, just as he remembered them, lining both sides of the road as if they were holding out little tin cups for pennies, each head piteously inclined toward its right shoulder. And there—yes, by that pine tree—was it the tree he used to climb?—was his mother and Fine Boy.

Big Belle looked smaller than he remembered her, though still large enough, but Fine Boy had grown into a perfectly tremendous bear. Runty started running toward them, no malice nor resentment in his uncomplicated heart. But he stopped suddenly. What was that, who was that, there, by Fine Boy? Who was that, not with a black coat like his own, but robed in shining light cinnamon fur? Who was that, so petite, so dainty, so round and so soft? Oh, it was a girl bear—a pretty girl bear—oh, the softest, the gentlest, the cutest, the prettiest girl bear ever—here she was, standing by Fine Boy!

Runty, with his usual directness, swerved his running toward her, entirely forgetting Big Belle and Fine Boy. As he reached her he rose on his hind paws, and she, as if in a dream, did likewise. They were looking, fascinated, into each other's eyes. "Oh," said Runty, "where have you been keeping yourself all this time? I have been seeking for you—years and years and years for you!"

"Where were *you?*" she said shyly. "I was waiting for you."

Runty found himself twirled out of the way. It was Fine Boy. "Get out of here!" Fine Boy roared. "What do you mean, talking to my girl?"

"She's *not* your girl," said Runty magnificently. "She's *my* girl!"

"I warn you," said Fine Boy. "If you are not gone in thirty seconds exactly, I'll bash your head in and lap up what little there is in your skull!" And without waiting for the promised half-minute he aimed a terrific blow at Runty's head.

But Runty Bear had not been two years in the wilderness for nothing. Without his having to think of it his head slipped aside. The heavy, lightning-fast blow went on, toward his shoulder. But of its own instinct the shoulder gave a twist—and Fine Boy's big blow finished off in the void. The impetus of it had brought Fine Boy's face near. Runty raised his right paw, gave the face a sharp insulting up-poke that rattled its teeth, and Fine Boy let out a roar.

"I'm going to kill you, Runty Bear!" he bellowed. "Count yourself as dead, you sneaking intruder, you mother's-milk-stealer! I've hated you from birth! I'm going to kill you now!"

So they rose to their full height and squared off like two human boxers. Fine Boy towered above Runty Bear, who, because of the difficulties of his first childhood, had never developed to his full size. But that small frame of his was all rubber and steel, and the kernel of it a dauntless heart. Also, he was full of sunshine, clear water, ultra-violet rays and vitamins while the gigantic Fine Boy was, after all, fed mostly on potatoes and base carbohydrates. Fine Boy let go one of his tremendous swings. It would have taken Runty's entire head off had the head been there. But by the time the swing reached the place where the head had been the head was no longer there. Runty had ducked.

THE force of the blow turned Fine Boy as if he had been on a turning table, and as his pivot brought him face to face with Runty again, Runty rapped him a short solid tap at the pit of the stomach. Fine Boy went back on his heels, looked wildly, and rushed. Runty stepped beneath the flaying arms and planted three more small, contemptuous but solid taps, again on the precise pit of Fine Boy's stomach. Fine Boy's charge abruptly halted; he gasped.

Runty walked up to him, feinted, and rat-tat-tooed three times more in exactly the same spot. Fine Boy doubled up and took a step back and put both paws up to his ears as if there was some terrible music in the air that he could not bear to hear. Runty walked calmly up to him and, with a left poke very accurately placed on the very tip end of the sensitive snout, sent Fine Boy to a sitting posture astraddle the road.

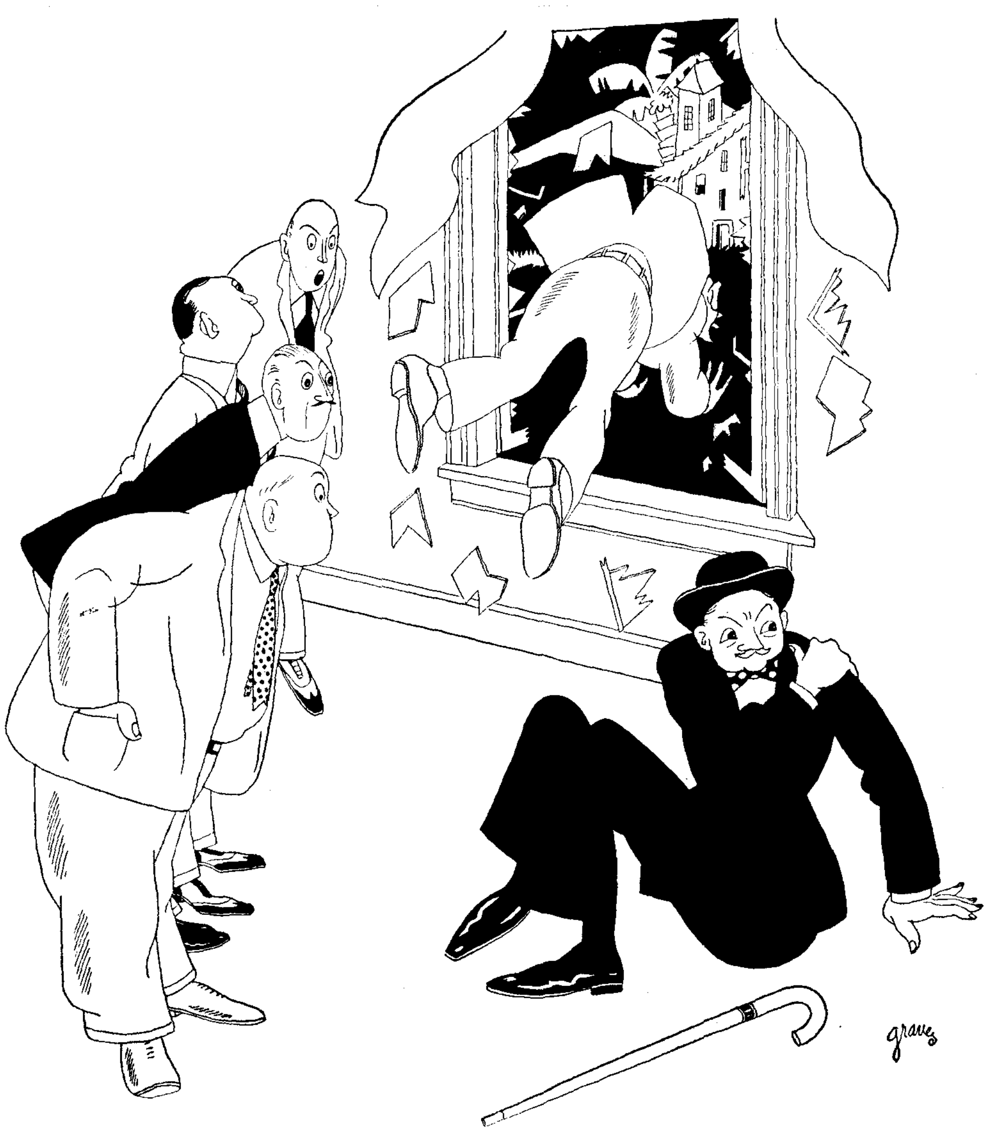
Runty stepped back and waited for Fine Boy to rise and resume his onset. But Fine Boy was not rising. The corners of his mouth were drooping, his eyes were blinking; suddenly his mouth opened and let out a long wail.

(*Continued on page 46*)

Blatherskite

If the baby's asleep when you reach the end of this one, restrain yourself—you'll be tempted to cut loose with a cheer

By Frank Condon

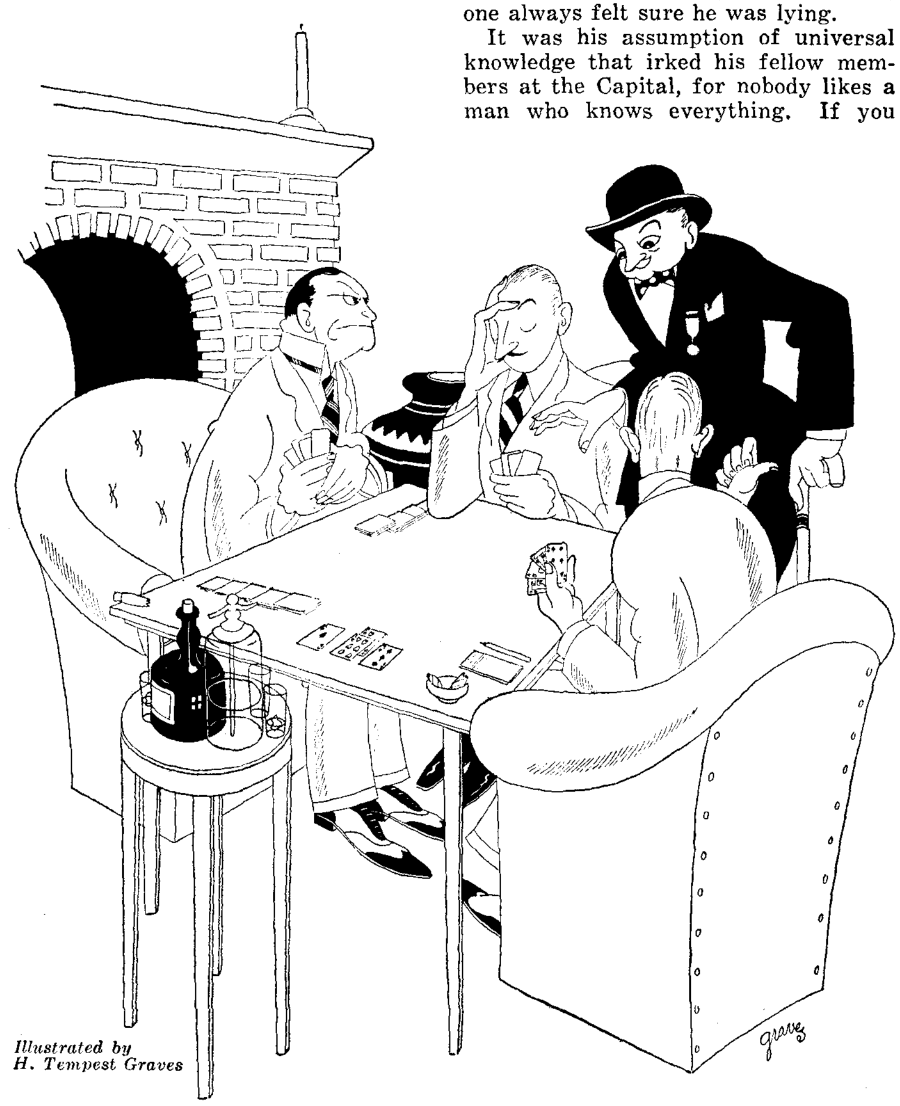


Higgie was on the floor with a neat bullet hole in his shoulder

THERE is a fireplace in the Capital Club in Guatemala City, which is the head town in the Republic of Guatemala, which in turn is one of those Central American countries where they have a revolution every so often as casually as a hen has eggs. It is a roomy, friendly fireplace of dazzling red bricks, probably created by a sardonic architect, for one does not require a fire in Guatemala City. The weather is usually warm enough to singe the whiskers off an iron cat.

The fireplace exists solely that the club members may lounge about it in stuffed buff morocco chairs in varying degrees of expatriate melancholy, gazing at each other over whisky-and-sodas, recalling the happy days back in Maine, Montana, Michigan or Minnesota, the good old days before they abandoned their native sward and fared across the world upon the hot trail of adventure.

The Capital Club is composed largely of sad-eyed Americans who drink too much so that they may forget they are in Guatemala. I may say there is considerable man-size drinking done at the club, and among the heavers and elbow-lifters was one Leonard Higginbotham of New York City, commonly referred to as Higgie. He represented a large company, carried a cane, wore a derby hat and had some medals which he said he won in the war.



Illustrated by
H. Tempest Graves

A three-handed bridge game, with Higgie looking on, remained three-handed

Higgie was the last man to leave the club as the lights were put out, and as he faltered forth into the tropic night nobody ever cared what happened to him, for he was officially and by unanimous consent the club pest. A three-handed bridge game, with Higgie looking hopefully on, remained a three-handed bridge game, so you know how they liked Higgie. Two members drinking at the bar continued as a twosome, unless Higgie hurled himself between them, which he was very likely to do, for his hide was thick. Club conversations often dealt with the pleasant possibility that Higgie might resign, but he never did, and his company refused to recall him. I suppose every club has its pest, whether it is in Guatemala or Oil City.

Mr. Higginbotham's specialty was wind. He was a gas bag, harmless enough in his way, yet wearing upon men who must live their lives in the tropics. He loved the sound of his own voice and indulged himself without stint. There was a marked dash of braggadocio in his tales of accomplishment, and no matter how innocent Higgie's statement, one always felt sure he was lying.

It was his assumption of universal knowledge that irked his fellow members at the Capital, for nobody likes a man who knows everything. If you ventured the statement that the Giants beat the Cubs in their famous play-off game twenty-two years ago, Higgie would be sure to bounce forth and correct you, showing that the Cubs defeated the Giants. He had a devilish memory for unimportant matters and his method of imparting information was in itself an insult. What he did not know he pretended to know and usually with such skill that there was no one to expose him.

His best-known insult was his habit of edging in upon other men's stories or anecdotes, and improving them, giving them a final polish. Nobody likes to have his harmless little narratives improved before a crowd, but Higgie was ruthless about it, always there to listen to a club tale and then amend it, or add certain facts, or color it, or tag on interesting details, and in such a manner as to indicate that you, the teller of the little tale, were a peculiarly atrocious type of dumb-head, who knew very little about the story, and should have refrained, in the first place, from ever bringing it up.

Finally Higgie departed for Panama on company business and we all heaved a sigh of relief and hoped he would fall into the canal and never be found again.

It was during his absence in Panama that Freddy Roth walked into the Palace Hotel and ordered a stiff drink at the bar—a tall, cool drink that, he hoped, would help him forget temporarily the two hundred tourists with whom he was moving aimlessly about the world. Freddy was off the British steamer Princess of Siam and had two days' stopover in Guatemala City to see the sights, and to everyone's astonishment Freddy proved to be an American, buried alive amid hundreds of pale, pipe-smoking English tourists, wrapped up in woolen shawls and carrying canes. The world-hoppers immediately hauled out little blank books and began taking notes, but Freddy demanded a long, cold drink at the bar, and refused to tour farther or have friendly relations with his fellow-trippers.

IN THE hotel I encountered Freddy and we moistened our beaks together, two amicable strangers. Freddy was a smallish, quiet sort with a Van Dyke beard.

"My name is Roth," he stated, after the first drink, "and I wouldn't care much if I never saw the Princess of Siam again."

As is natural in a bar, other gentlemen appeared during the morning and presently Mr. Roth was the center of a sympathetic group of expatriates who urged him to give over his travels and, if he so hated tourists, to remain in Guatemala City, where everything was pleasant and life went along like a merry tune.

"This is a perfect city," we assured him. "You'll like this town, and we have some fine clubs. You better tarry with us a while."

Mr. Frederick Roth, globe-trotter and genial person, decided therefore to cast off from the Princess of Siam and remain within our hospitable city. We immediately escorted him to the Capital Club, where he was elected a member in the twinkling of an eye, and that afternoon they sent down to the ship for his luggage.

He turned out an admirable fellow, courteous, considerate of others and sparing with his words. The members liked him from the beginning for his mild, unassuming way, yet he had traveled over the world and could reel off facts about strange places. He told us amazing and humorous tales of his adventures in foreign lands, and was a delightful addition to our little group. He never made himself the hero of

(*Continued on page 40*)

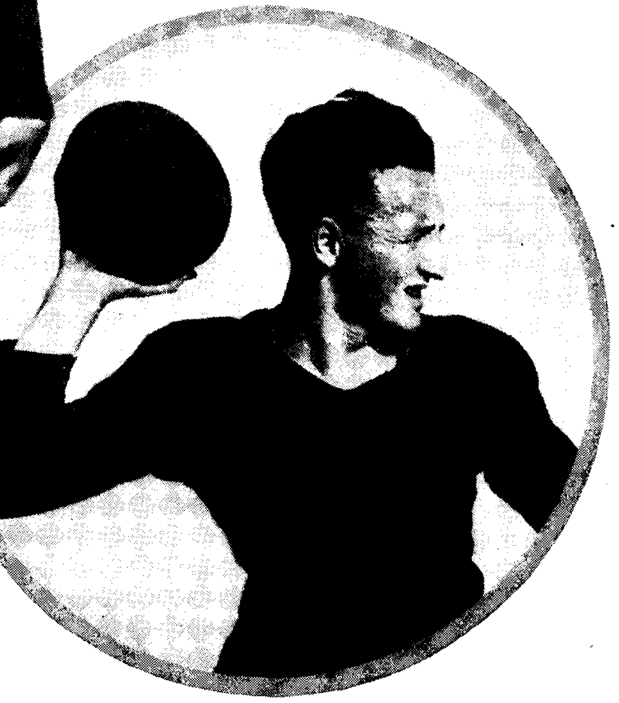
What Thrills a Coach

There's more to a football game than the onlookers ever guess. Here the great Notre Dame coach shows you how it looks from his corner of the bench and how the plays that thrill thousands of fans affect him

By Knute K. Rockne

Notre Dame's fiery little substitute quarter, Art Parisienne, whose passing defeated Southern California in 1926

Benny Friedman, Michigan, 1926, the greatest of all passers and an All-America quarterback



Bergman, fleet Notre Dame halfback who achieved immortality by a 40-yard last-moment run to defeat Army in the 1915 game

Underwood & Underwood Photos

I WAS surprised one afternoon by the appearance in my office of a young man with a mild reputation for intellect. He had taken exception to remarks I had made at a football mass meeting. He believed, and stated emphatically, that culture had little place in schools where football was the major athletic interest. We entered into friendly debate—on this much-misunderstood question of culture. He gave me his definition, which I cannot hope to repeat as my vocabulary is limited. Then I gave him mine.

I was riding (I told him) on the Blue Train from the Riviera to Paris. Sharing a compartment with me was a dapper little Frenchman, neatly turned out, with boulevard clothes and hair shinily docile under heavy layers of pomade, which had also been applied to what might be termed a circumflex-accent mustache.

In the morning I arose, while my companion slept soundly. Opening my bag I searched for soap—as there seems to be a European prejudice against supplying soap to travelers I had exported a good supply. Stripping to the waist I gave myself the benefit of copious suds and water, and emerged, shining with cleanliness.

Splashing awakened my companion. He also got up and with the few words we had in common, plus appropriate gestures, indicated he'd like to eat breakfast with me.

I assented, and waited for him to complete his toilet. As I had looked into my bag for soap, he looked into his. But, instead of soap, he brought out a perfume spray, sprinkled his face—delicately—that was all—and—presto! (as I said to my young friend) he was finished. I went out to breakfast glowing with a brash, rough, American soap-and-water scrubbing. My little foreign friend went out covered with culture.

Football and all athletics should be a part of culture, the culture that makes the whole man, not the part-time thinker. Ancient Greece was a cradle of culture, and ancient Greece was a nation of athletes. In Europe, or those parts of it where football and athletics are unknown, the place of healthy, skillful physical play is taken by none-too-wholesome dueling and promotion of a warlike spirit that may be virile, but is anything but cultural.

Boys must have an outlet for animal spirits. Their education must contain a training in clean contests, otherwise they'll be lost in a world that thrives on competition and in which those who cannot compete cannot hope to thrive.

Football, as the leading American amateur pastime, provides participants, students and other spectators with the most colorful, the most skillful and the most beneficial of all athletic contests; which is why it stirs the pulse, captures the imagination and, at the same time, builds character, without which culture is valueless.

Some Memorable Moments

Looking back over my career in football—not a long career, but, if I'm permitted to say so, typical of the average American coach—it's studded with the thrills that ensue from the drama of the gridiron to exhilarate onlookers and give to the young and their elders the something heroic in times of peace that stirs men quite as much, and to quite as important a cultural purpose, as the heroics of war.

The first big thrill that came to me in football was when I saw Chicago beat Michigan on Thanksgiving Day, 1905. The only score made was by Chicago, which won 2-0, and that came when Catlin, Chicago end, threw a Michigan back over the goal line for a safety. That is, it was a safety in those days; under the present rules it would not have been. However, this was not the high-light of the game to me. It was my old hero, Walter Eckersall, who caused the chills to run up and down my spine, and whose remarkably daring play lives in my memory as heroism in action.

Chicago had the ball, third down, and Eckersall dropped back to kick. So close was the ball to his own goal line that Eckersall lined up behind it. The Michigan team concentrated to block him. Michigan had been pressing Chicago hard, and the spectators sensed that a break was imminent. A strong wind blew against Eckersall. Everyone, including the Michigan team, figured he could do nothing but kick. Back went the ball to Eckersall. He made a slight move as if to kick, and then he went streaking around left end, circling the rushing Michigan end, who could not change his course. On up the field Eckersall went thirty-five yards—to safety as far as the Chicago team was concerned, for his next kick landed deep in Michigan territory. I hate to think of what would have happened had Eckersall been downed for a safety. But why think of it? Here was daring, imagination, steely nerve and immediate execution.

I had a thrill of another kind in those early days when our Northwest Division high-school team scrimmaged informally with the great North Division team in Chicago. Included in the North Division personnel was Walter Steffens, today a judge in Chicago and coach of Carnegie Tech. If there was one thing I ever prided myself on it was my ability to tackle. At least twenty times that afternoon I left my feet with all the length I could muster and, with arms outstretched, catapulted myself at Steffens, who was carrying the ball.

But it was just a dive into space with a dull thud as my body struck the ground. Steffens was there and he wasn't there. After the game was over and I limped, bruised, to the side lines, Steffens came up, slapped my back and said:

"Nice tackling, boy. I had to step to keep out of your way."

Several years later, seeing games in and out between, I saw this same Steffens, who had become one of the greatest of quarterbacks and field generals under Stagg of Chicago. In this game he was stopped dead by as great a pair of ends as ever played together on a football team. I refer to the fierce Sioux and the cunning Arapahoe, Gardner and Exendine, who were playing for Pop Warner on Carlisle. What a delight it was to see these two men work. Their down-the-field play under Pete Hauser's punts was as fine as I've ever seen—a thing of beauty. It was so good, in fact, that in the second half Stagg changed his tactics against Pete Hauser's kicking, and put three men on each of the ends to prevent the Indian pair going down to cover the kick. The wily Hauser was alert. The next time he kicked he stood there with the ball for at least four seconds, while in the meantime Gardner and Exendine had broken loose and streaked down the field with Chief Afraid-of-a-Bear and Lone Star, when Hauser proceeded deliberately to boot the ball his usual sixty yards.

The Deceitful Red Men

It was in this game I saw Pete Hauser rise up behind center and mop his forehead with a sort of half yawn. The mop was just half finished and the yawn half completed when back snapped the ball and through the line went Hauser for eight yards. The Chicago line had relaxed when they saw Hauser yawning and wiping his forehead.

Bret Harte tells us about the dark ways and vain tricks of the heathen Chinee, but in football laurels for cunning go to the Indians.

In the fall of 1914, having graduated in chemistry, I was made assistant coach to Jess Harper, and our first big-league game was with Yale. Faculty, student body, townspeople and team were confident that it was just a question of the score. We hadn't been beaten in three years and everybody, including myself, was suffering from a bad case of what we call fathead. That is, all except Jess Harper. Jess pleaded and stormed like a lone voice in the wilderness, but all in vain. "Absurd," everyone said. "This Notre Dame team can't be beaten!"

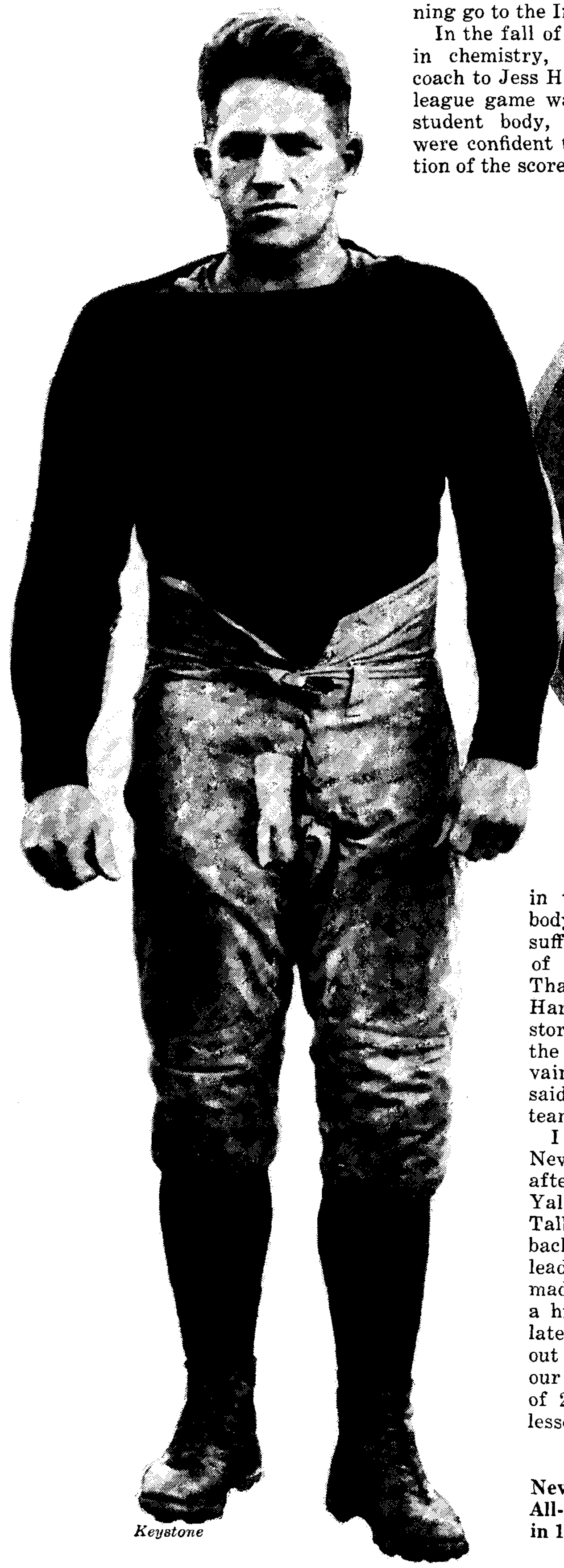
I sat on the side lines at New Haven that Saturday afternoon and saw a good Yale team captained by Bud Talbot, with a crack halfback named Harry LeGore leading the attack. They made Notre Dame look like a high-school squad. They lateral-passed Notre Dame out of the park and knocked our ears down to the tune of 28-0—the most valuable lesson Notre Dame ever had in football. It taught us never to be cocksure. Modern football at Notre Dame can be dated from that game, as we made vital use of every lesson we learned.

P. & A.

Light Horse Harry Wilson, Army halfback who staved off defeat at the hands of the Navy in 1926

Kreuz, the sensational quarterback who was the defensive mainstay of Pennsylvania's 1924 team

Underwood & Underwood



Keystone

Nevers of Stanford, All-America fullback in 1925 and a great all-around player

On the following Monday, Jess Harper put in Stagg's backfield shift with my idea of flexing or shuttling the ends, which was the beginning of what is known in football today as the Notre Dame system.

Of course, the obvious thrill in football is the long run with the herd of opponents in full cry. I saw the first real thriller of this kind when Notre Dame played the Army in November, 1915. The great Army halfback, Oliphant, had just made a fair catch on his own forty-eight-yard line. This allowed him the privilege of a free kick. With his quarterback holding the ball, Oliphant sent the ball straight and true for the goal posts. It looked as if it were surely going over when it suddenly dropped in a downward arc, struck the crossbar and bounded back in the field of play. This made it a touchback and the ball was brought out twenty yards and given to Notre Dame. Three inches higher and Oliphant's kick would have won the game for Army.

Bergman's Big Moment

On the next play Bergman gained eighteen yards, ran out of bounds, fell over a bench and was severely injured. It did not seem that he could continue. But Bergman, besides being a great halfback, had the most remarkable powers of recuperation I have ever seen. With thirty seconds left to play, Notre Dame's quarterback, Jimmy Phalen, now coach at the University of Washington, called for a forward pass and Stan Cofall flicked a fifteen-yard pass to Bergman, who caught it, dodged a halfback and outran the safety over the goal line—a run of forty yards. Rooters on both sides were flabbergasted and it was minutes, I know, before I realized exactly what I had witnessed. A useful back to have, a boy like Bergman, ready to break loose for a touchdown at any time. So, for that matter, was Oliphant, who ranks with the truly great at the game.

Another kind of gridiron thrill—the first of its kind that came to me—was the thrill of the coach, which the spectators can hardly share because they are usually unaware of the circumstances that bring it about. In our 1921 game with Army, Coach Daly of Army registered objections to the Notre Dame shift. In the first half we made two touchdowns using the protested shift—but long passes—not the shift—were responsible for the scores. Between halves Daly repeated his complaint about our shift so forcefully that the referee, Ed Thorp, said to me:

"What am I going to do, Rockne?"

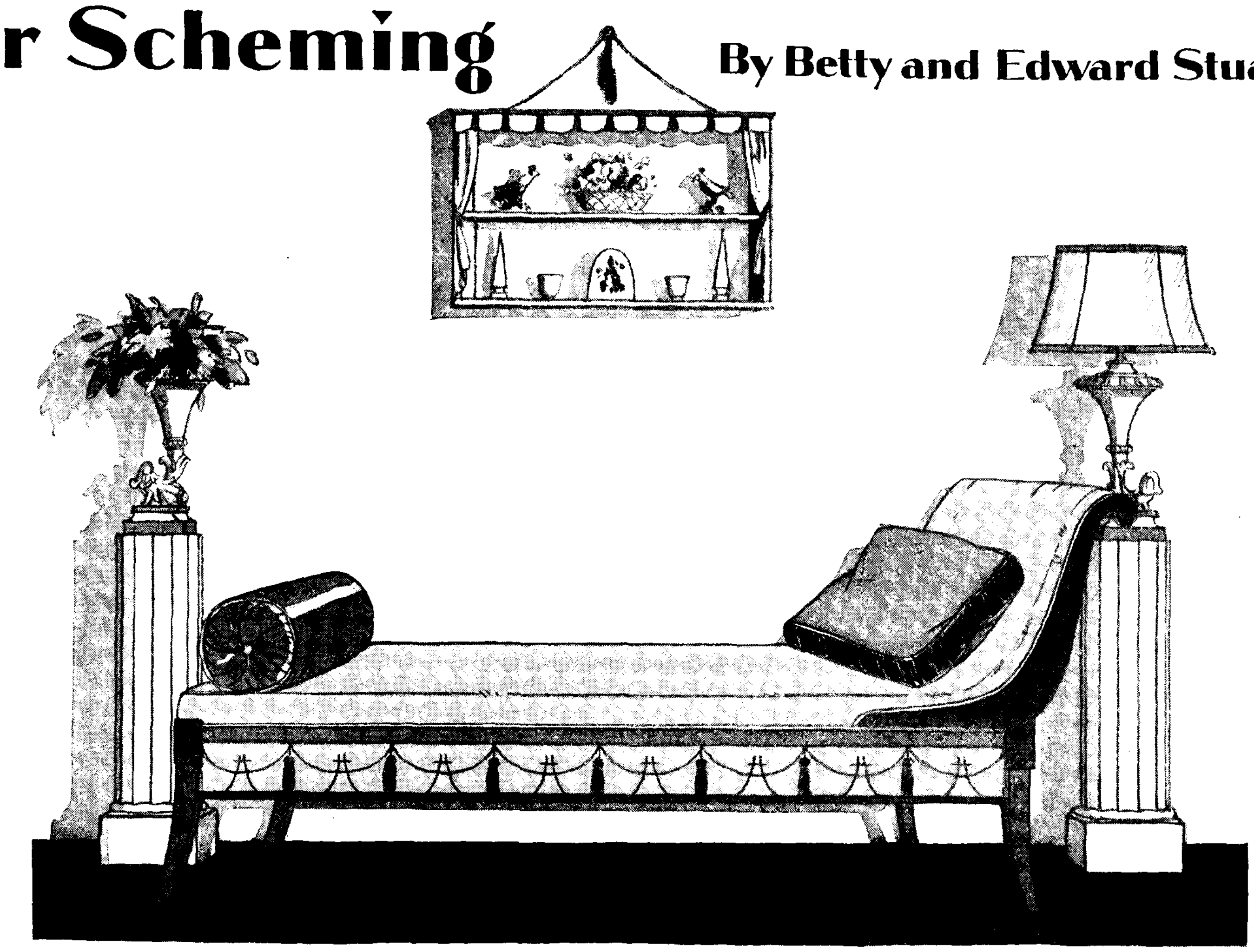
"I'll relieve you of embarrassment," I said. "For the rest of the game Notre Dame will use no shift. We'll just use stationary punt formation."

We did. Result? Two more touchdowns. The Army was outrun and outpassed. Daly came to me after the game and apologized for his protest. That was fine sportsmanship. No less fine

(*Continued on page 36*)

Color Scheming

By Betty and Edward Stuart



Illustrated by Harry Richardson

Opposite the fireplace stands a beautiful Empire daybed, upholstered in gray-beige, flanked by two columns

Are you brilliant, sparkling and ecstatic, middle-aged, rosy and cozy, or shy, tender and violet-eyed? To place yourself in a perfect setting you must know the subtle process of weaving your color schemes from the prism of your personality

TWO women of our acquaintance have recently moved into new houses, and we called on them both the same day. When we got back, we assured each other that we'd seen two completely successful living-rooms—so different that they didn't seem to belong to the same city, or even the same epoch. But each was a perfect frame for the woman who had made it.

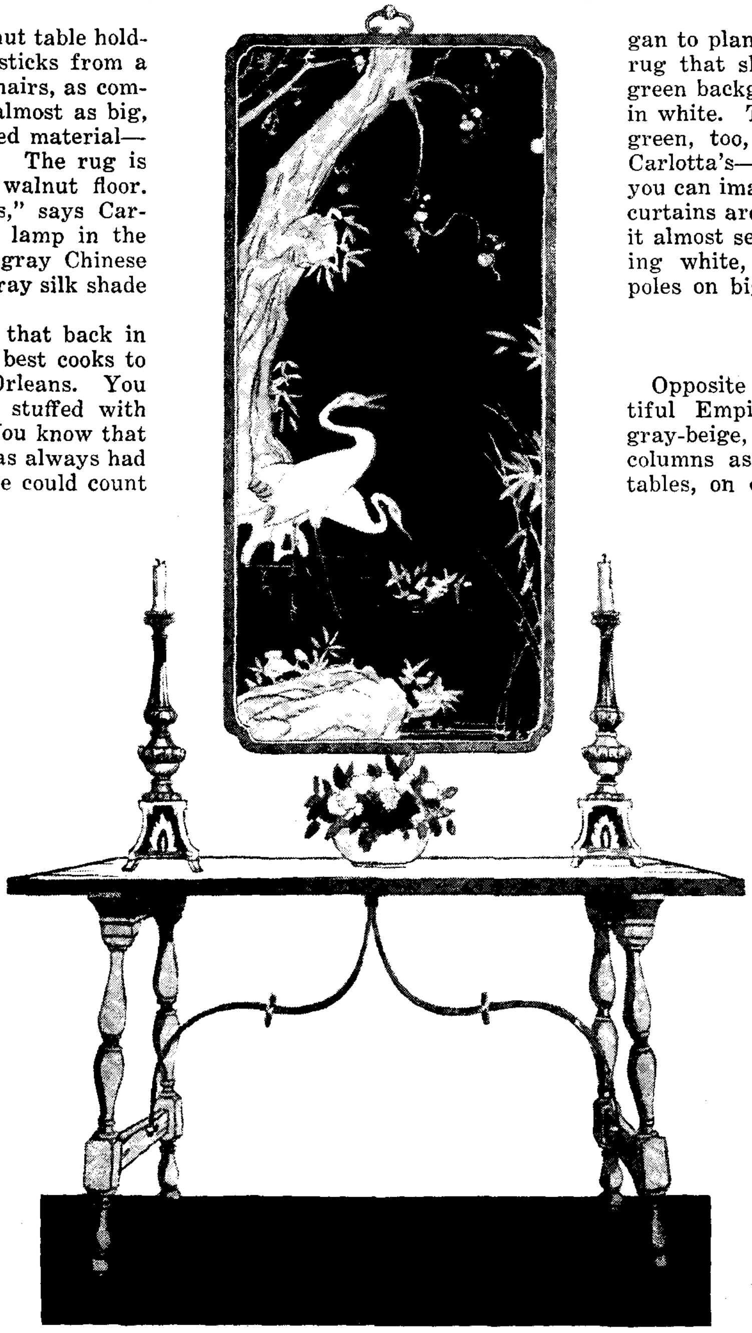
Carlotta has the most wonderful spun-silver curly hair that ever grew on human head, but she'll never be old even when they tuck her in a rose-colored coffin, and she'll never turn down a chance for adventure even if she's asked to go houseboating with Cæsar Augustus on the Milky Way. She has eyes of Irish blue and an Irish laugh that has made friends for her all over the world.

The autumn evening was closing in, but the room was unlighted except for a jolly fire, and, close enough almost to toast your toes, there was a great long Tuxedo sofa upholstered in soft gray, the sort of sofa a tired man sinks into automatically, reaching for whatever he wants on one of those little green lacquer glass-topped tables of which Carlotta has a whole nest. The walls of this room are green, too, a light, fresh tone for all the gray in it, against which the deep pink brocade curtains look good enough to eat. Between the windows is a big Japanese panel—the genesis of the whole room—that shows a pair of haughty flamingos flaring against black lacquer. Under it runs a marvelous old Italian walnut table holding two gold altar candlesticks from a church in Mexico. Two chairs, as comfortable as the sofa and almost as big, are slipcovered in a striped material—rose, plum, blue on gray. The rug is gray on a well-polished walnut floor. "Gray doesn't show ashes," says Carlotta. There is only one lamp in the room, made from an old gray Chinese jar, with a very tailored gray silk shade cleverly lined with pink.

You know instinctively that back in the kitchen is one of the best cooks to be found short of New Orleans. You know that the library is stuffed with books and more coming. You know that Carlotta is the sort who has always had more men friends than she could count—men from sixteen to sixty—men who write and paint and put railways across the Andes. The room is a perfect setting for her because it's made for them.

From this friendly place of no particular period, least of all our hectic modern age, we went to Sylvia's. Sylvia is a cool, slim, tall ash-blonde with gray-green eyes, very young, very up-to-date in what she wears, thinks, reads and chooses for her house. She always seems a bit aloof, a bit fragile for the average setting, and this quality is something mental as well as physical—a fastidious appreciation of fineness, a sort of delicate withdrawal from its reverse. Her living-room is a complete expression of herself, a setting as distinctly her own as though it were merely another way of saying "Sylvia."

She says that she began to plan it from a marvelous Adam rug that she inherited—a soft, frosty green background with acanthus leaves in white. The walls and woodwork are green, too, but totally different from Carlotta's—a sort of ashes of olive, if you can imagine so subtle a shade. The curtains are of gray moire, so pale that it almost seems a shadowed, dirt-resisting white, hung from white wooden poles on big white wooden rings.



An old Italian walnut table holding two gold altar candlesticks

Out of Key

Opposite the fireplace stands a beautiful Empire daybed, upholstered in gray-beige, flanked by two white fluted columns as big and as high as small tables, on one of which stands a tall alabaster lamp with a white shade, while the other supports a vase similar in design to the lamp base. There are two Victorian chairs upholstered in black horsehair by the daybed, and, on the same wall, a fine old Empire desk with a writing surface in dark green leather. A pair of walnut card tables occupy the spaces on each side of the fireplace, holding lamps with gold shades, made from marbleized urns. There is another pair of Biedermeier chairs in black and maple with seats of rusty green. The pictures are framed in gilt, a collection of crystal is placed on two delicate hanging shelves above the card tables, four little maple chairs with seats of silver cloth stand in a row under the windows, and the only definite color in the room comes from a screen of old French wallpaper.

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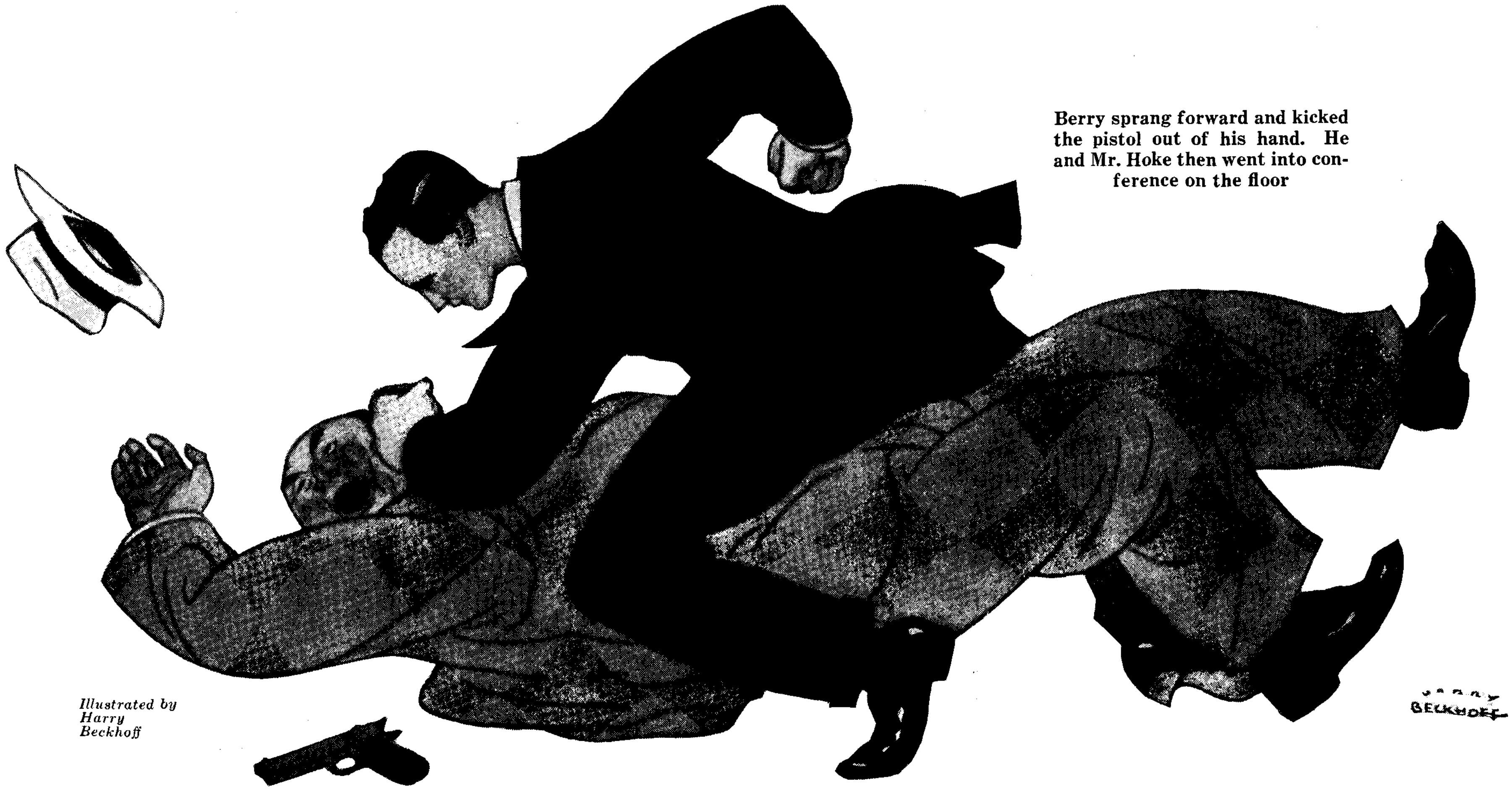


Berry sprang forward and kicked the pistol out of his hand. He and Mr. Hoke then went into conference on the floor

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Big Money

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

YOUNG Berry Conway and his bosom friend, the Biscuit (known to the public as Lord Biskerton), are penniless. Berry gets a job as secretary for one T. Paterson Frisby, an American financier residing in London, while his lordship grabs the hand and heart of T. Paterson's rich niece, the fair Ann Moon, marriage to whom will solve his financial problems.

To evade a small army of creditors until after his nuptials, his lordship flees to Valley Fields, a suburb, where, as "Mr. Smith," he takes a house near Berry. After which he meets a beautiful neighbor—Kitchie Valentine, wealthy American—and promptly becomes engaged to her, little suspecting the sad truth: that Kitchie and the lovely Ann Moon are friends! . . .

Berry, too, has creditor trouble. Acting on the advice of Mr. Frisby, he sells a "worthless" copper mine he happens to own—the Dream Come True, which is located next to Mr. Frisby's mine, the Horned Toad, and which Mr. Frisby knows to be worth millions—to one J. B. Hoke (agent for Mr. Frisby). Whereupon, much to the disgust of one Captain Kelly, who was to have been in on the deal, and the estimable T. Paterson Frisby, it is learned that the astute Mr. Hoke has purchased the mine—for himself! Decidedly disgruntled, but still seeing golden possibilities, Frisby agrees to a merger of the two mines, and plans to make a fortune on the sale of the stock, after the good news leaks out; while Captain Kelly, an elemental gentleman, becomes a partner through the use of weird threats.

Meanwhile, Berry has been having a grand adventure. He has met a beautiful girl (about whom he knows nothing other than that she is marvelous), has informed her that he is a member of the romantic secret service and has become engaged to her.

His lordship is much interested in the news. "What's the unfortunate's name?" he asks. "Ann Moon," says Berry. . . . Is his lordship shocked? He is not. He loves Kitchie. But, obviously, they have quite a problem before them; also, having learned of the big copper deal, they must circumvent the conspirators—if possible. . . . Berry chucks his job, and Frisby learns of the Moon-Conway affair. Shocked, he sends Mr. Robbins, his attorney, to buy off Mr. Conway. Mr. Robbins meets the Biscuit, mistakes him for Berry, and offers him a large check to break off the engagement. His lordship grabs the check! . . . Lord Hoddesdon, the Biscuit's father, calls on Berry to discuss the shocking situation. Mr. Hoke—having been sent by Captain Kelly to keep Berry and the Biscuit at home, so that they cannot make a coup in Horned Toad stock, at a very low price—arrives. He is drunk. Very drunk. Pie-eyed.

Mr. Hoke presents a large revolver.

"Hands up!" he yodels.

Conclusion

IN THE sitting-room of Peacehaven, meanwhile, separated from the sitting-room of The Nook only by a thin partition, events had been taking place which demand the historian's attention. It is to Lord Biskerton and his affairs that the chronicler must now turn his all-embracing eye.

At about the moment when Mr. Hoke was climbing over the dining-room window sill of The Nook, intent on ham and whisky, the Biscuit, seated in an armchair next door, had begun to gaze at a photograph of Miss Valentine on the mantelpiece, thinking the while those long sweet thoughts which come to a young man with love in his heart and a check for two thousand pounds in his pocket. The burst of song in which he had indulged on returning home after the departure of Mr. Robbins had continued for the space of perhaps ten minutes. At the end of that period he had abated the nuisance and turned to silent musing.

He gazed at the photograph of Kitchie. To have won the love of a girl constructed on those lines might have been considered luck enough for any ordinary man. But not for Godfrey Edward Winstanley Brent, Lord Biskerton, fortune's favorite. To him had been vouchsafed in addition one of the red-hottest tips that ever emanated from the stock market and, as if that were not sufficient, a miraculous shower of gold which would enable him to profit by it.

From his earliest years the Biscuit had nourished an unwavering conviction that Providence was saving up something particularly juicy in the way of rewards for him, and that it was only a question of time before it came across and delivered the goods. He based this belief on the fact that he had always tried to be a reasonably bonhomous sort of bird and was one who, like Abou ben Adhem, loved his fellow men. Abou had clicked, and Lord Biskerton expected to click. But not in his most sanguine moments, not even after a Bump Supper at Oxford or the celebration of somebody's birthday at the Drones, had he ever expected to click on this colossal scale. It just showed that when Providence knew it had got hold of a good man the sky was the limit.

Furthermore, while benefiting him, Providence would also put good old Berry on Easy Street. Lavish. That is what the Biscuit considered it. Lavish. Nestling in his chair, he felt almost dizzy. Joybells seemed to be ringing in a world where everything, after a rocky start, had suddenly come absobally-right.

PRESENTLY, as he sat, there came to him the realization that on one point he had made a slight and pardonable error. Those were not joybells. What was ringing was the one at the front door. A caller had apparently come to share with him this hour of ecstasy. Hoping that it was Berry, fearing that it might be the vicar, he went to the door and opened it. And, having opened it, he stood on the mat, staring with a wild surmise.

He had been prepared for Berry. He had been prepared for the vicar. He had even been prepared for somebody selling brooms, cane-bottomed chairs, or aspidistras. What he had not been prepared for was his late fiancée, Ann Moon.

"Hul-lo!" said the Biscuit, blinking.

She was gazing at him with large eyes, and she seemed a little breathless. Her face was flushed, and her lips were parted. Extraordinarily pretty—not that it mattered, of course—it made her look, the Biscuit felt.

"Hullo!" he said blankly.

"Hullo," said Ann.

"You!" said the Biscuit.

"Yes," said Ann. "May I come in?"

"Come in?"

"Yes."

"Oh, rather," said the Biscuit, roused to the necessity of playing the host. "Of course. Certainly."

Still stunned, he led the way to the sitting-room.

"Would you like to take a seat, or anything of that sort?"

"May I?"

"Certainly," said the Biscuit. "Of course. Oh, rather."

Ann sat down, and there followed a pause of some length. It is not easy for a girl who has broken her engagement with a man and who has called at his house to suggest that, her outlook on things having altered, that engagement shall be resumed, to know exactly how to start.

Ann's mind, like that of her host, was in a distinctly disordered condition. She had come here on one of those sudden impulses on which she was too prone to act. She told herself that she hated and despised Berry, and this had led to a conviction that she had treated the Biscuit very badly and must make amends. But it was not easy to open the subject.

"Cigarette?" said the Biscuit.

"No, thanks."

What made it so particularly difficult was that her mind was divided against itself. It was all very well for her to tell herself that she hated and despised Berry. So she did. But how long would this attitude last after the first spasm of righteous indignation had ceased to hold control? At present she was still in the full grip of that burning fury which comes to every girl who has been made a fool of and who is compelled to face the sickening fact that Mother—or, at least, her chaperon—was right. Lady Vera had said that Berry was a mercenary impostor, and a mercenary impostor he had proved.

So far, as the Biscuit would have said, so good.

But all the while there was something deep down in her which was whispering that, impostor or not, he was the man she loved and always would love. For years she had been plagued by a meddling and interfering conscience; and, now that at last she seemed to be acting on lines of which conscience approved, up popped an inconvenient subconscious self to make her uneasy. Look at it as you liked, it was a pretty tough world for a girl.

She forced herself to crush down this new assailant.

"Godfrey," she said.

"Hullo?"

"I want to speak to you."

"Shoot," said the Biscuit.

"I . . ." said Ann.

She stopped. It was even more difficult than she had thought it would be.

Silence fell again. The Biscuit raked his mind for conversational material. He had always been fond of Ann, but he was bound to admit that he had liked her better before she contracted this lockjaw or aphasia or whatever it was. Put it this way. A merry, prattling girl—excellent. A girl apparently suffering from the dumb staggers—no good to a fellow whatever. If Ann had come all the way to Valley Fields merely to gulp at him, he wished she would go.

As a matter of fact, he wished she would go, anyway. He was an engaged man, and an engaged man cannot be too careful. Kitchie might resent—and very properly resent—this entertaining of attractive females in his home.

HOWEVER, he had to be courteous. It being impossible to take her by the scruff of the neck and bung her out, something in the nature of polite chitchat was indicated.

"How are you?" he said.

"I'm all right."

"Pretty well?"

"Yes, thanks."

"You're looking well."

"*You're* looking well."

"Oh, I'm all right."

"So am I."

"That's good," said the Biscuit. "I wonder if you'd mind if I took a small snort? The old brain feels as if it had come a bit unstuck at the seams."

"Go ahead."

"Thanks. You?"

"No, thanks."

"Well, best o' luck," said the Biscuit, imbibing.

He felt more composed now. It occurred to him that a major mystery still remained unsolved.

"How did you know I was living here?" he asked.

"Lady Vera told me."

"Ah!" said the Biscuit. "I see. *She* told you?"

"Yes. By the way, did she tell you?"

"That I live here?"

"About her engagement."

The Biscuit goggled.

"Her engagement?"

"She's going to marry my uncle."

"What! Old Pop Frisby?"

"Yes."

"My . . . stars!"

"I was surprised, too. I hadn't thought of Uncle Paterson as a marrying man."

"ANY man's a marrying man that a woman like my Aunt Vera gets her hooks on," said the Biscuit profoundly. "Well, *I'm* dashed! So my *family* is keeping your family in the family, after all. Knock me down with a feather, that's what you could do."

He mused a while. Things were growing clearer.

"So that's why you came down here?"

"No."

"How do you mean, no?"

"I mean, no."

"You mean, you didn't come here just to tell me this bit of news?"

"No."

"Then why," demanded the Biscuit, putting his finger squarely on the center of this perplexing matter, "did you come? Always glad to see you, of course," he added, gallantly. "Drop in any time you're passing, and all that. Still, why did you come?"

Ann felt that the moment had arrived. With a slight tingling of the spinal cord and other evidences of embarrassment in the form of the glowing cheek and the foot drawing patterns on the floor, she braced herself to speak.

"Godfrey," she said.

"Carry on," said the Biscuit encouragingly, after an adequate pause.

"Godfrey," said Ann, "you got a letter from me, didn't you?"

"Breaking the engagement? Rather."

"I came here," said Ann, "to tell you I was sorry I wrote it."

The Biscuit was insufferably hearty.

"Not at all. A very well-expressed letter. Thought so at the time and think so still. Full of good stuff."

"I . . ."

The Biscuit clicked his tongue remorsefully.

"By the way," he said, "can't think what I was doing, not touching on the topic before, but wish you happiness and all that sort of rot. Berry Conway told me you and he had signed up."

"Do you know him?" cried Ann, astonished.

"Of course I know him. And I ought to have extended felicitations and so forth long ago. What with life being tolerably full, and one thing and another, I overlooked it. Dashed sensible of you both, I consider. There's no one I would rather see you engaged to than old Berry."

"We are not engaged."

"Not?"

"No."

"Then," said the Biscuit, aggrieved, "I have been misinformed. My leg has been pulled, and—what makes it worse—by a usually reliable source."

"I've broken it off," said Ann shortly.

The Biscuit stared.

"Broken it off?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Never mind why."

"My dear old soul," said the Biscuit paternally, "I would be the last man to butt in on other people's affairs, but honestly, don't you think you're rather overdoing this breaking-off business? I mean to say, twice in under a week. Goodish going, you must admit. I don't know what the European record for engagement-breaking is, but I should say you hold it. Twice! Great Scott!"

Ann clenched her hands.

"It needn't be twice," she said, speaking with difficulty, "unless you like."

"Eh?"

"I came here," said Ann, "to suggest that, if you felt the same, we might consider that letter of mine not written."

The Biscuit gasped. They were coming off the bat too quick for him today. First Hoke, then old Robbins, and now this. He began to feel slightly delirious.

"Do you mean," he asked, "that you're suggesting that you and I . . . ?"

"Yes."

"That our engagement . . ."

"Yes."

"That we shall . . . ?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" said Ann.

There was a long silence. The Biscuit walked to the window and looked out. There was nothing to see, but he remained there, looking, for some considerable time. He perceived that all his tact and address would be needed to handle this situation.

"Well?" said Ann.

The Biscuit turned. He had found the right words.

"Look here, old soul," he said apologetically, "I'm afraid I've a rather nasty knock for you, and, if you take my advice, you'll have a drink to brace yourself. I'd do anything in my power to oblige, but the fact is, I can only be a sister to you."

With a sorrowful jerk of the thumb, he indicated the mantelpiece.

"Like Dykes, Dykes and Pinweed," he said, "I'm bespoke."

Ann caught her breath in sharply.

"Oh!" she said.

SHE got up. Never since the day when, a child of eleven, she had been pushed on to the platform to assist a conjurer at a children's party had she felt so supremely foolish; but she held her head high. She went to the mantelpiece and examined the photograph thoughtfully.

"She's pretty," she said.

"She *is* pretty," agreed the Biscuit.

"Why, I know her!" exclaimed Ann. "You do?"

"It's Kitchie Valentine. I came over in the boat with her."

The Biscuit had half a mind to say something about this bringing them all very close together, but he was not quite sure how it would go. It might go well, or it might not go well. He decided to keep it back.

"She lives next door, doesn't she?" said Ann. "I had forgotten."

"That's right," said the Biscuit. "Next door. We did most of our cooand-billing across the fence."

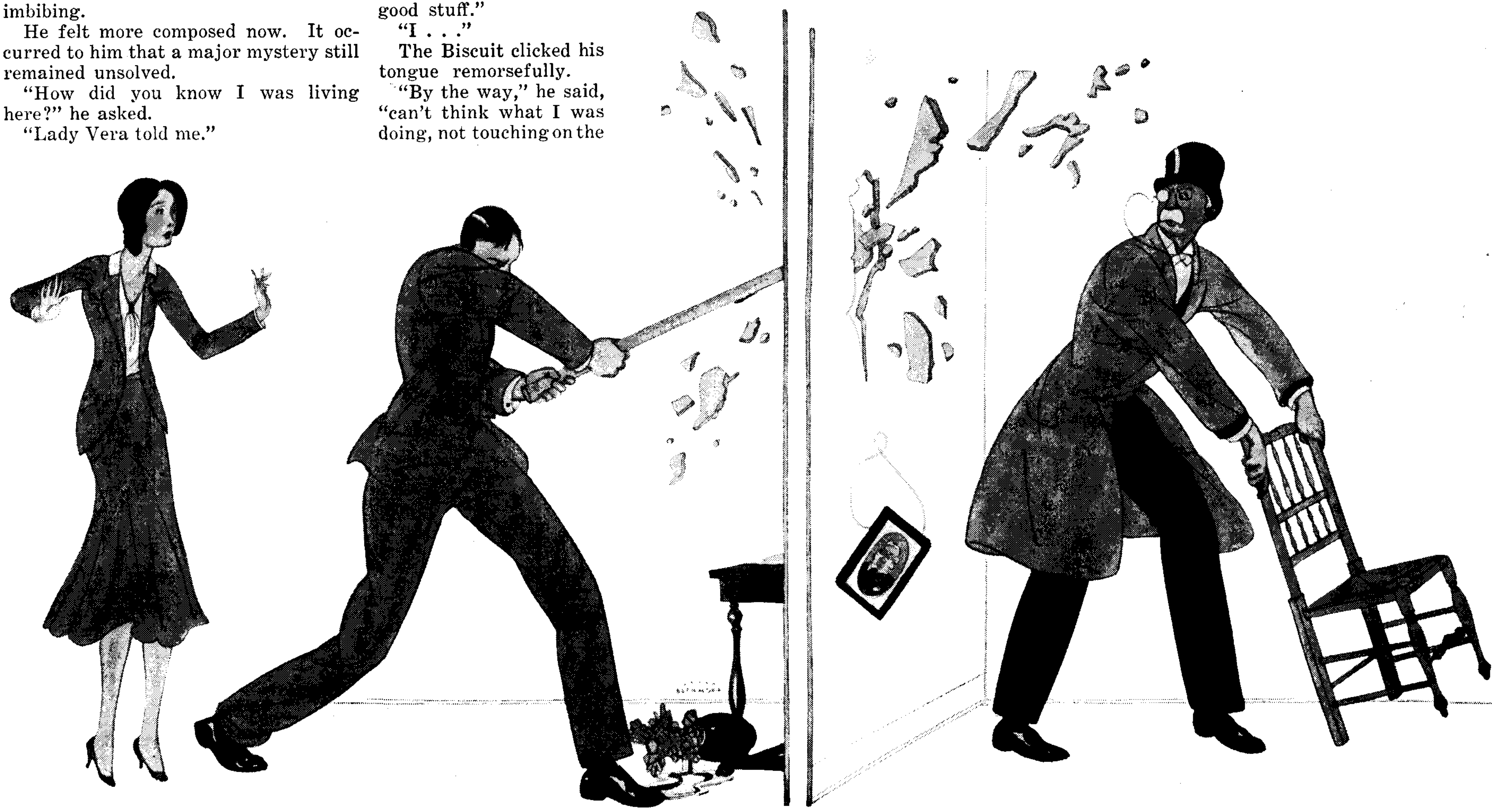
"I see. Well, I hope you'll be very happy."

"Oh, I shall," the Biscuit assured her.

"I think I'll be going," said Ann.

The Biscuit held up a compelling hand.

(*Continued on page 60*)

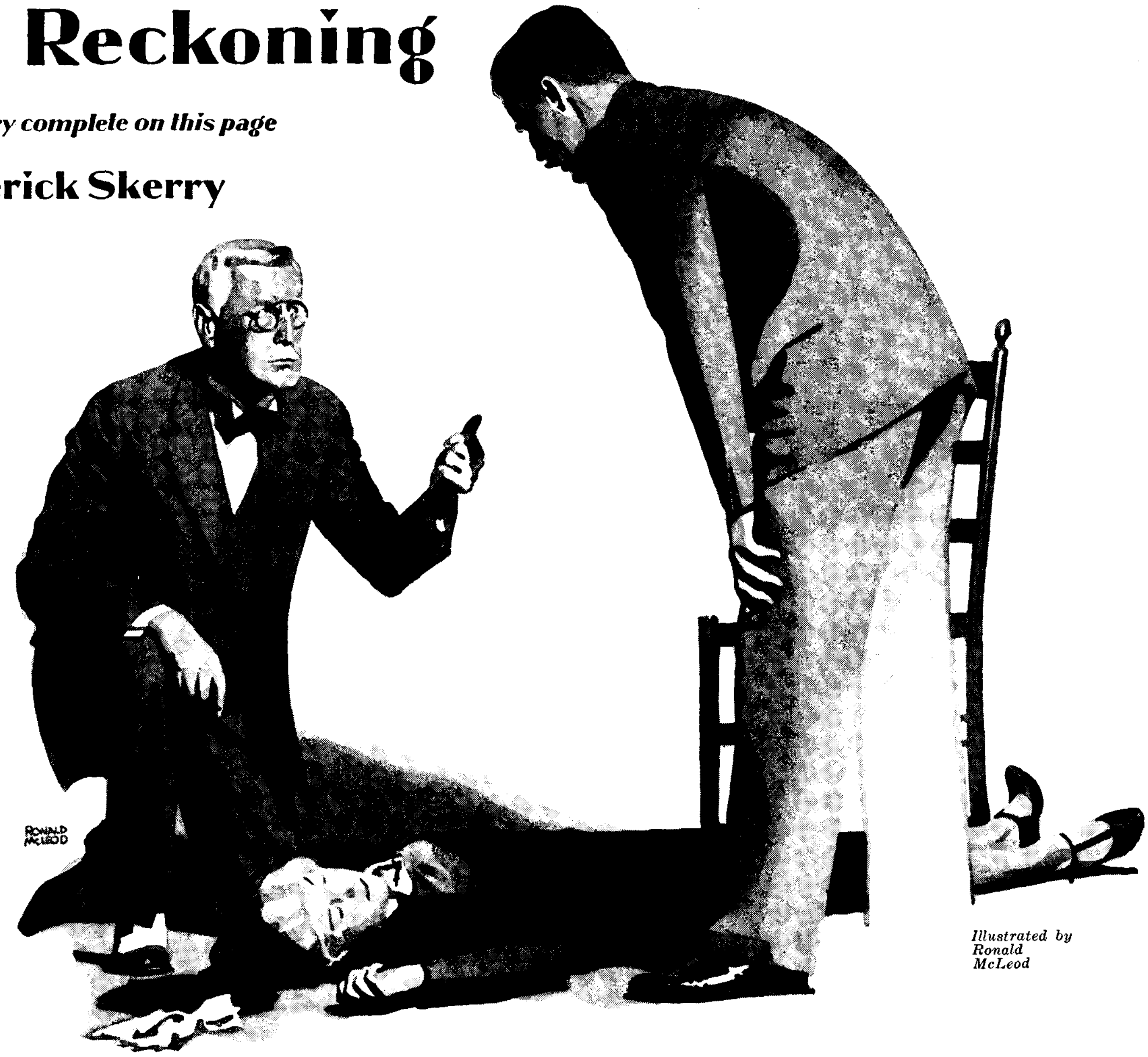


Lord Hoddesdon's face grew grimmer. Like his great forbear, he intended, if necessary, to die fighting

Not in the Reckoning

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry



Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

Looking up grimly, the doctor snorted, "Heart nothing! Some women like to imagine that sort of thing. She's fainted"

OF COURSE Axel Boone, who had encountered many fierce animals in the jungles of South America, was not afraid of his aunt's cat. Nevertheless the cat, forever regarding him watchfully with a cold yellow stare, stirred in him a strange uneasiness. It was as if the creature, by some uncanny divination, was aware of the presence in the house of that little gourd full of the deadly curare and recognized a man who merely possessed it as one to be avoided. At any rate, the cat plainly distrusted Alex Boone. Even while it sought ecstatically to catch Miss Boone's playful hands it never relaxed its vigilance and, ceasing its play with a final vicious stroke, would fasten the stare of a black Nemesis upon Axel Boone the moment he entered the room.

Perhaps the cat in its selfish feline way loved its mistress; it certainly permitted her liberties which it would tolerate from no one else, not even from Annie, the servant, who fed it and treated it kindly. Miss Boone bore the seals of its affection—if scars from scratches and bites may be termed evidences of affection.

It was these blemishes, in various stages of healing, on the plump white flesh of Miss Boone's arms and hands and the certainty of a continuous succession of them that inspired in her nephew his brilliant idea—that and, of course, the curare in the gourd.

Only some such diabolical conception as taking advantage of a trusting woman and her more or less trustful cat could come from that sinister gourd. But Axel Boone was one of those impatient persons who assume the functions of a god and attempt to anticipate the natural order of things. In the ordinary course of events he had only to continue to live in comfort with his aunt until that lady's demise—which, if her oft-repeated belief in a weakness of the heart were credited, might occur suddenly at any time—when her wealth would come to him, and he would thus be enabled to explore the wilds of South America to his heart's content. But Axel Boone was not a patient waiter.

Having already used up in one expedition the money he inherited from his father, he wished his aunt to finance another. Doctor Magrew, Miss Boone's physician and friend, with peculiar discernment, privately believed she would make an excellent investment by giving her nephew the money he wanted and letting him rush off to South America and to the possibility of being promptly poisoned by a snake or finished off by fever—which would indicate that the doctor shared to some extent the cat's distrust of the young man.

But Miss Boone, fond woman, stuck like a leech to her only surviving relative, pouring out spending money, lavishing affection; in fact, gratifying every whim of his except two: his South American project, and an incomprehensible desire that she get rid of her precious Pitch. The one was unreasonable, the other positively inhuman.

Thus it was that Axel Boone was tempted to break the chain that bound him to the prospect of an indefinite existence with a rather tiresome aunt and her detestable cat. While he felt the qualms that may shake even one who plans a lethal act, he was proud of his cleverness. The scheme was perfect. Weeks of examination, calculation, disclosed no flaw in it. And its particular beauty lay in the fact that Pitch would be the instrument.

As he realized from the beginning, the cat proved to be the most difficult part of the scheme. When the time arrived—an afternoon when both his aunt and the servant were out—he surprised the cat while it dozed in a chair. The thick leather gauntlets that he wore were proof against Pitch's needle-like claws; no soft white flesh there to bear telltale scratches. With the help of a simple but ingenious apparatus in his room, the rest was comparatively easy. And soon a black shade, frantic, outraged, its claws like as many Indian arrow tips anointed with invisible death, flashed snarling down the stairs.

Then, grimly expectant, having cleared away every betraying sign, Axel Boone left the house to remain away until after his aunt had reached home.

ON HIS return, which was nicely calculated, he found the front door wide open. This incident, unlooked for, mystifying, disturbed him. But he was reassured by a glance into the hall; there on the floor lay the inert form of his aunt, hat awry, gloves and bag and keys where she had dropped them. It had happened, he reflected, more quickly than he expected, and, evidently, she had opened the door to call some passer-by. As a matter of fact, she had returned only a moment or two before him, but he didn't know that. Anyhow, the sight of her actually lying as he had so often pictured her roused a twinge of regret—which he quickly suppressed.

He hurried to the telephone and called up Doctor Magrew. Probably not more than once in a year would he have caught the doctor so readily; this time, however, he did, and inside of three minutes the doctor had slammed the door of his car and was in the house.

Doctor Magrew shot a frowning glance from the prone figure to Axel Boone, and Axel explained, "I just came in and found her."

The doctor was already on one knee by his patient.

"Her heart, I suppose," Axel ventured, averting his gaze from the pale face. "She expected some day—"

But, looking up grimly, the doctor snorted, "Heart nothing! Some women like to imagine that sort of thing—creates sympathy—gets them consideration. Nothing abnormal about her heart. She's fainted."

Sudden fear chilled Axel Boone. Then as Doctor Magrew lifted one of the plump arms and scrutinized its collection of scars, Axel's heart skipped a beat. "Tck! Tck!" The doctor wagged his head impatiently. "How a woman can allow a cat—"

The crash of breaking glass interrupted him and, after a glance at the reassuring fluttering of Miss Boone's eyelids, he strode to a window. Quickly turning from there and ordering Axel to get his aunt some water, he dashed through the hall and outdoors.

Axel, however, though filled with vague misgiving, went curiously to the window. Indifferent, he saw the doctor gripping the shoulder of a small tearful boy beside the car, the door of which contained only a ragged border of glass. But his eyes bulged when they beheld Pitch, crouched and glaring, in a small tree near by, and he stifled a curse. The damned cat had got out! Spoiled everything! And while he stared dismayed at the now deadly creature Doctor Magrew strode rapidly away, the boy trotting eagerly by his side.

When the doctor reëntered the Boone living-room a few minutes later he found Miss Boone sitting up bewildered. Axel, setting down a half-filled tumbler, strolled to the window and gazed scowlingly out.

"WHY, Doctor," began Miss Boone, the back of one hand against her brow, "I can't imagine what happened. When I opened the front door Pitch flew past me like one possessed. He gave me an awful start. Whatever could have been the matter with him?"

"Better get your clothes off and relax," advised Doctor Magrew. "Come, I'll help you upstairs."

The doctor's face had set into stern lines when he returned to the living-room and confronted Axel Boone, whose fascinated gaze was held by the little tree and its dangerous tenant. "That cat," Doctor Magrew accused harshly, "has killed the dog next door—with one scratch!" He noted Axel's start, saw his face turn white. "Now," he went on, "you don't deserve a break, but, out of the regard I have for your aunt's good name and her loathing for scandal, I'm going to give you one." He paused. Then, with the grim mouth of one pronouncing sentence, "That cat must be caught, and you're the one who's going to catch it!"

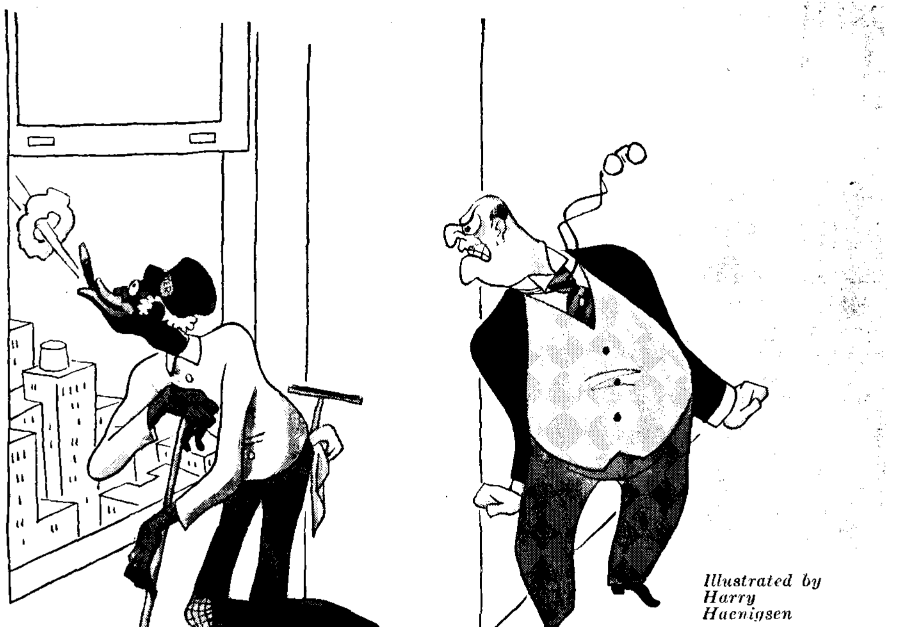
And Axel Boone, resigned to a black fate, turned hopelessly towards the door.

In One Ear

Little items that come to the ears of Collier's writers as they travel across this interesting land seeking weightier facts. We serve them up here so they won't be lost—it would be selfishness to keep them all to ourselves

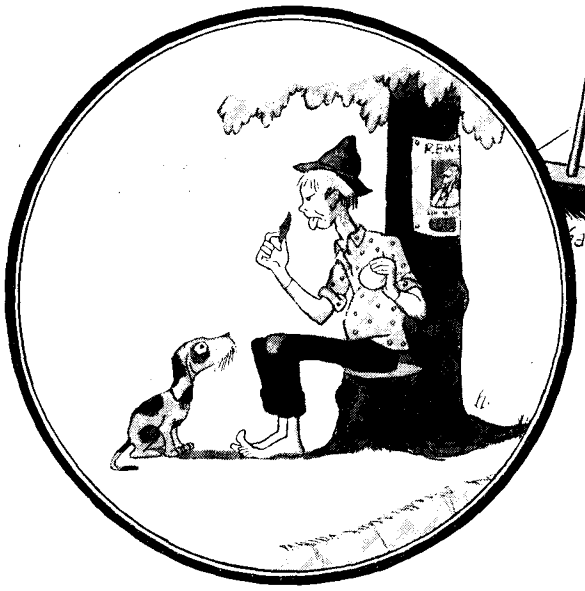
Uncle Joe's First Orange

UNCLE JOE CANNON used to *tell, with great gusto, the story* of the first orange with which he ever had any experience. He was a small boy at the time, living in eastern Illinois. Somewhere in the vicinity of Vincennes, Indiana, he saw a man selling oranges at a nickel apiece on board a Wabash River steamer. Being the proud possessor of one solitary Spanish "fip" of five cents value, Joe bought an orange and started home with it. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. On the way home he sat down at the roadside, took out his jack-knife, peeled the orange, ate the peel and didn't think much of it. So he threw away the rest of the orange and concluded he had been grossly misled as to the value of oranges as food.



After two or three trips out to the hall he made a discovery that annoyed him beyond words

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen



He concluded that he had been grossly misled as to the value of oranges as food

Words and Music

Many and immemorial are the great collaborations of the theater; but here's the story of one that didn't happen—the partnership betweeen Oscar Hammerstein and George M. Cohan.

Cohan was twenty-two and his name was up in lights. He had a ripplingly successful musical comedy playing which you may have heard about—Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway.

Hammerstein was a passionately amateur and amateurly passionate musician who owned a tremendously successful music hall, the Victoria, and yearned for further fame as a composer of music.

Hammerstein summoned young Cohan.

"My boy," said he, "The Rogers Brothers have moved downtown. I'm going to take the Russell Brothers and put them in my uptown theater. You run home and come back tomorrow at two with an idea for a play. I'll produce it. Make you rich."

Promptly at two the day following appeared George Michael Cohan.

Mr. Hammerstein piloted him into an elevator and they ascended.

"My own invention—this elevator, my boy," said Mr. Hammerstein.

"You must spend a lot of time on these inventions and things," said Cohan politely.

"Upstairs, I'll show you how I spend my time," said Mr. Hammerstein.

They arrived in a museum-like room done after the Belasco mise-en-scène manner.

"How do I spend my time?" Hammerstein echoed, taking armfuls of music from a couch to a table for Cohan to inspect. "I spend my time keeping out of jail," he added. "Listen to this!"

He commanded Cohan's attention by sitting down at a studio piano and smacking out a mess of music.

"That," he said, "will be the opening chorus of the play you'll write, my boy." Hammerstein played more bars, more vigorously.

"Ain't that an opening chorus?"

Cohan coughed politely.

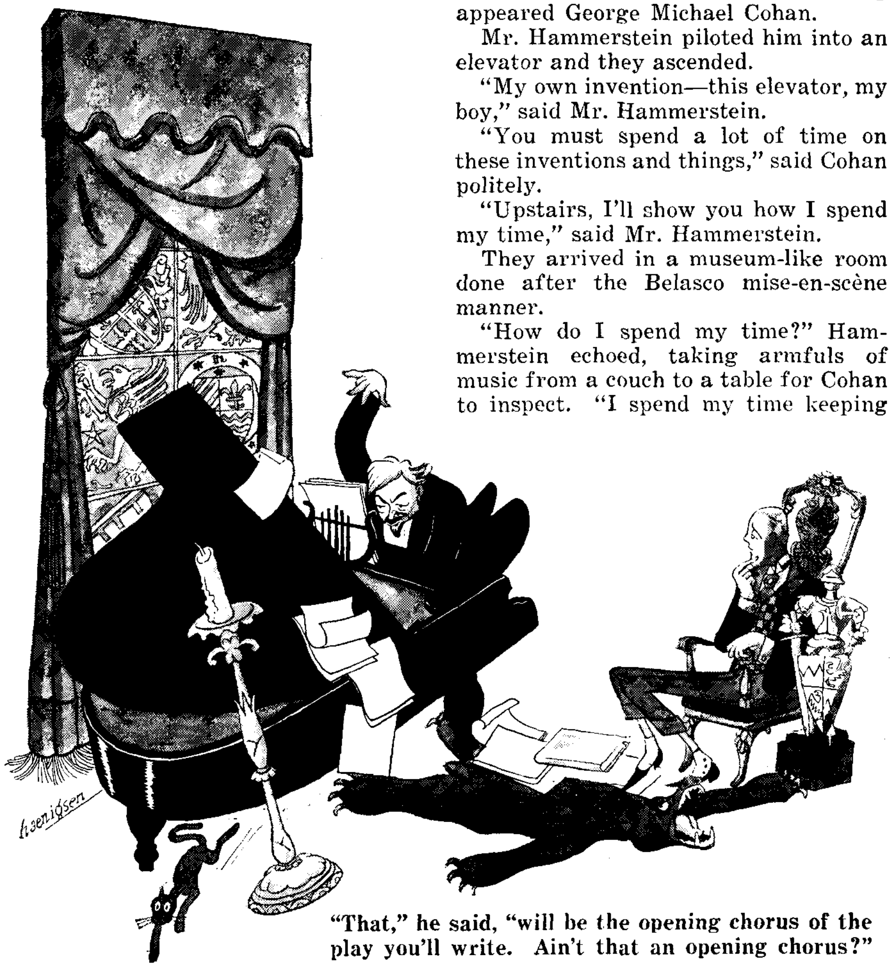
"Very good, Mr. Hammerstein," he said, "but, you know, I write my own music for my own plays."

Hammerstein smashed both hands into a terrific thunder of piano notes, shot from the chair and railed:

"Music! You write music! Ha-ha-ha! Get out!"

And George M. Cohan, exiting, heard that loud and villainous laugh of derision all the way down in the trick elevator.

Which explains why one more celebrated words-and-music partnership was not added to those already celebrated, and which likewise explains why George M. Cohan achieved renown as an author of popular music—and why Oscar Hammerstein never did.



"That," he said, "will be the opening chorus of the play you'll write. Ain't that an opening chorus?"

Steered Correctly

Just before the beginning of the special session of Congress, Mrs. Harry K. Daugherty, wife of the assistant solicitor for the Treasury Department, prepared a paper, "The Coming Session of Congress," to deliver before the Women's Political Club of Washington. Being engaged for an afternoon bridge game, the lady took her manuscript with her and planned to go on to the meeting afterward. Overstaying at the bridge game, she hurried through luncheon and started on to the Willard, where the meeting was to be. Before arriving, she noticed that her manuscript was missing. Hurrying back to the luncheon place, she inquired after a stray envelope.

The waitress said:

"No, I saw nothing of it, but a gentleman was here afterward and laid down a lot of papers. He may have gathered yours up with his by mistake. However, I know the gentleman. He was Vice President Curtis."

"Then it is all right," said Mrs. Daugherty. "I know him."

Obtaining her carbon copy from her home, she delivered the paper.

But when she returned home after the meeting she called the Mayflower Hotel and asked for Mrs. Gann—the famous "Dolly" whose parking problem stirred the nation. To Mrs. Gann she said:

"Do you know whether the Vice President picked up by mistake an envelope not belonging to him, today?"

"Wait a minute," said Mrs. Gann. Then she could be heard to call: "Charley! Did you pick up an envelope with some manuscript in it, at luncheon today?"

The Vice President not only confessed to being custodian of the stray envelope, but added that he had also greatly enjoyed its contents.

"Well, just so you have it," said Mrs. Daugherty. "I shall feel very safe all through the session, knowing that you have full instructions as to what Congress is to do."

Too Independent

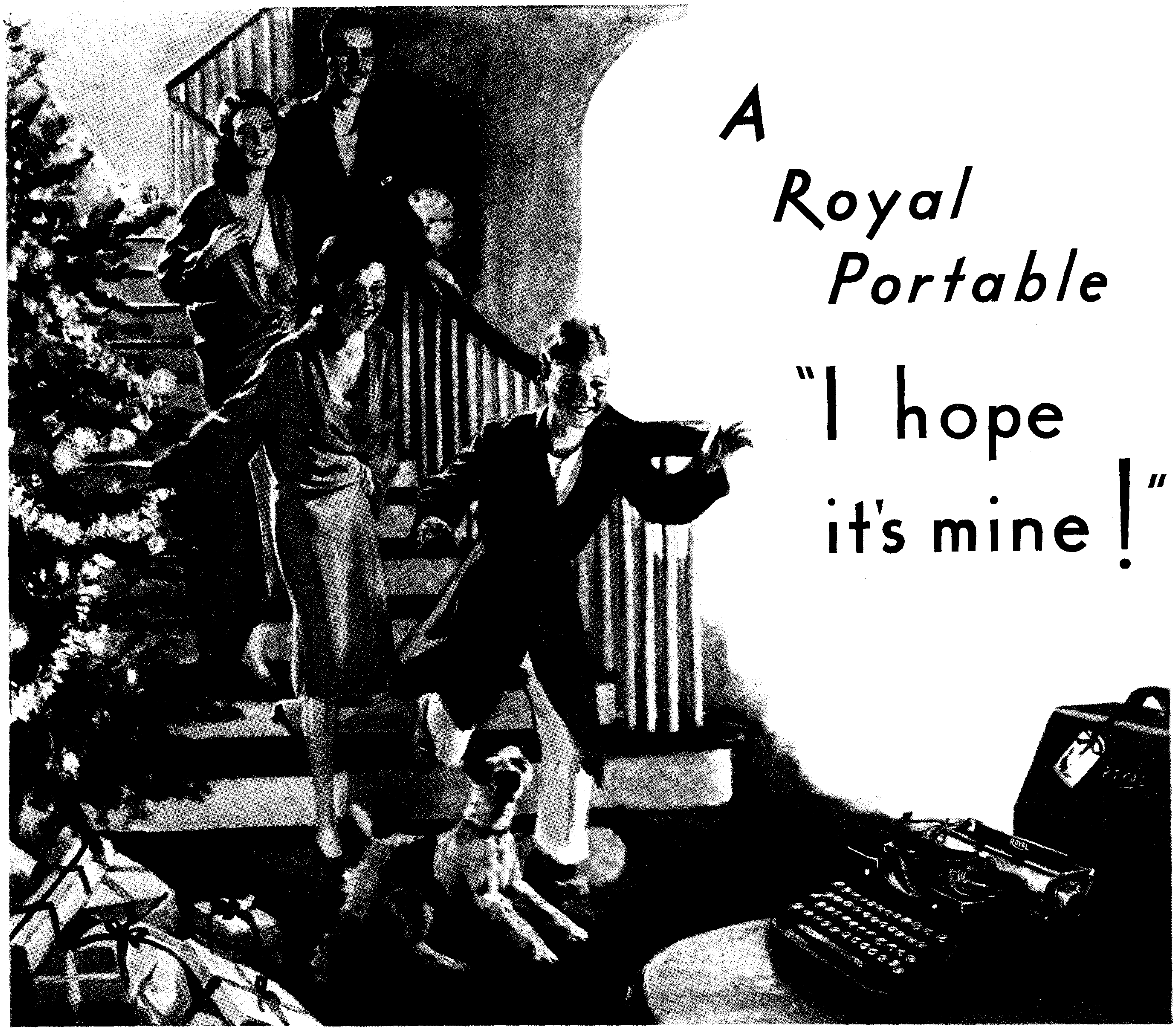
He was a newly-elected official of the Standard Oil Company, as the story goes in the great club-like dining-room of that company at 26 Broadway, and, first crack out of the box, he wanted Sam, an old colored porter, fired—the old fellow was too independent. "Go easy on Sam," he was advised. "He's been here forty years and we're all used to him."

Not long after the new official was asked to spend several hours at a meeting of the board of directors. This was in the days when there was a "no smoking" rule for such gatherings. After an hour or so, the new man went out into the hallway, took a few puffs at a big sixty-five-cent cigar and laid it carefully on a window sill for a later visit. After two or three trips out to the hall he made a discovery which annoyed him beyond words.

"That porter I wanted fired has got to go," he wrote in a hurried note to Sam's immediate boss.

"Why?" scribbled back the boss. The reply came:

"Why, the son of a gun is taking puffs at my cigar out there."



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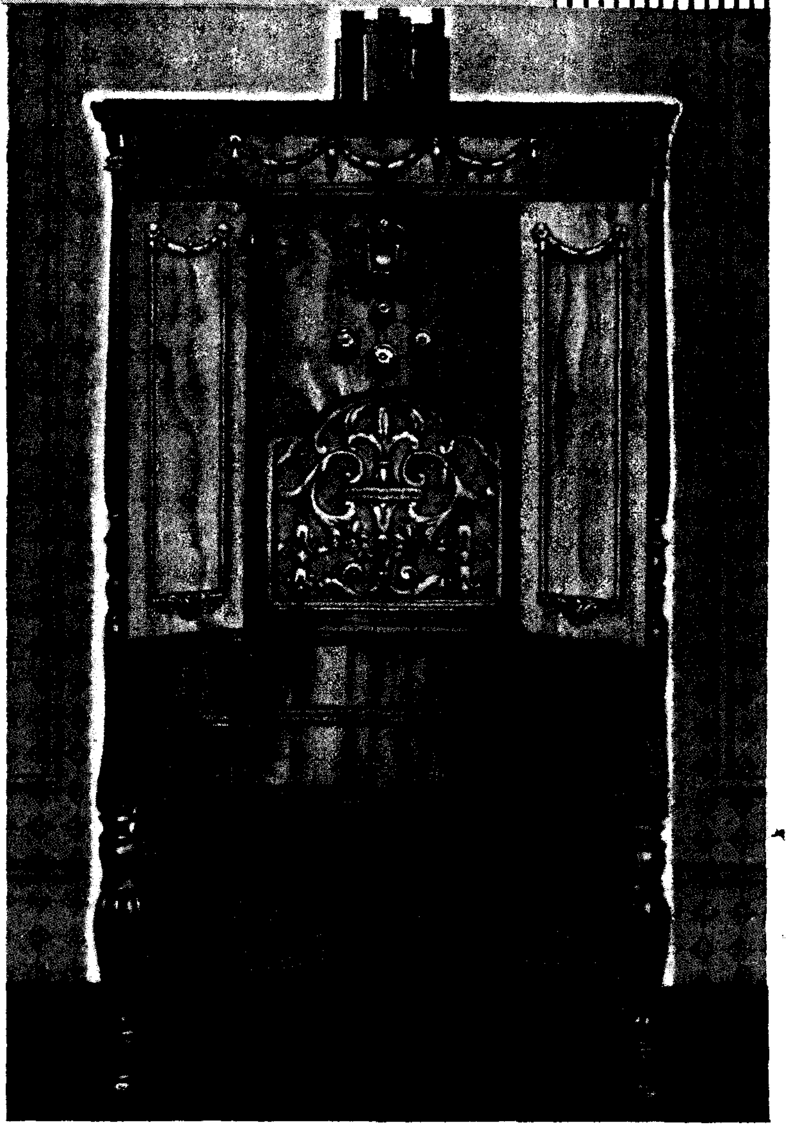
Full Range Tone—The audio range of this receiver includes lower notes and higher notes than have been possible previously. The tone range of each individual note is complete, natural and pitch-true—just as it is given into the microphone at the studio. The result is perfect tone fidelity.



HIGHBOY (as illustrated)—Two-door cabinet of early American design. Dignified, distinctive. Rich brown walnut with satin finish. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Several times more selective and sensitive than any set previously offered. Equipped with Tone Control. $179.50 less tubes.

RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION—Rich brown walnut cabinet with satin finish. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Several times more selective and sensitive than any set previously offered. Has *tone control* and new, *improved electrical phonograph* reproduction. $285.00 less tubes.

LOWBOY—A distinguished example of early American cabinet design. Harmonizes beautifully with any surroundings. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. More selective and sensitive than any set hitherto offered to the public. $142.50 less tubes.

THE STUDIO LOWBOY—A small, compact, open-faced cabinet. Modern in design. Ideal for small rooms or as a second set. 7-tube A. C. operated screen-grid receiver. Four tuned circuits. New type dynamic speaker. Compound type volume control. $112.50 less tubes.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
FULL RANGE RADIO

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 15

this robber gang—yet ready to betray them—kill their chief and any or all of them. Except Smoky. I've worked on him so that he's our friend. He is a real man, as you'll see when the break comes. . . . If you were American, you'd be human enough to grasp the situation and help me through with it."

"I am human and I—I've as much courage as any American girl," she flashed, stung by his caustic words. "You—you talk of love as freely as you Westerners talk of horses—guns—death . . . But surely you don't mean that it's because you love me you'll save me?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"I cannot believe you. . . . I never accepted you as a desperado."

"Miss Herrick, all that doesn't matter," he rejoined, almost coldly. "We are wasting time—risking much—"

"I don't care. That is *why* I had to come to you. I knelt here for moments before awakening you. It helped me somehow—and it is easing my nerves to talk."

"Well, talk then. But make it low. . . . You must have crept very softly to my side. I sleep with one eye open."

"Indeed you don't. Both yours were tight shut—"

SUDDENLY she stiffened, no doubt at the slight sound that had checked her speech. She put a hand over his lips and stared at him with wide vague eyes.

Over her shoulder Jim's eye was arrested by a glint of starlight upon a bright object on the ground. Above and behind it a shape, darker than the dark background, gradually took the outline of a man on hands and knees. Cold terror assailed Jim Wall, despite his iron nerve. That was Hays crawling upon them with a gun in his hand. A bursting tide of blood through Jim's veins paralleled the lightning flash of his thoughts. Death for both of them was terribly close. His gun was under his pillow. Helen knelt between him and the robber. A move of even the slightest kind would be fatal. Cunning must take precedence of action. He swerved his rigid gaze from the humped black form to Helen's face. It was white as marble in moonlight. Her eyes showed the tremendous strain under which she labored. In that instant she could almost read his very thoughts. Her fingers still crossed his lips and they had begun to tremble.

"It's Hays," he whispered, scarcely audibly. *"Follow me—now."* Then, exerting all his will to speak naturally, he said aloud: "No, Miss Herrick, I'm sorry, but I can't oblige you. I don't approve of Hays' kidnapping you, but it's done. And I'm a member of his band. I would not think of going against him, let alone trying to run off with you."

There was a tense silence, fraught with much apprehension for Jim. Would she be able to play up to him? There was just a chance that Hays had not heard any of their whispers, in which case it was possible to deceive him. Helen comprehended. It was Jim Wall's privilege then to see the reaction of a woman at a perilous moment.

"I'll give you the ransom money," she said, quite clearly, and certainly most persuasively. "My brother will reward you otherwise."

"You can't bribe me," he rejoined. "And I wouldn't advise you to try it on Smoky or any of the others."

"Hays may have had only money in his mind at first, but now—"

"Don't move, Jim!" came a low, hard voice from the shadow.

Helen gave a little gasp and sagged on her knees. Jim waited a moment.

"I won't, Hank," he replied.

Then Hays' tall form loomed black above the rise of ground. He strode forward. If he had sheathed his gun Jim would have made short work of that interview. But he held it half leveled, glancing darkly in the starlight.

The robber chief gazed down upon Jim and Helen. His features were indistinguishable, but the poise of his head was expressive enough. Still Jim sensed that he had been misled.

"You cat!" he declared, roughly. "If I ketch you again—tryin' to bribe any of my outfit—I'll treat you so you won't want to go back to your baby-faced brother. . . . Now you git to your tent!"

Helen rose unsteadily and vanished in the gloom.

"Jim Wall, you ain't been with me long, an' I don't know you, but I'm takin' this deal to heart," Hays said slowly. "I'm much obliged. I reckon you're the only man in the outfit who could of withstood thet woman."

"No, you're wrong, Hank. Smoky wouldn't have listened to her. And I'm sure the others would have stood pat."

"My faith was damn' near gone."

"That's in you, Hank. You've no call to lose it. You've about split your gang over this woman."

"Wal, I'm not askin' judgments from you or any of the outfit," growled the chief, gloomily. "You'll all be good an' glad to git your share of the ransom."

"The thing is—boss—will we get it?"

Hays made a violent move, like a striking snake. "What you mean by thet?"

"I'm askin' you."

"Air you insinuatin' you mightn't git yours?" demanded Hays. And Jim, used for years to sense peril, divined he was not far from death then. He had not moved a hand since Hays' arrival. If he had had his gun within reach he would have ended that argument. But the chances were too greatly in Hays' favor. Wit and cunning must see him through. He could feel how intensely the chief wanted to know what Jim knew.

"No. You might say I was askin' for all of us," replied Jim, curtly.

"Wal, I'll git the outfit together an' do some askin' myself."

"It's a good idea. It *might* prevent the split—provided you divide the money you stole from Herrick."

"I'll wring thet white cat's neck," hissed the robber.

"You're wrong, boss. She didn't tell me. She doesn't know you robbed her brother. Sparrow confessed before he died."

HAYS swore a mighty oath. "An' he squealed?"

"Yes. To Smoky an' me. We kept it secret until we had to tell. They *knew* somethin' was wrong."

"All the time you knowed!" There was something pathetic in the fallen chieftain's shame and amaze. By this he seemed to realize his crime.

"You see, Hank, how your outfit has stood by you, even in your guilt."

"Ahuh! . . . If it ain't too late—I'll make amends," he rejoined hoarsely, and stalked away in the darkness.

Jim lay back on his blankets with a weight of oppression removed. He had saved himself for the hour, but what would the outcome be? After deliberation it seemed he had put Hays in a corner from which there could be no retreat.

Jim had breakfast before the other men were up. It still wanted half an hour till sunrise. This was the beautiful time of day. Jim hurried away on scout duty before Hays and his accusers had assembled at the camp fire.

With rifle in hand Jim headed toward the western exit. Not until he was out in the valley did he realize that he carried his rifle. The fact surprised him. There was plenty of fresh meat in camp. He had no idea of hunting. That act had been instinctive and it puzzled him. But there was a release of a clamped tension within. This day would see events and he felt almost elated.

Perhaps that had something to do with a singular sense of the mounting beauty of the morning, of the magnified solitude, of the rarefied atmosphere that gave the buttes and mountains a most deceiving nearness. The outside world of Utah seemed to be encroaching upon this wilderness of canyon brakes.

THE sun was still beneath the rim of the escarpments in the east, but its approach was heralded by a magnificent glory of red and gold, of flushed peaks and rose-shrouded mesas, of burning faces of the zigzag walls along distant ramparts.

Jim had never before been high up here at such an early hour. Any man would have been struck by the spectacle. He felt that if he were to die that day he would be leaving earth without having fully realized its sublimity, its mystery, its solemn warning, its inscrutable promise. And there ran through his mind a thought of how Miss Herrick would have reveled in this glorious scene.

"Well, I *am* loco," he soliloquized, blankly, suddenly brought up sharply by the absurd reflection. Excitement and emotion had reacted so powerfully upon him that he was not himself. Right then he made the stern decision that when he started back to camp, to face Hays again, he would be a thousand times his old self.

The sun shelter he had erected had once before toppled over and this morning he found it again flat, except one of the poles. Jim gathered up the dry brush and made a seat and back rest of it. He did not inquire into his premonition that the shelter had served its turn. Then he sat down to watch.

It was as if he had never seen a sunrise. There was no comparing it with any other he could recall. And one magnifying look through the field-glass was more than enough. Nature's exaggeration of color and loveliness and transparency and vastness was too great even for the normal gaze of man.

But that superlative grandeur passed, leaving something Jim could accept and gloat over as actual.

From this lofty perch he gazed with narrowed eyes across the shaded hole below, into which no ray of sun had yet penetrated. The black mouth of the gorge yawned hungrily. Above it on all sides spread the gray and red rock ridges, dotted with dwarf cedars, with white washes between, and on to spotted red ragged hummocks that fringed a green level, yellow with sunflowers, which led to an abrupt break into a canyon. The walls showed brown, rust-colored, hard as iron, with dark lines and shadows, beyond which stood up the pyramids and bluffs of the brakes. Here gloomed suggested depths and corrugated slopes, then the infinitely wild, obscure, stratified space terminating in the Henry Mountains, looming colossal

(*Continued on page 30*)

The Cholic
From drawing by Cruikshank 1835

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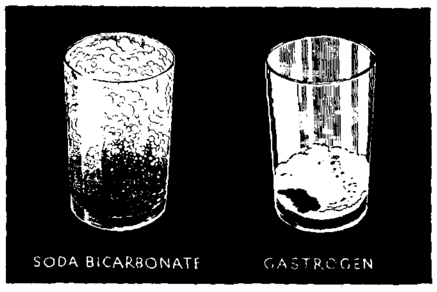
MAKE THIS TEST

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*
2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*
3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*



Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

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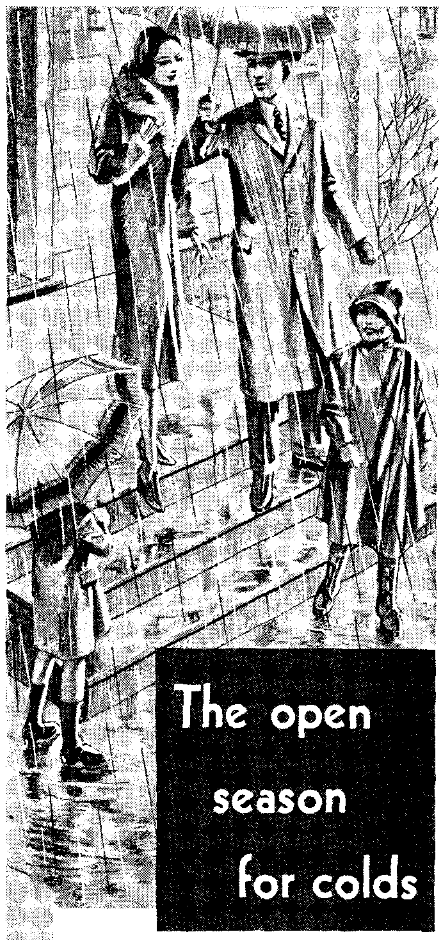
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. . . is here! Yet storms themselves will not harm us if we are adequately protected against them. The surest protection against colds is keeping the feet warm and dry . . . and the best footwear protection that money can buy is Firestone Footwear.

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—all rubber gaiters in mocha, brown, gray, black, two-tone mocha, two-tone gunmetal . . . three-button or concealed talon slide closing.

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The Mark of Quality

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(*Continued from page 29*)

in the lilac light of morning, ghostly, black, unscalable, piercing the pale blue sky.

Loneliness was paramount. There was no sound—only an immense silence. No life at all! Not a winged creature hovering over that ghastly region! But over this scene of desolation slowly spread the solemn blight of heating, blazing sun, soon to mantle all in illusive copper haze.

Before that hour arrived Jim Wall took up the field-glass. Below in the camp the men were lazily stirring to a late breakfast. The door of the cabin was open. A glint of gold crossed the dark aperture. Then the tall form of Hays stalked out. He yawned. He stretched wide his long arms. His ruddy face gleamed in the glass to that sight. Wall's whole being leaped.

"By God!" his voice rang out. "Hays, that's your last morning's stretch. . . . Before this day's done you'll stretch forever!"

Let his men have their hour, thought Jim darkly, but if they did not mete out justice to their chief the end was nevertheless fixed and unalterable.

Jim settled back and raised the field-glass more from habit than any semblance of the old watchfulness. There was nothing to see but the stark denudation of the brakes.

Suddenly into Jim's magnified circle of vision crept dark objects—a long line of them.

He was so startled that the glass wavered out of line. He moved it to and fro, searching. What could that have been? An error of sight, a line of cedars, a conception of idle mind!

"There!" he breathed. He had caught it again. Not cedars—not brush, but moving objects! . . . . "By heaven!" he muttered. "Am I dotty?"

Horses! A line of dark horses! His straining eyes blurred. He lowered the glass with shaking hands. "So help me—it looks like riders!"

A THIRD time Jim caught the objects. He froze the glass on them. Horses and riders—horses with packs! A bursting gush of hot blood ran all through him. The expected pursuit, now long neglected, almost forgotten, had materialized. It looked like Heeseman's outfit, at least three miles away, approaching slowly by a route far to the south of that over which Hays had come.

"About three miles," muttered Jim. "Coming slow. They're lost. . . . But that wash they're in heads into the Hays trail. . . . If they strike that they'll come fast. Not enough rain yet to wash out our tracks. We've not time to pack and ride out. . . . By thunder, they've cornered us! Now, Hank Hays—"

Jim took one more straining look. No hope! It was a big outfit and not traveling so slowly, either. The leader bestrode a black horse. Jim remembered that horse. Snatching up his rifle he slung the field-glass over his shoulder and ran down off the bluff to the slope. It occurred to him to locate Hays' horses. He sighted some—six, seven, eight—the others were not visible. Hays would rage like a madman. Then Jim tore down the slope with giant strides. Reaching the valley floor he ran along the wash, through the entrance into the oval and once on the grass he fairly flew the remaining distance to camp.

To his profound amaze he espied Hays bound hand and foot, with a stick behind him and through his elbows. The robber sat in an uncomfortable posture against the woodpile. At a second glance Jim saw that Hays had been gagged and his face was so contorted by rage that it appeared scarcely human.

"What the hell!" cried Jim, breaking out of his bewilderment.

Hays gave vent to an inarticulate sound, but it was expressive. Jim wheeled to stalk under the shack, his hand on his gun, as if he half expected Heeseman to have arrived before him. To his further amaze Miss Herrick was sitting at the rude table, eating breakfast. A big gun, that Jim recognized as Hays' property, lay conspicuously in front of her. Happy Jack, whistling as usual, was serving her.

"What does this mean?" demanded Jim.

"Ask the men," she replied, curtly.

Outside and below the shack sat Smoky on a rock, with the others standing near. They all had the appearance of having been swayed profoundly.

"Mawnin', Jim," drawled Smoky, with a grin. "You see we've got a new chief."

"Who hawg-tied the boss?"

"Reckon I did—with a little help."

"What for?"

"Damn' if I know. Our lady prisoner made me do it."

"MISS HERRICK forced you to tie Hays up?" queried Jim, trying to conceal his exultation.

"I should shiver she did. Stuck Hays' hair-trigger gun—cocked—right into my belly, an' says: 'Will you tie this villain—an' swear by your honor not to release him or allow any of these other men to do so—or will you have me shoot you?' "

"How'd she get that gun?"

"Wal, she snatched it quicker'n lightnin', that's how. An' when she cocked it with both hands it went off *bang!* The bullet went between Hank's legs. Tickled him. You can see the hole in his pants. Scared? My Gawd, you never see a man so scared. Thet gurl, cool as a cucumber, cocked the gun again, an' held Hays up—then all of us.

"We was sittin' at the table. She made us all stand, hands high, an' then she performed thet little trick with Hank's gun agin my gizzard. Jim, I hope to die if I didn't go cold an' stiff. But I promised on my word of honor—as a robber—thet I'd tie Hank up, an' make the other fellers play square. It was so funny, too, thet I near bust. Hays, soon as he was helpless, got over his scare, an' then was he mad! I reckon no one on this earth ever saw a madder man. He cussed so terrible thet she made me gag him."

"Well, I'll be—blowed!" gasped Jim.

"No wonder. We was wuss. We'd had breakfast, an' Hank was tryin' to face us fellers. I'll say he came clean, Jim. He divided all the money he got from Herrick an' his sister, an' the gold things an' diamonds. 'Fellers,' he said, 'I could lie an' say I meant to give this to you later. But I'm not built thet way. I double-crossed you all—first time in my life. I meant to keep it all, an' the ransom fer the girl. But now there won't be no ransom, for I'm not goin' to give her up. She's mine, an' I can do as I want, an' if any of you don't like it you can make your kick now.' . . . Wal, we was so plumb flabbergasted thet we didn't see the gurl, who came close on the sun side of Happy's shelter. She heard the whole damn' show. . . . Jim, I wish you could have seen her when she stepped up to Hank. I don't know what did it—mebbe her eyes—but he shore wilted. It was then she snatched his gun."

"So that's the deal!" ejaculated Jim. "What are you going to do?"

"Don't ask me. I gave my word an' I'll keep it. Fer thet matter the rest of our outfit air fer the gurl, ransom or no ransom."

Suddenly Jim awoke out of his stupefaction to remember the approach of Heeseman.

"Smoky, I know what you're all going to do, and that's fight," he flashed, curtly. "I was so surprised I forgot. Heeseman's outfit is coming. I sighted them perhaps three miles. Traveling slow, but sure. We've no time to pack an' get away. We've got to find the best place to stand an' fight, an' pack our stuff into it pronto."

"Heeseman!" cried Smoky, coolly. "So it's come. I reckoned on thet. Git busy, men."

Jim strode under the shelter to face Miss Herrick. She had heard, for she was white.

"We're all but surprised by Heeseman's outfit," he said, abruptly. "We must fight. You will be worse off if you fall into their hands. I'm sorry I must release Hays. We need him."

"Too late!" she exclaimed.

"Pack your things quickly and hurry over to the cave on this side." Then Jim picked up Hays' gun from the table and ran out. First he removed the gag, and then in terse terms he stated the situation. Next he released the robber from his painful fix and handed him the gun.

"Heeseman, huh! Wal, so be it!" Hays said, facing Jim with an air of finality that intimated relief.

"How far are they away?" Hays then asked.

"Two miles."

"Gawd Almighty! Where? Which way air they—comin'?"

Facing south, Jim pointed. "Little west—of south. They're in a—wash that'll head—into the trail we made."

"I know thet. But it's rough before it heads in. We've got half an hour—mebbe. Did you think to look fer the hosses?"

"Eight horses in the—valley. Others not in sight."

"You ——!" cursed Hays, suddenly furious. "Fine scout you air. How come you didn't spy them soon enough fer us to rustle out of hyar?"

"I couldn't have seen them half a mile sooner," snapped Jim. "They came out from behind a bank."

"Hell's fire! Tell thet to *me?* You was sleepin'."

"You're a liar," flashed Jim, leaping clear of the others. "Open your trap to me again like that!"

"Say, it's you who'll shet his trap," replied Hays, stridently. "Or you'll git a dose of the medicine I gave Brad Lincoln."

"Not from you—you yellow dog of a woman thief!"

SMOKY SLOCUM ran out in time to get in front of Jim.

"Hyar! Hyar!" he called, piercingly. "Is this a time fer us to fight each other? Cool down, Jim. Make allowance fer Hays. He's wuss'n drunk."

"I don't care a damn if there're ten outfits on our trail. He can't talk to me that way. . . . And, Smoky, I reckon you're presuming on friendship."

"Shore I am," returned Slocum, hurriedly. "I'll not do it again, Jim. Hays is what you called him. But leave your dispute till we settle with Heeseman."

"All right. You're talking sense," replied Jim. He had been quick to grasp the opening made by Hays. "There must be ten riders in Heeseman's outfit."

"Wal, thet suits me," rejoined the robber, harshly.

"Now think fast," snapped Smoky.

Hays pulled himself together. "Mac, you an' Jeff run like hell to fetch what hosses you can find quick. . . . Jack, you an' Smoky an' Wall hustle the grub, cook kit, packs an' beds into thet cave across the wash. I'll git up high an' watch. When I yell, dig fer cover."

"You aimin' to fight or run?" queried Smoky.

"We might git packed light, if somethin' holds them up. But we can't leave

(*Continued on page 32*)

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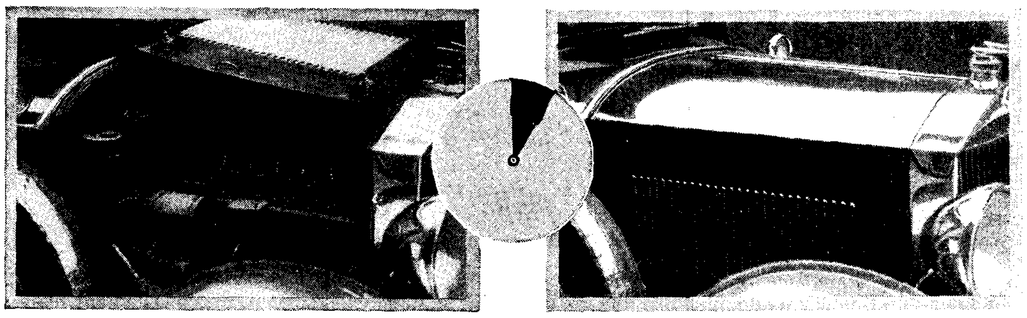
It takes "double-range" Mobiloil to protect your engine from this gruelling winter wear.



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Mobiloil **ARCTIC** *for your engine*
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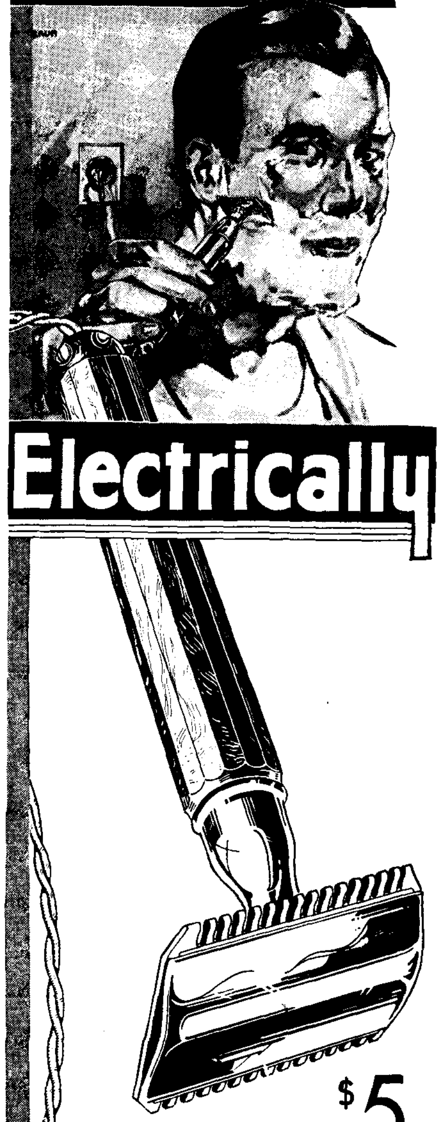
SHAVE



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Complete with all attachments. De Luxe Model, Gold Plated in Pouch $7.50.

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Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 30

the way we come in. Dirty Devil too high. Heeseman has stumbled on the next best way. If we had plenty of time. . . . But rustle, everybody."

Mac and Jeff were already in lumbering flight up the oval. And Happy Jack, not concerned enough to stop his whistling, was sacking his utensils. Hays made for the notch in the bluff west of the cabin. Jim sprang into action, while Smoky dashed off toward the cottonwood grove.

Upon Jim's first return trip from the cave he encountered the girl burdened with her effects.

"Helen, I'll carry that. Hurry. We've no time to lose."

At the back of the cave there was a crack deep enough to protect Helen. He directed her to hide inside and await developments.

"*Jim*—promise me you'll shoot me—before letting Hays or any of them—get me."

He considered that a moment, then answered, "I promise."

Her reply was incoherent though couched in passionate tones. Jim ran on toward the camp, resolving to withhold a shell in his rifle and to keep a sharp watch on Hays.

The next quarter of an hour was filled with strenuous and unceasing action. Their united efforts collected all the supplies, utensils, saddles and packs, and several of the beds in the three-cornered cave back and to one side of the shack. A huge slab of stone lay across the top of this triangular notch in the cliff. The wall had been hollowed by the action of water. A small stream flowed out from the base of the wall. At the extreme apex of the notch there was an opening, but hidden from above by thick bushes. Also bushes of the same kind screened the west side of this notch. Beyond the shack and in close around the opposite corner a corral had been built under that shelving wall. It was the best place for defense in the oval, and Jim believed Hays' outfit could hold it indefinitely, though they couldn't save the horses. If it came to a siege they could be released.

SMOKY came panting in with Hays' pack, and started off again.

"That's enough, Smoky," called Jim.

Slocum returned. "Nothin' left—'cept Hank's bed," he panted. "I—couldn't—locate thet."

"Listen!"

"What do you hear?"

"Hosses."

"Sure, I catch it. . . . Which way?"

"Damn' if I can tell."

"Grab a rifle. Seems to me if Hays was up on top somewhere he'd hear horses before we could—in that direction."

"Shore. Must be Mac an' Jeff."

Smoky had guessed correctly. Half a dozen horses appeared tearing over rocks and through brush into the oval, with the two men, riding bareback, in close pursuit.

Then above the noise rose Hays' stentorian voice: "*Ride! Ride fer camp! . . . Let the hosses go!*"

The robber chieftain came plunging down the gap. He was warning Mac and Jeff. There must have been more danger for them, on the moment, than for him.

"Jim, keep your eye peeled on thet cliff," said Smoky, and stole forward under cover of the brush.

Presently a white puff of smoke showed above the ragged rim. *Spang!* The fight was on. One of Hays' men—Bridges—let out a hoarse bawl and swayed over, almost losing his balance. Jim looked no more at him, but concentrated his gaze on the rim. Another puff of white! Something dark—a man's slouch hat—bobbed up. Jim's rifle, already raised, swerved a trifle—cracked. The hat went flying.

"Wal, if thet bird didn't have it on a stick he got scalped, I'll gamble," observed Smoky, which remark attested to his keen sight.

THE horses came over the bench, frightened, but not stampeding, and Mac drove them into the corral. This was around the corner from the range of the sharpshooter on the rim. Bridges, reeling on the horse, followed Mac, who ran out of the corral to catch him as he fell. Then, as they came along close to the wall, Hays arrived, puffing, from the other direction.

"Heeseman—with his outfit—nine in all," he heaved. "They're scatterin' to surround the roost. . . . But they can't cross—below us—an' across there it's—out of range. . . . We're all right."

"Yes, we air! Haw! Haw!" ejaculated Smoky, glaring back.

Mac half carried the bulky Bridges into the safety zone and let him down on the ground with his head on a bed roll.

"Where's he shot?" demanded Hays. "I seen thet feller who did it jest a little too late."

"Through the belly."

"Hank, I'm done fer," said Bridges.

"Lemme see." And the leader, kneeling beside Bridges, tore open his bloody shirt. He had been shot in the back, the bullet going clear through. "Wal, I should smile. Say your prayers, Jeff. . . . Somebody take his gun."

"Take it yourself, Hays," rejoined Mac, sullenly.

"Hank, you go hide with your lady prisoner an' we'll do the fightin'," added Slocum, who had crawled back from the edge of the brush.

"Hide! What'n hell's eatin' you?" roared the chief.

"You know what, you ——."

"Hays, we'd a damn' sight rather die fightin' than owe our lives to one bullet of yours," said Happy Jack, in a cold contempt Jim had not thought possible of the man.

"Wal, I'll take you up," rasped Hays, after a moment of assimilation. He had degenerated to a point where he let passion sway him utterly.

"You stay here, Hays," ordered Jim, hotly. "You got us in this mix. You lied and cheated. You betrayed us. And you'll fight, by heaven! Unless you're as much of a coward as you are betrayer."

The chief grew livid where he had been gray. Only then had he grasped the significance of this fiery scorn of his comrades.

"You all double-crossed me!"

"Shore. Same as you did us. If we git through this deal, which I've a hunch we never will, there'll come a reckonin' with me, Hank Hays."

"I meant to make a clean breast of it—divvy all the money," said Hays, in a strangled voice. "But I got crazy about the gurl. I couldn't think of nothin' else."

"Haw! Haw! fer thet first crack an' okay on the second. . . . *Now!*"

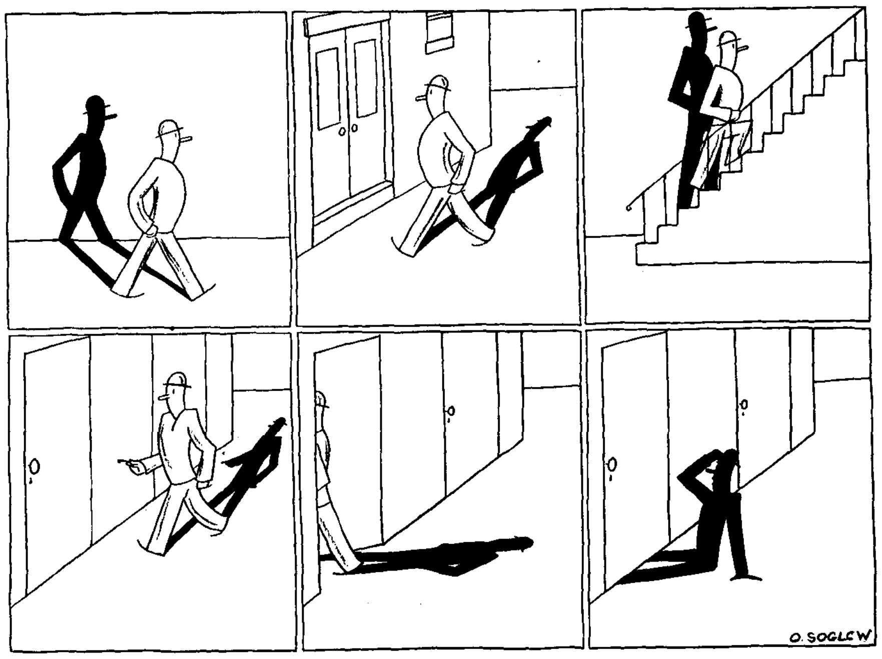
A bullet thudded into the wall, followed by the report of a rifle.

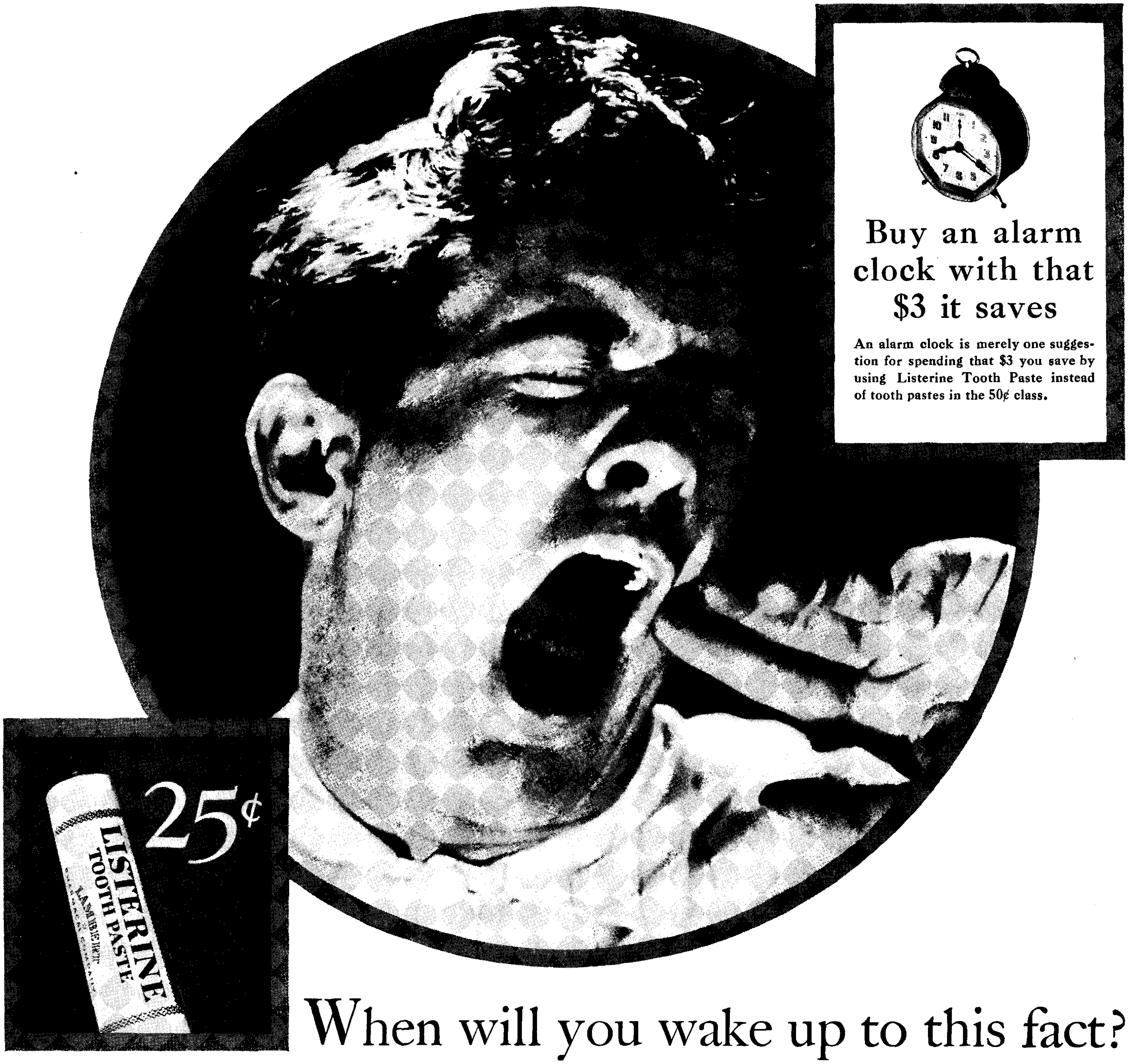
"Duck back! Thet was from somewhere else," shouted Hays.

THEY dove twenty feet farther back. Here they were apparently safe, except from the grassy ridge of the oval in front, which it was unlikely any sharpshooters could reach in daylight. Smoky peeped around the west corner, Mac round the one opposite. Hays knelt on one knee, rifle in hands, peering out. Jim went back to the apex of the notch, and bracing one foot in each side, clinging with one free hand, got up to a shelf from which he could peep out of the hole. He was exceedingly wary. In front was thick, low brush; on his right a thinner fringe, and the left was open. The rocky ground ridged away from the oval and the deep gorge below. A sharp scrutiny in that direction failed to discover any of the attackers Hays had affirmed were attempting to surround the oval. But there might have been some crawling behind the rocks or down the fissures.

After a careful study Jim crept out into the brush, stirred by a renewal of firing from the west rim. Wisps of white cloud, thinning on the light wind, located the positions of the shooters. First Jim peered through the growth of brush directly in front. He did not espy any men, but half a mile over the hummocky rocks he saw a little cove full of horses. The packs had not yet been removed from some of them, nor saddles from the others. Heeseman had come to make a siege of it.

(*To be continued next week*)





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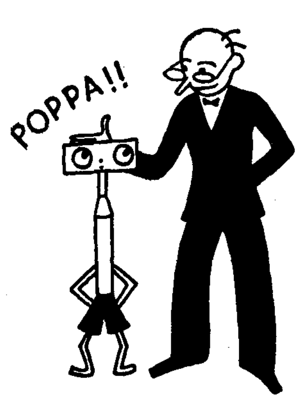

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City Simple

Continued from page 9

She told him. He went out again, and, straining at the windlass, slowly hoisted the heavy wooden gate. An eager push of water slid under it and Zarakoff stood watching it for a while, trying to calculate how long it would take to drain the pool. The level dropped slowly, but he could see that it was falling.

He looked at his watch. Half past two. It didn't matter, anyway. There was plenty of time, and no danger that anyone would drop in to pay a Sunday visit to old Eben Trexler.

He went back to the house and ordered Belle to get him something to eat.

"There's only bread and milk," she told him. "We don't cook on Sundays."

"You do this Sunday. Hop to it." He jerked his head toward the stove, and the girl, after a doubtful glance at her father, rose and crossed to the cupboard. Eggs, presently, began to spatter cheerfully in a skillet above the replenished fire, and Zarakoff's nostrils twitched at the goodly smell that issued from the spout of a big graniteware coffeepot. He and Spike took turns, one holding the gun while the other ate. Through the open window came the heartening sound of racing water.

SPIKE had almost finished eating when Zarakoff, standing guard by the door, glanced through the window and saw the Lebbeter twins coming toward the house. He did some of the fast headwork on which, not unjustifiably, he prided himself. His mind was made up while he was turning to face the others.

"Here come those two birds that were fishing, Spike. Here, you take your gun. I'm going to let 'em in." His voice chilled and hardened as he spoke to the girl: "Look, sister, don't get the idea that this is going to do you any good. Spike's going to keep his gun right on you, and if these birds start anything, you get yours first, see?"

She eyed him with so little sign of fear that he thought she had not understood.

"Wouldn't you rather have them go away? I could get 'em to do it, easy enough."

Zarakoff laughed harshly. "Yeah, I guess you could, and have 'em come back, too, with shotguns. Guess again, sister."

She shook her head. "Why would they, if I told 'em you were just some friends of ours from the city? I don't want them mixed up in this. They can't do any good, but they'd be real apt to try it, and get me killed the first thing."

Zarakoff did some more quick thinking.

"You're on," he said. "You answer the door, but Spike's going to stand right here by you, see, and if there's any funny business you get yours, so if you're figuring on trying to cross us, get over it and stay alive, see?"

She nodded as calmly as before. Obeying his gesture she came slowly to the door. Spike, sidling, flattened himself against the wall, the gun at his hip. Steps fell heavily on the porch. The old-fashioned lift-latch rattled under the girl's hand and the door swung inward.

Neither of the Lebbeters spoke. Bert, as usual, left that task to Clem, and Clem, after his invariable habit, took time to think about the job before beginning it.

"I was hoping you'd come up," Belle said. "I want to get word over to Mary Tupper and we've got company, so I can't get away myself. I wonder if you'd go over there as quick's you can and tell Mary that Judd Briscoe's back."

Through the chink between door and jamb Zarakoff could watch the faces of the twins. They regarded the girl with comically duplicate expressions; expressions, Zarakoff thought, that somehow made them look stupider than ever.

"Judd's staying at the old Gridley place," the girl went on. "I don't suppose Mary'll be able to go down there herself, but I guess her husband'll want to, and Jeff too, maybe. They'd both hate not to see Judd before he goes."

There was a brief pause before Clem Lebbeter spoke:

"We'll go right over, Belle."

"I'm ever so much obliged," Belle said. She closed the door slowly as the twins, in unison, turned and moved away.

Zarakoff chuckled softly. "If you got brains enough to frame up a line of bull like that you shouldn't be wasting your time up here."

Belle did not answer. She set methodically about clearing the table. Beside the window the old man sat, still and silent. Neither of them, Zarakoff thought, had even sense enough to be afraid.

He tilted his own chair back against the wall, grinning.

They all handed him a big laugh, the old man and his daughter and those two big stupid birds who'd just gone. Poor suckers! He giggled softly as the word reminded him of his own wisecrack about it.

He was puzzled for a moment by a queer, sudden quietness in the room. Then he understood. The steady background noise of racing water had stopped. He came blithely to his feet.

"Watch 'em, Spike, while I go have another look. It sounds like the pond must be empty." He turned to the girl. "And the jack better show up under that stone, or you're going to be out of luck when I come back, sister."

Without waiting for her answer he went out. He was running when he reached the corner of the mill. Something caught his foot and held it high. The hard-trodden path seemed to fly up and strike him in the face. The breath went out of him. By the time he got it back he lay face downward in deep, dusty weeds. A knee pressed down ungently on his neck and a mild voice was advising him to lay real still. The pressure of the knee increased a little.

"Be too bad if me and Clem had to take and break your neck," the voice suggested.

CONCURRING, Zarakoff lay very still indeed. He made no protest against the unkindly tightness with which his wrists were tied together behind his back and his lashed ankles drawn up and fastened to them, so that his heels and fingers touched. Hands explored his pockets, found the gat that he rarely used but always carried.

"I guess this settles it, Bert." There was relief in the voice. "Wouldn't be carrying this pistol if he was really up here on church business. We figured it out kind of slick, Bert."

"Didn't have to figure," Bert said. "Belle told us, right in so many words. This is the old Gridley place, ain't it? Ain't Cal Tupper sheriff, and ain't he been hunting for Judd Briscoe ever since Judd shot old Simmy Tuck?"

He paused, tilted his head. The lift-latch had clattered. Steps, approaching, sounded on the path. There was no need of words between the twins. When a pig or sheep was to be caught, unwritten law appointed Clem invariably to do the catching and Bert the tying.

Clem moved without haste to the corner of the mill and stood there, close to the wall, his knees and elbows bent a little. He looked, as always, utterly incapable of any swift or sudden movement, and yet when he stooped and his big hand flashed out to close on Spike Sciapo's ankle, the thing happened so quickly that Zarakoff's forlorn eye could not follow it, and almost before Spike's head and shoulders struck the ground, his neck lay under Bert's knee and both his wrists were safely clamped in Bert's left hand.

Trussed, presently, as thoroughly as Zarakoff himself, Spike twisted an unloving eye upon his partner, but Zarakoff paid no attention. He was busy trying to defend himself before the bar of his own opinion against the charge of having let these yokels make a sucker out of him. He came quickly to the comforting conclusion that he had been beaten, not by these peasants, but by blind luck, by one of those tough breaks that no amount of cleverness could have foreseen or prevented.

Everything would have been jake if those big yahoos hadn't come blundering in just when they did. To be sure, the dame had put a pretty fast one over, wising them up that way, but if it hadn't been for luck, just crazy, fool luck, they wouldn't have been here for her to talk to.

One of the Lebbeters had gone to the house and brought out the old man and his daughter. The girl's voice intruded on Zarakoff's meditations:

"—so I said it was hid in the bottom of the pond," she was saying. "I kind of figured he'd open the sluice so as to get at it."

IN CHORUS the Lebbeters made clicking sounds of admiration. Clem spoke for them both.

"That was mighty smart, Belle. Bert and me couldn't study out how they come to leave you open the sluice." He wagged his head. "You'd think anybody'd know better'n that, though—even if they were dumb enough to believe your pa would keep money in the bottom of the pond."

Both Lebbeters surveyed their captives with a livelier interest.

"They knew Bert and me were sucker-snaring," Clem said. "We got talking, too, about how your pa looked at Sabbath-breaking. You'd think anybody'd have better sense'n open that sluice and flood up the Run, dry weather like this, with me and Bert right there so we'd be bound to see it and come straight up to see what was wrong at the dam."

He glanced hopefully at his brother. "Looks's if there must be some folks dumber'n you and me, Bert."

The sound of wheels and hoofbeats drew Bert's glance toward the lane in time to see a buckboard turning the corner, Cal Tupper on the seat with his tall son beside him. His eyes came back to Belle.

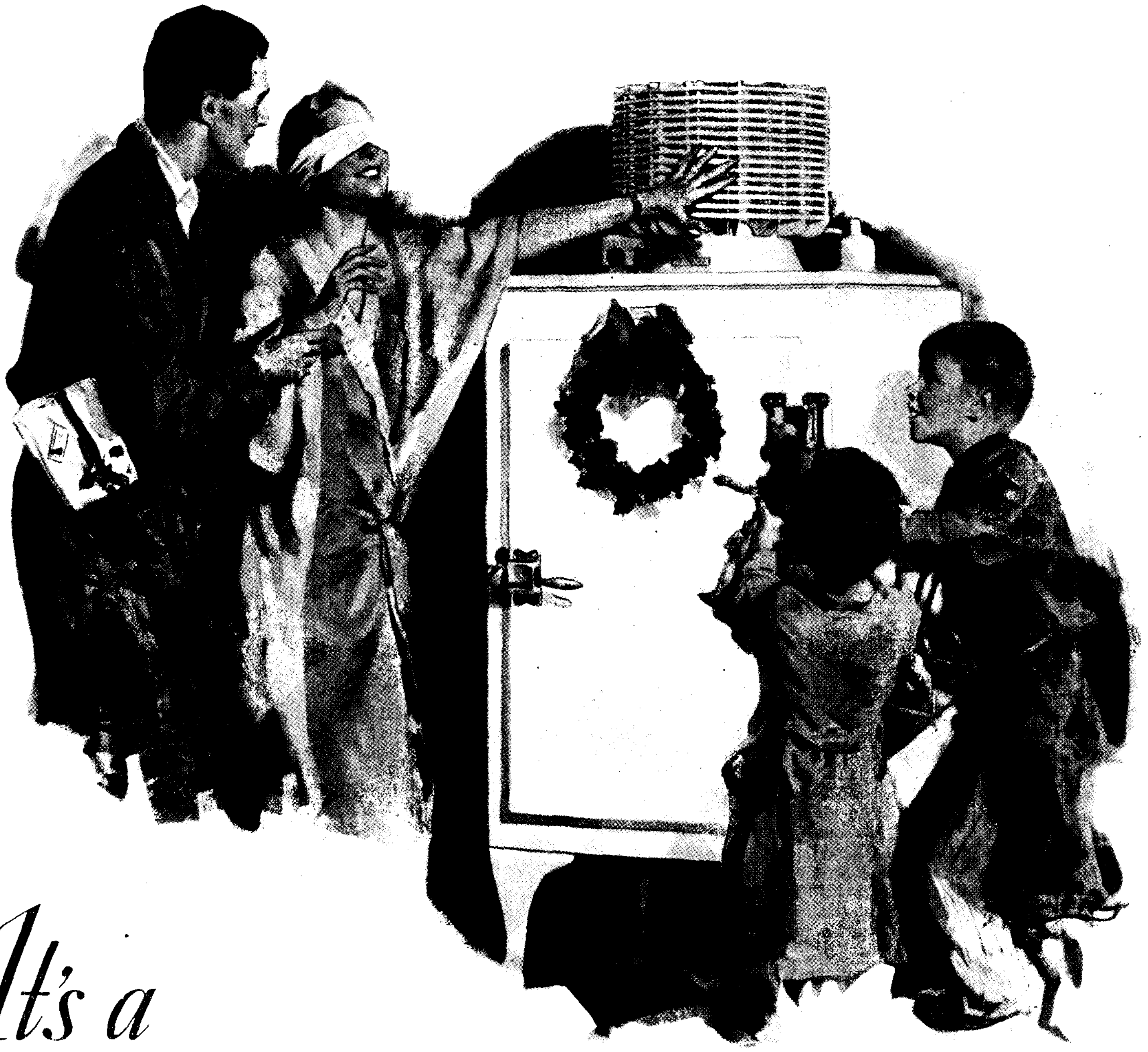
"Looks like Jeff Tupper took a kind of interest in Little Run, too, Belle."

She flushed slowly but did not speak. Bert resumed his gravely interested study of the two men hog-tied in the trampled, dusty weeds.

"Guess you're right, Clem," he said. "There's some folks dumber'n us—so dumb they'll just the same as telegraph the sheriff to come up and 'rrest 'em."

He paused, wagged his head.

"But don't let's go getting any notion that you and me are smart, Clem. It don't take scarcely any brains at all to catch—suckers."



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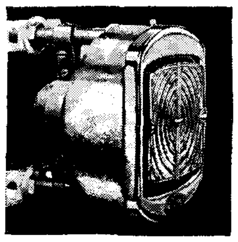

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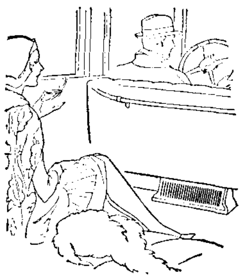

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What Thrills a Coach

Continued from page 21

was the thrill I had as coach realizing that my team could deny itself a powerful weapon and still win.

Sheer picturesqueness of play was never better illustrated, I think, than in two Notre Dame scoring plays in 1926—Christy Flanagan against Army and Parisienne against Southern California. In the Army game there never were two teams more evenly matched. As the first half drew to a close it was evident to the expert eye that these two teams might play for days without a score. However, O'Boyle was puncturing the line for short, sure gains, which was annoying them. McEwen, the Army coach, was using a unique defense to nullify the technique of the Notre Dame ends in blocking tackles. He dropped the Army tackles back three yards. This stopped Flanagan's wide runs, but it left them vulnerable to O'Boyle's plunges.

Parisienne Melodrama

In the second half Army kicked off to Notre Dame. It became our ball on our thirty-yard line. The first play was a plunge for O'Boyle for no gain. But John Wallace, Notre Dame right end, told Quarterback Edwards in a huddle that Sprague, the Army tackle, was up on the line of scrimmage and not three yards back as in the first half. Quick as a flash Edwards called for Flanagan's favorite off-tackle play. Wallace blocked Sprague in alone. Hearden took Harbold, the Army end, out of the play. Our right guard and quarterback deflected Murrell, star Army fullback. Like a streak through this opening went Flanagan and reversed his field through the secondary, tertiary and quaternary defense men, who were picked up by Vadisch, Miller and Smith, who had gone through. It was a perfect play. Nobody laid a hand on Flanagan as he ran his seventy yards for a touchdown.

The Army learned something from that play. The very next game we played against Army, Cagle, in an identical play, ran forty-five yards against us for a touchdown. That likewise gave me a thrill—not of exhilaration but of exacerbation, for our tactics were perfectly reproduced by Mr. Cagle and Company.

Melodramatic intrusion of a planned and practiced play at a time and place not planned, nor practiced, gave Parisienne his greatest moment of gridiron glory. In the gorgeous setting of the Southern California stadium we, as guests, had, I thought, our hosts comfortably in the bag. The score was seven to six in Notre Dame's favor and I sat on the bench murmuring "tempus fugit" and hoping it would fugit a little quicker. Suddenly the wind veered from behind us and came off the Graham MacNamee mountains laden with the aroma of citrus groves. It stirred and stimulated the nostrils of the Los Angeles lads, who awoke sharply to a realization of what was expected of them. Williams went right through our line for a touchdown. Our regular guards had been exhausted from the heat and a smart Southern California quarterback picked on the subs. The kick failed. The score was 12-7 in favor of Southern California.

We received the kick-off. It went for a touchback and was our ball on our twenty-yard line. Heat had taken further toll. Flanagan and a regular quarterback had left the game before this. Notre Dame tried three plays and failed. Niemic punted sixty yards down the field. During those three plays I saw what I was hoping I wouldn't see. I saw ten Notre Dame players still trying, giving the best of themselves, doggedly digging in. But the sub quarterback had an air of resignation. Hope as regards this game had left him. Remember, he was only a boy.

Southern California, who had taken Williams out, tried two plays, then kicked the ball back to us as though to say: "There it is, what are you going to do with it?"

I turned to Art Parisienne, a little French quarterback who'd been injured during the year and hadn't played since. I said:

"Art, how do you feel?"

He said, "Great."

"Well," I said, "do you think if you went in there you might play those two left-handed passes of yours, numbers eighty-three and eighty-four, and maybe pull this game out of the fire yet?"

Before I'd finished talking, he had his headgear on and as he ran from the bench for the field he called back to me:

"Coach, it's a cinch."

This was not egotism. Just self-confidence. Parisienne took the ball on our thirty-yard line. Time left to play was just a little over a minute. The crowd was apathetic and some were leaving. Apparently, it was all over.

On the first play Parisienne pulled a tricky spinner and skipped through center for eight yards. He called for time out. You could see his youthful eagerness imbuing his ten teammates.

On the next play, out of a whirling mass of players came Parisienne, sprinting with the ball. Turning quick as a flash, he flicked a left-handed pass thirty yards to Niemic, who was tackled and floored by Cravath, ever-alert California center. Next came a tearing wide end run by Niemic, which, while it didn't gain, was a maneuver for position for the following play. Our acting captain called to the field judge: "How much time?"

"Thirty seconds," called the field judge.

Parisienne's staccato bark rang out. The ball was passed, and again, out of a mass of players, Parisienne sprinted. Again his left hand flicked a pass of thirty yards to the nimble Niemic, who crossed Southern California's goal line for the winning touchdown.

Eighty thousand people sat in that warm afternoon air, frozen with the thrill of that play. No sweeter balm has ever come to a coach's heart. It all goes to show what can be done by one Frenchman backed up by nine Irishmen and a German, none of whom know when they're beaten.

Why Coaches Get Gray

Similarly, a great Army backfield led by Light Horse Harry Wilson pulled a game out of the fire in the classic between Army and Navy when they met at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, in 1926.

The Army had been outcharged, outmaneuvered and outplayed by a relentless Navy team. As dusk gathered over the field the score stood 20-13 in favor of Navy. With defeat staring them in the face this great Army backfield moved up the field and at the crucial moment Nave, Army quarterback, called for a cutback by Wilson—his favorite play. There was no hole there, but Wilson made one. He just handcuffed the two Navy linemen who tried to hang on to him. Into the open he sprang. He slapped his hip into the Navy fullback, sidestepped the Navy quarterback, reversed his field, up and over the goal line. Murrell kicked and the score was tied 20-20. It was a game of thrills—of the most unusual football.

Accidents can crowd thrills into a game even more than design. Against Minnesota in 1926, Joe Boland, left tackle for Notre Dame, in trying to block a punt had his leg broken by one of his own teammates. It was our ball. On the first play after that Freddy Collins, our fullback, hit the line. Result—his jaw was broken in three places and out he came to take his place in the ambulance alongside of Boland. After replacing both men I didn't know whether to swoon or laugh idiotically at these savage breaks. The team lined up and on our next play Bucky Dahman, right halfback, ran seventy yards for a touchdown. I came down to earth. Over the telephone came a message from Boland and Collins:

"We're all through," they said. "All we can do is get the score when the game's over."

I repeated the message to the team. Result: In the second half on the first play Flanagan ran seventy yards for a touchdown.

For supper that night I ate nothing but celery—for my nerves.

The following year there were more thrills from Doc Spears' steam-roller team. Niemic scored early in the game. It looked as if Flanagan might cut loose at any moment, but the Gopher tackling was sure and tenacious. It completely nullified our running attack.

When the Irish Fought

There were two minutes to play and we had the ball on our own fifteen-yard line. Having in mind killing time—7-0 in our favor—the quarterback called for a line plunge. There was a fumble. Like a flash the big Minnesota tackle, Bronco Nagurski, pounced on the ball. It was Minnesota's ball on our five-yard line! A minute and a half to play. Three times the great Joesting hit the Irish line, but he netted only a yard. It was fourth down, goal to go, and time was almost up—touchdown or the game was over. Back came the ball to Joesting. He started forward as if to plunge, but suddenly backed up and hurled a beautiful pass to Walsh, Minnesota right end, who jumped up into the air and caught it in the end zone.

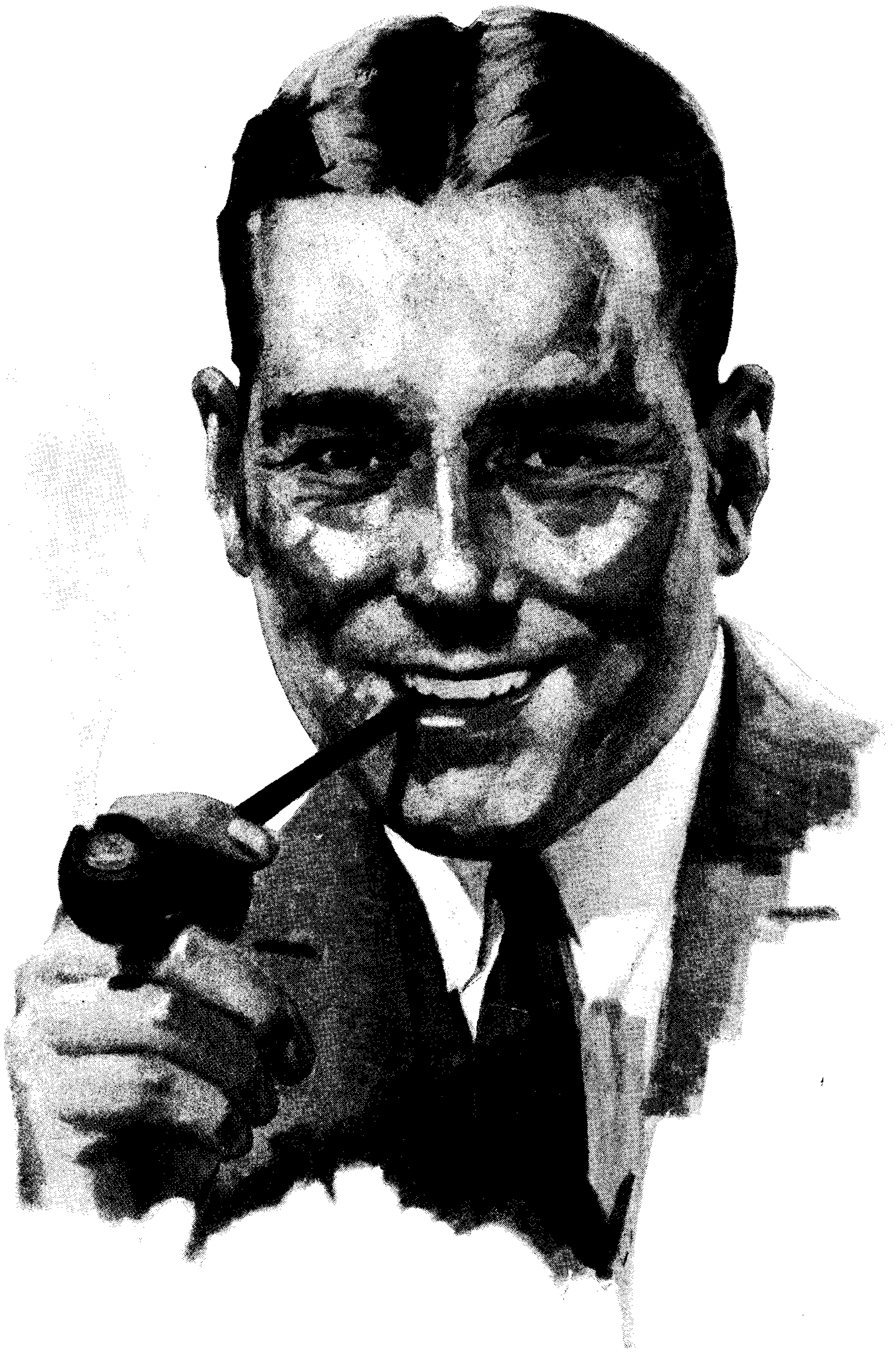
Pharmer, sub Minnesota halfback, kicked for the extra point, leisurely but surely, tying the score.

A coach rarely has a chance to watch a game where he is not nervous over the result, or vitally interested. But as I watched the Cornell-Penn game in 1924, my interest began from a purely technical viewpoint. It ended differently.

Before the game, in his room, Gil Dobie, Cornell coach, had regaled me with eloquent pessimism. I used up two handkerchiefs crying with him over his doleful outlook regarding this game with his ancient rival. He was a poor optimist, but a good prophet. Penn won 20-0, which doesn't tell the quality of the game, as Cornell, aside from fumbles, played well. They might even have won the game but for the sensational defensive playing of Kreuz, Penn fullback. Here was a man who backed up a line in a manner to delight the heart of any coach. With a keen, analytical eye, he was never fooled. And how he loved to tackle! Once when it looked as though Cornell was going to score and Dobie's three-up-and-out play was functioning with machine-like regularity, Kreuz tackled so hard that the Cornell carrier fumbled.

(Continued on page 38)

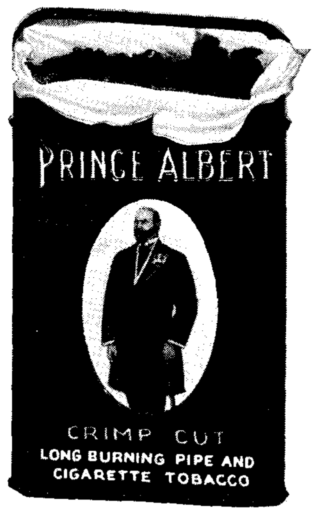
Pipes were *born* for tobacco like this!



A PIPE without P. A. is like a locomotive without a track; it's not going anywhere in particular. In fact, if I couldn't get P. A., I wouldn't have any use for a pipe. Open a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and *smell* what I mean. Then . . . load-up and light-up.

Cool as a copper's "Is this your car?" Sweet as his let-off, "Don't park here again!" Mellow and mild and long-burning, down to the last sweet drag in the bowl. Thousands of men who thought they could never smoke a pipe changed their minds when they met P. A.

Try some P. A. this very day, either in a pipe or rolled in the makin's papers. Then you will understand why I am so hidebound on the subject of smoking-tobacco. You can't be too particular about anything that means so much to a man's peace-of-mind.



No other tobacco is like it.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy-smoke!

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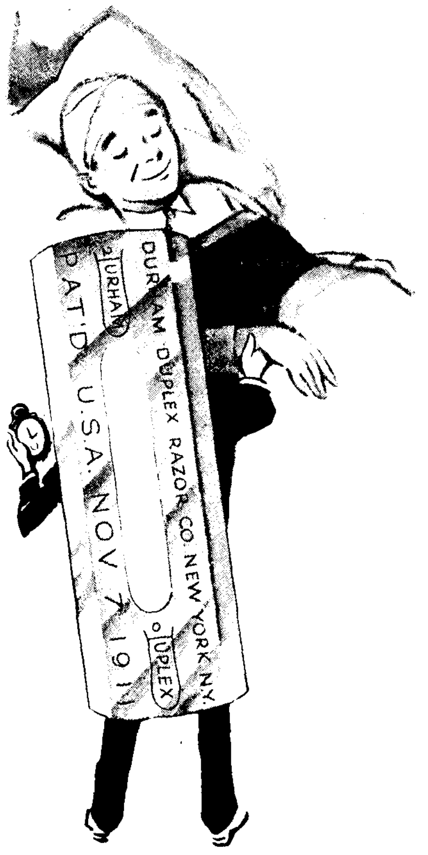
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DURHAM-DUPLEX

THE RAZOR WITH THE BLADES MEN SWEAR BY — *NOT AT*

What Thrills a Coach

Continued from page 36

Twice Kreuz did it. That was the test of his greatness. It was a tough break for Cornell. Kreuz made the break. The Penn quarterback and halfbacks were sensationally flashy. But Kreuz had the keen technique in which the initiated spectator reveled.

There are the situations, too, in which the so-called expert—as a coach—does not revel. A good Notre Dame team was literally swept off its feet by a good Northwestern team in 1925. It shouldn't have been. I was disgusted. At half the score was 10-0 in favor of Northwestern. I went into the dressing-room and this is what I said to those ineffective Notre Dame athletes:

"They call you the fighting Irish. You're more like a bunch of peace-loving Swedes. But my name won't be connected with you any longer. We're on our home field, where Notre Dame hasn't been defeated in twenty years. You'll be able to tell your grandchildren you had that distinction—of laying down and getting licked for the first time in a generation on this field." I turned to my assistant, Hunk Anderson.

"You take charge, Hunk," I said. "I'm through."

I walked away. As I got on the field a breeze hit me. It was the team passing out for the second half.

Down the field they went from the kick-off—eighty yards for a score. Down they went again—eighty yards again, and another score. And only three types of plays used in these marches for touchdowns, only Flanagan and Enright alternately carrying the ball. In the final period, with the score 13-10, I replaced these lads—they were utterly exhausted. They had staged the superb thrill of a triumphant comeback.

Not to overlook a play I did not see—for I couldn't be there—I refer to Red Grange's four touchdowns in the first quarter of a game against Michigan in 1924. It stands out as a superb individual feat. Nothing quite like that has ever been seen in big-league football, although I encountered a one-man team phenomenon myself when Oliphant of Army ran Notre Dame ragged in 1916. Although we were hopelessly beaten, 30-10, I sat and marveled at the versatility and slashing brilliance of this magnificent Army back. If anybody asks me who was the greatest player the Army ever had, my vote goes to Elmer Oliphant.

A Quarter's Worth

Hardly less of a thrill-maker was Nevers of Stanford. Pop Warner's team was a fine combination in 1925, the last appearance of the Four Horsemen. Nevers could do everything. He tore our line to shreds, ran the ends, forward-passed and kicked. True, we held him on one occasion four downs on the one-yard line; but by that time Nevers was exhausted and I had sent in two fresh guards and a fresh tackle—almost as good as the regulars—to stop this fury in football boots. Nevers labored mightily that day—and eighty thousand people who saw the game do not realize that he was really entitled to a better break than 27-10. But for unwise quarterback play that great Stanford fullback would have turned in different figures.

Twice Stanford came fifty yards down the field with Nevers lugging the ball for first down after first down. Twice, out of a clear sky, the quarterback called for a dangerous pass-play throw to one side so that it couldn't be covered, which, on each occasion, was intercepted by Layden and converted into a touchdown for Notre Dame.

Just as a coach winces when he sees a faulty quarterback, so he thrills at a great quarterback—even when this lad's fighting him. Harpster of Carnegie Tech gave me heart-jumps in 1928. After the kick-off, he saw Freddy Collins, with a broken arm in a cast, limping badly, and in the first play he threw a forward pass to Rosenzweig, who ran past Collins for the first touchdown. This was before I could remove Collins. Two minutes later he saw our defensive guard away out of position and he sent Rosenzweig on an end-around play and cutback through that gap for another touchdown. I sent in a new guard and plugged up that gap, but the harm had all been done. Harpster had done the thinking first. A great passer, a great punter, a great returner of punts—he had also the supreme confidence of a fine quarterback, his only fault being that he sometimes took chances when it wasn't necessary.

A Mighty Atom

Naturally, teams take advantage of disabled players; but rarely do they violate the football code by purposely punishing a man apparently hurt. On the contrary, there is always a display of gallantry on the field. In 1915, our center, O'Donnell, had a broken rib. He was to play against McEwen of Army, supposed to be one of the roughest centers in football. Harry Tuttle, the Army trainer, heard of this injury and came in with a special pad for O'Donnell. Just as play began McEwen asked O'Donnell:

"Which side is the broken rib on?"

O'Donnell pointed to it. There were sixty minutes of hard football, but not once did any Army player, least of all McEwen, touch O'Donnell's broken rib. The code in football is—take advantage of a cripple by running around him on forward passing, but never hurt him.

Big schools give the big thrills—but they can come in small school games. Often in an obscure place a great player will shine, unknown to headlines. Such a man was Lamb, quarterback of Lombard, who played against Notre Dame in 1924. He was the mighty atom of football. He weighed 150 pounds and could do everything—an exceedingly dangerous man in open field. His spunk and daring were captivating. Where we had expected a trial push-over, we had a real football game that challenged all our resources. Accidentally, on a head-on tackle, this versatile human whirlwind had his knee wrenched and had to leave the game. Immediately the game changed to a romp and Notre Dame added forty points.

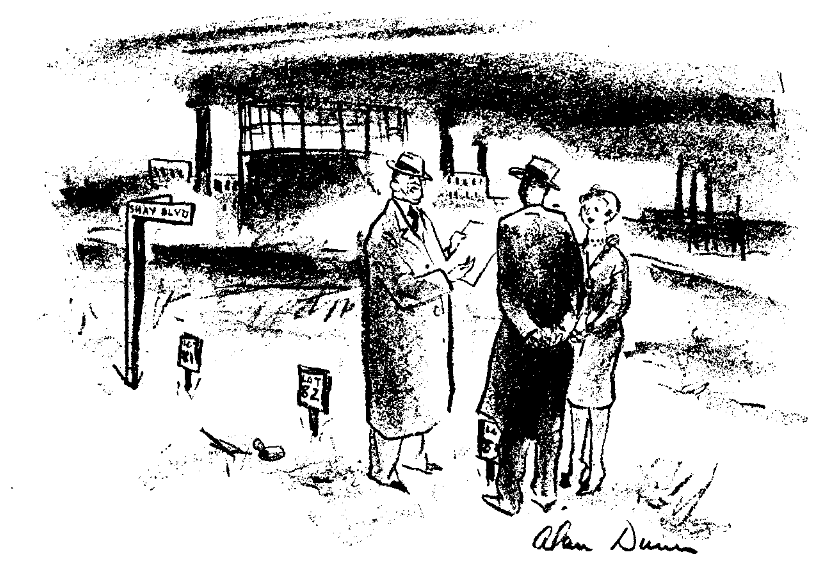
A Study in Culture

But while the gridiron game is essentially amateur, pro football has its thrills—and I'm one champion of amateur sport who will never deny it. I'd never seen Benny Friedman play with Michigan, so I took advantage of a chance to see this famed quarterback play pro football against the Chicago Bears. It was an afternoon of thrills at the miraculous dexterity of his passing. Four yards, ten yards, forty yards—harassed and pounded—he threw the ball from all angles, standing or running at terrific speed, hitting his target right on the button—with never a miss. There are those who say Friedman is the greatest passer of all time. They're not far wrong. He could hit a dime at forty yards; besides being a great passer, he hit the line, tackled, blocked and did everything—no mere specialty man—that a fine football player should do.

In grading thrills of gridiron action an experienced observer has difficulties. But I sat in the stands at Atlanta one afternoon and saw a magnificent Notre Dame team that seemed headed for its annual victory over Georgia Tech suddenly recoil before the furious pounding of one man—Pund, center. Nobody could stop him. Notre Dame fought like tigers—but this man was a tiger-tamer. I counted twenty scoring plays that this man ruined. With this giant dervish shattering them it was a sight for the gods. We were hopelessly beaten—but I had the thrill of my life to see great fighters go down in defeat before a greater fighter.

Endlessly, the sights and sounds of the most exciting of all games, with the blare of bands, the waving pennants, the cheering crowds, convey the lesson that my young friend who called on me in the name of culture should remember. Football is clean sport, which is as much a part of culture as clean literature.

Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. I'm no Wellington; but I firmly believe that America's future battles, in peace and in war, are being won on the gridirons of the country.



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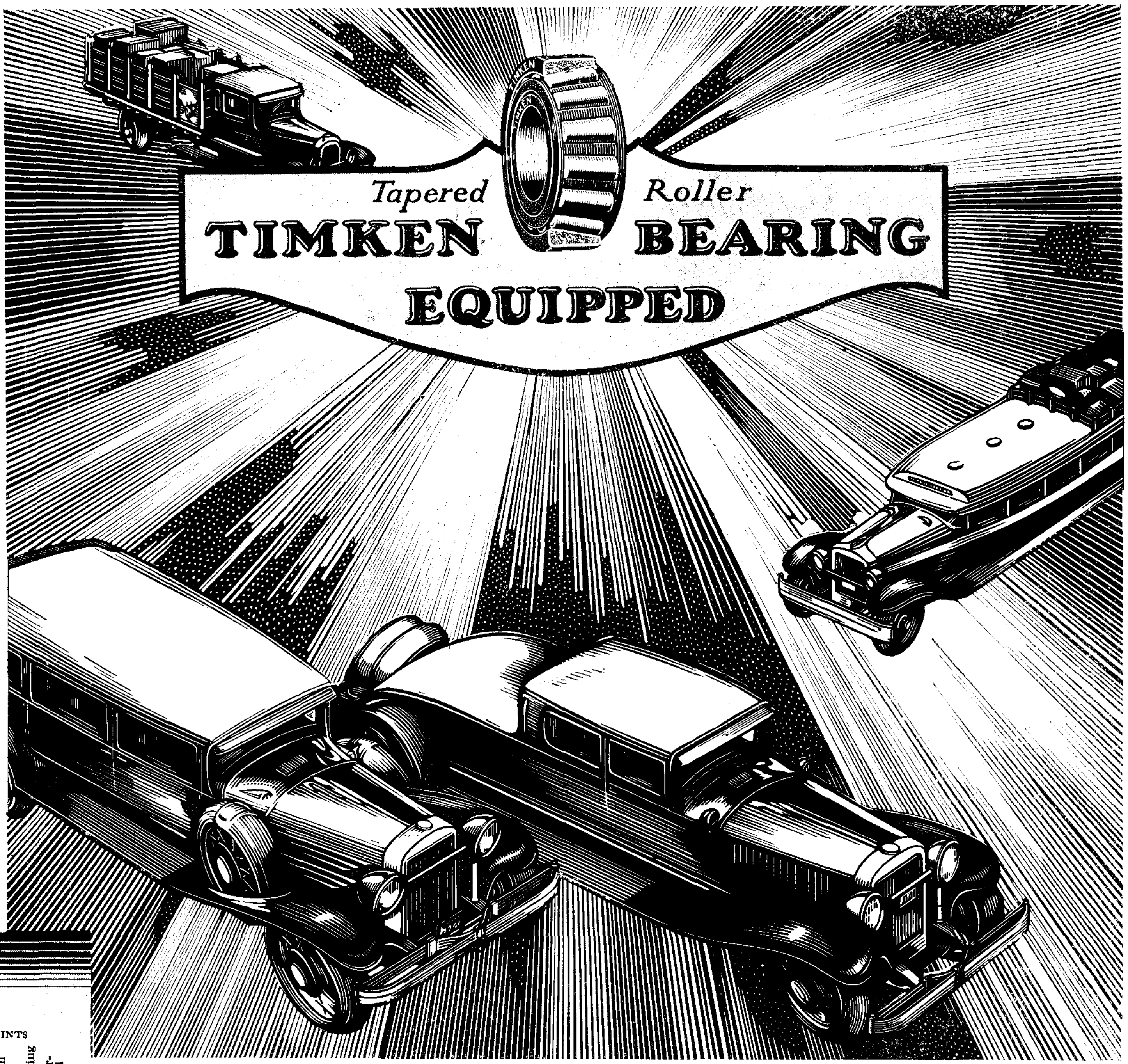

Your eyes will tell you a car's beauty-lines. The list on this page will tell you its life-line. It shows what cars are "Timken Bearing Equipped" and *where* . . . For Timken Bearings are life preservers of all Industry, Transportation, Mining, Agriculture and Commerce. The same tapered principle is carrying every kind of load the world knows — radial, thrust or both combined . . . An express train speeds on — in its journals are Timken Bearings. Up from pit and quarry mine cars roll. They too turn on Timkens. Trucks, buses, tractors take their parts in the modern speed program and Timkens save their lives for longer use . . . For a matter of 30 years or more the Timken tapered principle has proved itself, rising from crest to crest until the staggering total of 300 million bearings has now been reached *and passed* . . . Surely there could be no more convincing proof that a car is worth while in miles than to know it to be "Timken Bearing Equipped". Let this list be your guide — then decide. The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton, Ohio.

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MAKE	MODELS	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Austin		.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Cadillac	All	...	...	...	.x.	.x.
Chrysler	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Cord	All	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Cunningham	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
DeSoto	6	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	8	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Dodge	6	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	8	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
DuPont		.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Durant	614	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	617	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Elcar	75	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	95, 96, 120	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Essex	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Ford	All	.x.	...	.x.	.x.	.x.
Franklin	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Gardner	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Graham	Standard Six	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	Special Six	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
	Eights	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Hudson	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Hupmobile	S & C	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	H & U	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Jordan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Kissel	73 & 95	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	126	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
LaSalle	All	...	...	...	...	.x.
Lincoln	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Marmon	69	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
	79 & H	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
McFarlan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Moon	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Nash	Light Six	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	Standard Six	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	Light Eight	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
——	All	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Peerless	B & C	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
	A	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
Pierce-Arrow	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Plymouth	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Reo Flying Cloud	20 & 25	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
	15	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Roosevelt	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Studebaker	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Stutz	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Whippet	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Willys	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Willys-Knight	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Windsor	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.

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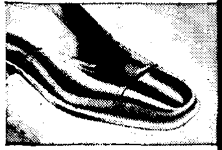

The AVENUE
SELECTED STYLE NO. 6

The UNIVERSITY
SELECTED STYLE NO. 4

The PREP
SELECTED STYLE NO. 7

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SELECTED STYLE NO. 5

The DIRECTOR
SELECTED STYLE NO. 3

BOSTONIANS
FINE FOOTWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN

Blatherskite

Continued from page 19

exploits, as some travelers do, but was always the observing bystander. His shyness was so apparent that we instinctively compared him with our perpetual talking-machine, Higgie, who was still down in Panama, boring people to death.

"What we ought to do," suggested Mr. Jefferson Moffatt, who is president of the club and one of its deep thinkers, "what we ought to do is to set up a special meeting between Higgie and Fred Roth, because there you have the two perfect opposing types—the gabhead and the quiet man. Freddy will loathe Higgie anyhow, so we may as well give him a good start."

After thoughtful discussion it was decided to give Higgie a chance to unmask his verbal batteries for the benefit of our new member, and within the week the chatter-box barged in from Panama, full of new and unwelcomed facts.

Freddy shook his hand during the afternoon cocktails and said he was glad to meet him, which is what Freddy would have said if he had just met a rattlesnake full of baby rabbits.

After dinner the usual group gathered before the famous fireplace, each man sought his favorite chair, and Jeff Moffatt waited for a suitable lull. Higgie spoke freely of his trip to Panama and mentioned several exciting episodes.

"All of which," Jeff put in, "for no reason at all reminds me of that Chicago bank president. What was his name? Now what was that man's name?"

"Stanwick," I replied, making up a name on the spur of the instant, and knowing nothing whatever about it.

"That's it," said Jeff. "Stanwick was the name, and I venture to say it was the queerest thing ever came out of Chicago."

"I remember the case," I said brazenly. "He was an old bachelor, wasn't he?"

"He was not. He was a married man with three fine children, a beautiful home on Lake Shore Drive and one of the loveliest wives in the county of Cook."

THERE was the subdued clinking of ice against glass, cigarette smoke rose in spirals over the heads of men and Jeff unfolded his tale, probably making it up as he plugged along. Higgie leaned back, with a leg curled over the arm of his chair, and upon his face the tolerant smile we knew so well.

"Stanwick," Jeff said thoughtfully, "was one of Chicago's solid citizens, a pillar of the community, a supporter of churches and free with his money when Charity called. He was looked up to. People admired him and told their sons to go and do likewise. This was about three years ago."

"Three years this winter," I said, looking as if I knew.

"Well, sir, this model and admired man telephoned his beautiful wife one afternoon at three o'clock, saying he was starting for home in the big car and would be there in half an hour. He even asked her something about dining out that evening. Then he left his offices, but did not go home in thirty minutes, or in three hundred minutes. His wife has never seen him from that day to this, and they were very fond of each other."

"I can remember it as if it was yesterday. There never was any suspicion of another woman in the case."

"No, it wasn't a romance. When Stanwick failed to appear that evening—and it was the first time husband and wife were separated in fifteen years—Mrs. Stanwick telephoned friends. In the morning she informed the bank that her husband had not come home. They refused to believe anything was amiss, and advised her to wait, and do nothing.

"So she waited. Everybody waited. Finally the other bank officials began to think of the bank itself, for possibly something might be wrong. Plenty was wrong. Upon examination of the assets, it was discovered that Mr. Stanwick, when he went away, took with him the impressive sum of four hundred thousand dollars in convenient form—all of it money belonging to the bank."

"And," I added, "that was the day Chicago went wild."

"WILD! I should say they did. Stanwick was the last man in the world anyone would suspect of dishonesty, considering his flawless past. They questioned the tearful wife, but she soon proved she knew nothing. They set every detective agency in America at work. The United States Government even took a hand in the chase, a chase, I may say, that is still going merrily on, three years after the incident. From the day Banker Stanwick strolled out of his banking rooms in Chicago, never a sound has been heard. Nobody has ever seen him. His wife almost went insane. To me it has always seemed incredible that a man of Stanwick's prominence could so easily and perfectly vanish from the earth."

"It certainly is curious," I put in, and from the corner of my eye I perceived Mr. Higginbotham. He was about to warm up. He was about to go into action.

It was a perfect opening. He cleared his throat and members of the Capital Club grinned at each other quietly, knowing the little blatherskite would erupt.

That is, everyone present knew except Freddy Roth, for whom the incident was being staged.

Sure enough, Higgie stepped in.

"Mr. Moffatt," he said, rising beside his stuffed chair, so that nobody would miss him. "Your little story is interesting enough, but it is incomplete."

"Yes?" said Jeff, in dead earnest.

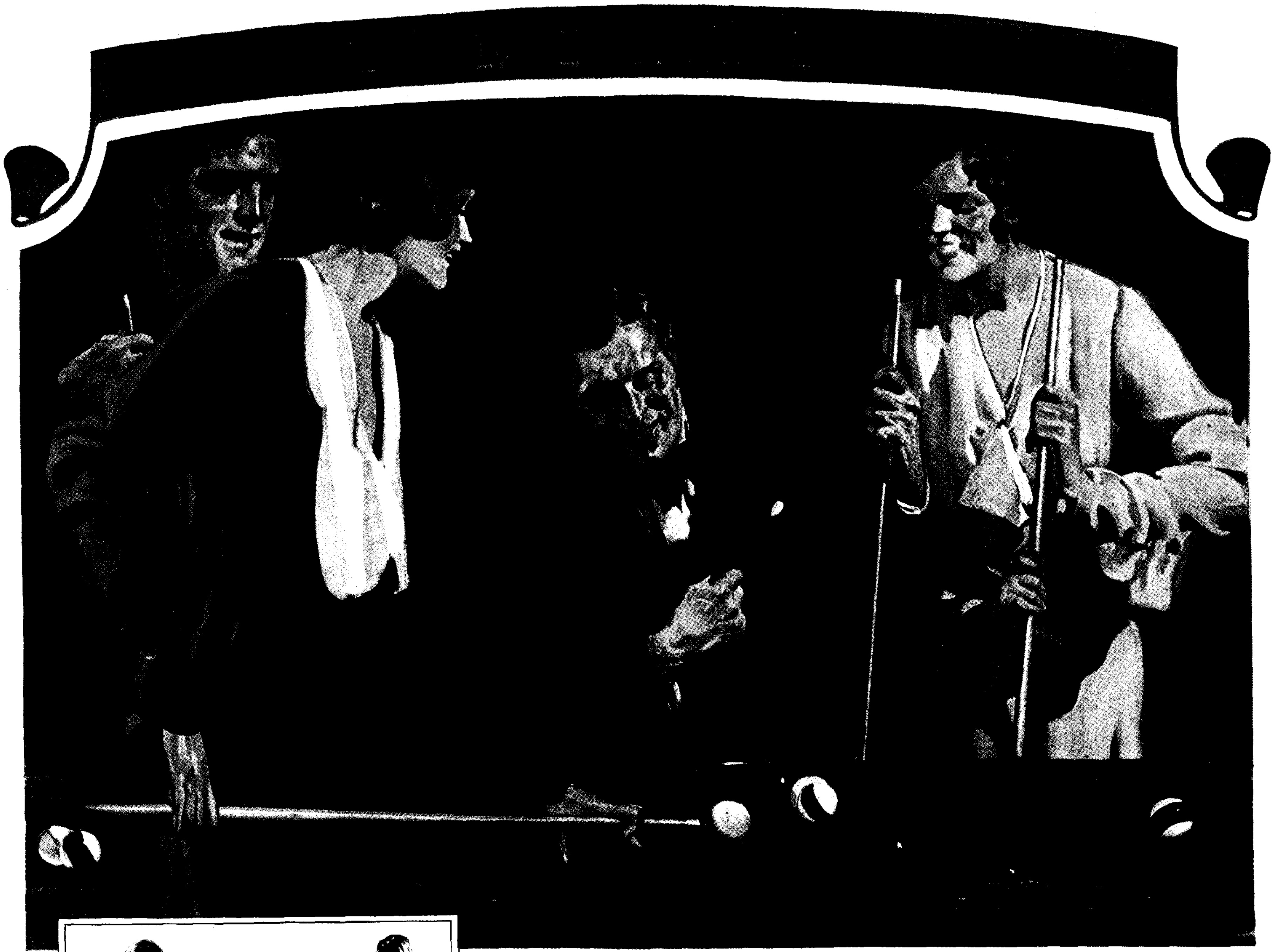
"Oh, yes, indeed. You say that Stanwick departed from Chicago and never was heard of again. In that you err, Mr. Moffatt."

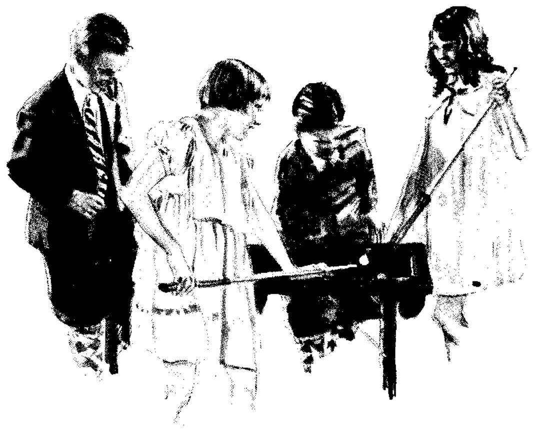
"How come? You know anything about this case?"

"Do I?" He laughed. "Know about it? I hope to say I do. I know where the banker went when he left Chicago and what steps he took to elude pursuit. Through my own private sources of information I could almost tell you what this absconder has been doing for the past three years, and as a matter of fact I know what his plans are and where he is this very minute."

AT THE word "minute" he suddenly paused, because there was the crash of a pistol shot, followed by the tinkle of falling glass, and when I twirled about, Freddy Roth, our new and silent member, was dusting rapidly through our casement windows, and Higgie was on the floor with a neat bullet hole in his shoulder. . . . Later on, club members regretted that the bullet hole was only in the shoulder.

"Too bad," said Jeff Moffatt. "Bankers never do shoot very well. Higgie's going to get better."





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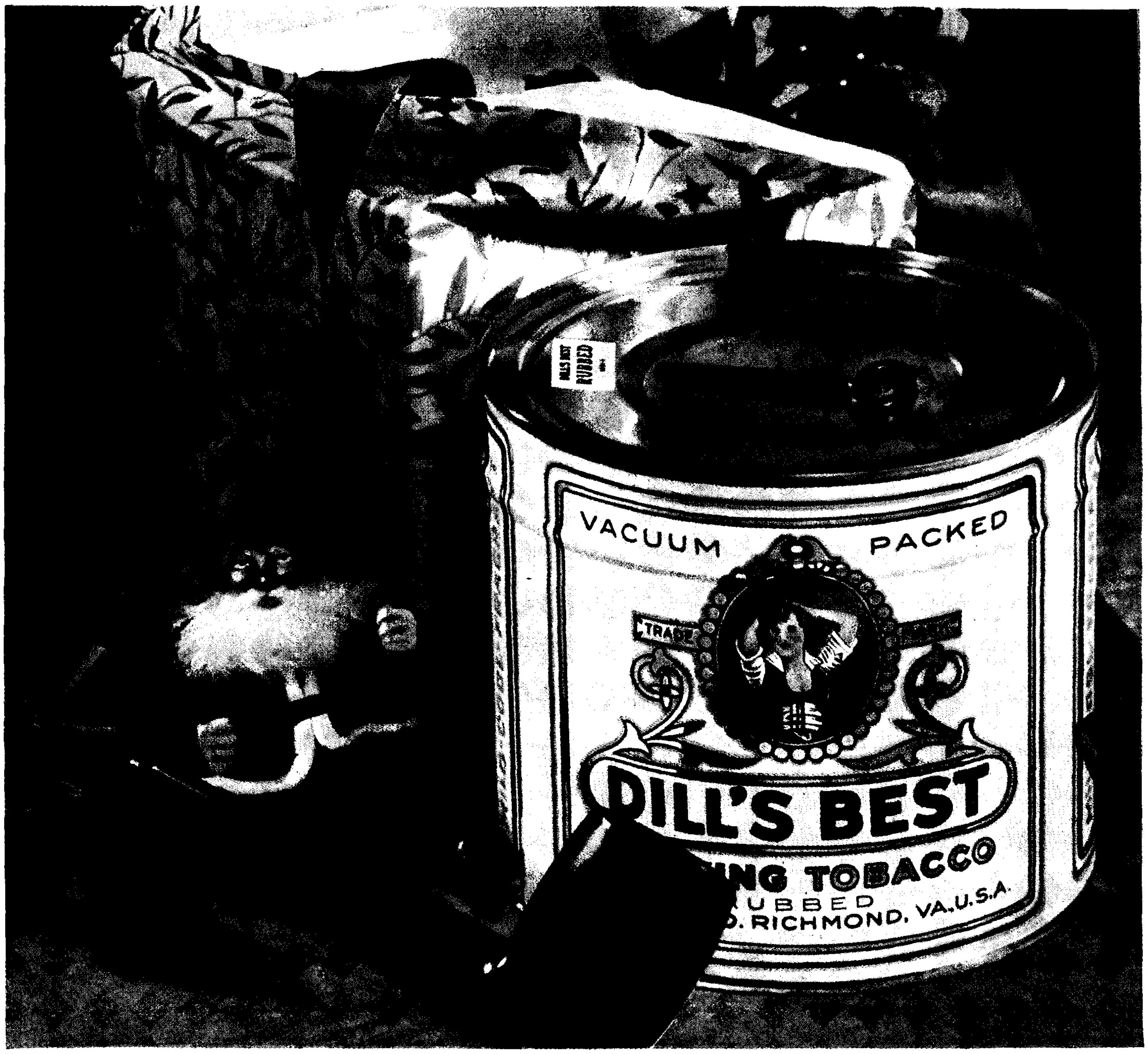
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VACUUM PACKED
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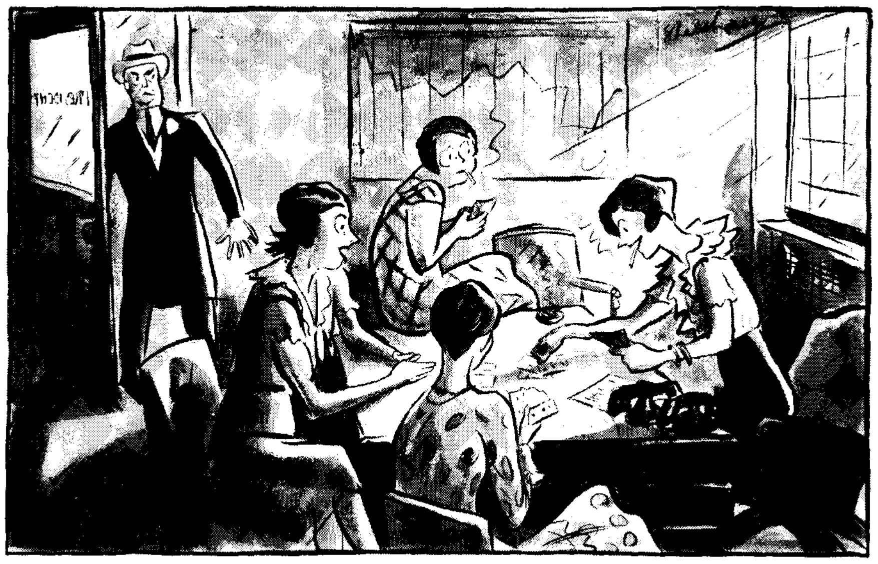

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How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. K-6
H. A-5
D. A-9-8-7-2
C. 9-8-4-2

West
S. 8-7-5-4-2
H. K-Q-J
D. Q-6-4
C. 10-6

East
S. A-J-10-9-3
H. 10-8-7
D. J-10
C. J-5-3

South
S. Q
H. 9-6-4-3-2
D. K-5-3
C. A-K-Q-7

WITH the above hand, published in last week's Collier's, North would obtain the Contract with one No Trump at Auction.

However, it was played at Contract Bridge, and South and West both made the first-round declarations as they would have done at Auction. North, with a count of 11 for No Trump and stoppers in the three suits not named in South's original bid, had a hand more promising for game at No Trump than at Clubs. The generally followed rule, with partner bidding one in a minor suit and no probability of game in that suit, is to bid two No Trumps with two other suits stopped and a count of 13, or with the three other suits stopped and a count of 11. North had just the strength to justify a two No Trump and was glad to have the chance to make it.

East passed of course, and South bid three Hearts. Bidding the higher-valued Hearts after the lower-valued Clubs showed a long weak Heart suit and strength in Clubs. North understood South's bidding, and the assurance of long Hearts in the South hand amply protected North's Heart doubleton, so he decided to go on with his No Trump in spite of the weakness of his Spades.

South could have made four Hearts or five Clubs; but very few Norths would have dared to jump South's three Hearts to four with only two Hearts, or to have tried for eleven tricks at Clubs. The distribution of the East and West Hearts was most fortunate; with any other, the contract would have failed.

The hand was played at three No Trumps and North was the Declarer.

East led the Jack of Spades initially. (The Jack is led against a No Trump from a long suit headed by Ace-Jack-Ten or King-Jack-Ten, and also from a long suit headed by Jack-Ten-Nine or Jack-Ten-Eight.) Dummy's singleton Queen held the trick and North (closed hand) was left without any protection for his King, which put East-West in position to run at least four Spade tricks as soon as either of them obtained the lead.

Declarer could take, in addition to the Spade already won, one Heart, two Diamonds and four Clubs for a total of eight tricks before the adversaries could get the lead to make their Spades; but that would be one short of the contract. It was possible, however, that if the Declarer showed an apparent willingness to have the Spades continued, East would think that North had the King guarded and consequently would attempt to put West in to lead through it. If the Declarer should permit East to win a Diamond trick (which almost certainly would establish that suit) and East could be induced to defer his Spade lead, Declarer, with a normal break in Diamonds, could get home his game before East had another chance at the Spades. So Declarer gave East the rope with which to hang himself, as follows:

To trick 2 he led a small Diamond and when West played small, covered with the Nine from closed hand and East won the trick. This established Declarer's Diamonds and his fortunes hinged on what East did next. Of course with the cards as they were, East could have dropped North's King of Spades by leading the Ace and then have saved game by leading three more Spades; but East did not know that and assumed that North's King of Spades was protected when Declarer did not show any anxiety to run dummy's established Clubs. East figured that Declarer would make game if he won another Spade trick, because in all probability the combined hands had three good Diamonds and dummy four good Clubs; but if West had the Ace of Hearts, game probably could be saved by putting West in to lead a Spade through North. So East led a Heart to trick 3 and of course North took it and proceeded to make ten tricks by cashing four Diamonds and four Clubs.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. A-10-3
H. 6-5-4
D. A-10-8-6-3-2
C. A

East
S. 5-4
H. K-J
D. J-9-7-4
C. 9-7-4-3-2

West
S. 8-7
H. Q-10-9-8-2
D. Q
C. K-Q-J-8-6

South
S. K-Q-J-9-6-2
H. A-7-3
D. K-5
C. 10-5

The world's biggest
RAIN BARREL

In today's laundries . . . millions of gallons of rainsoft water are used every hour!

SOFT and gentle as Springtime rain! This describes the water with which the present-day laundry washes your clothes. You know what rich suds rainwater makes; how delightful it is for a shampoo because of its freedom from harsh minerals. The present-day laundry uses only *rainsoft water* from which every trace of hardness has been removed. Millions of gallons are used every hour!

From 7 to 11 complete changes of rainsoft water are required for the *multiple-suds method*, recommended as standard practice by the American Institute of Laundering—the "proving ground" where improved washday methods are studied. Safely, surely, your clothes are freed of even the stubbornest hidden dirt. This new way assures hygienic cleanness, plus added wear.

Washday worries are now so needless—so easily banished. Just call a present-day laundry in your community. Ask about the different types of service, to suit every purpose. Enjoy the leisure this service makes possible. Start with this week's washing!

Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.

Snowy sheets and pillowcases—the present-day laundry way. Rainsoft water and the "multiple-suds" method give you cleaner, whiter clothes, free from hidden dirt. No wonder 8 million women are now laundry customers!

Let the **LAUNDRY** *do it!*

(Above)—The million-dollar "proving ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Illinois

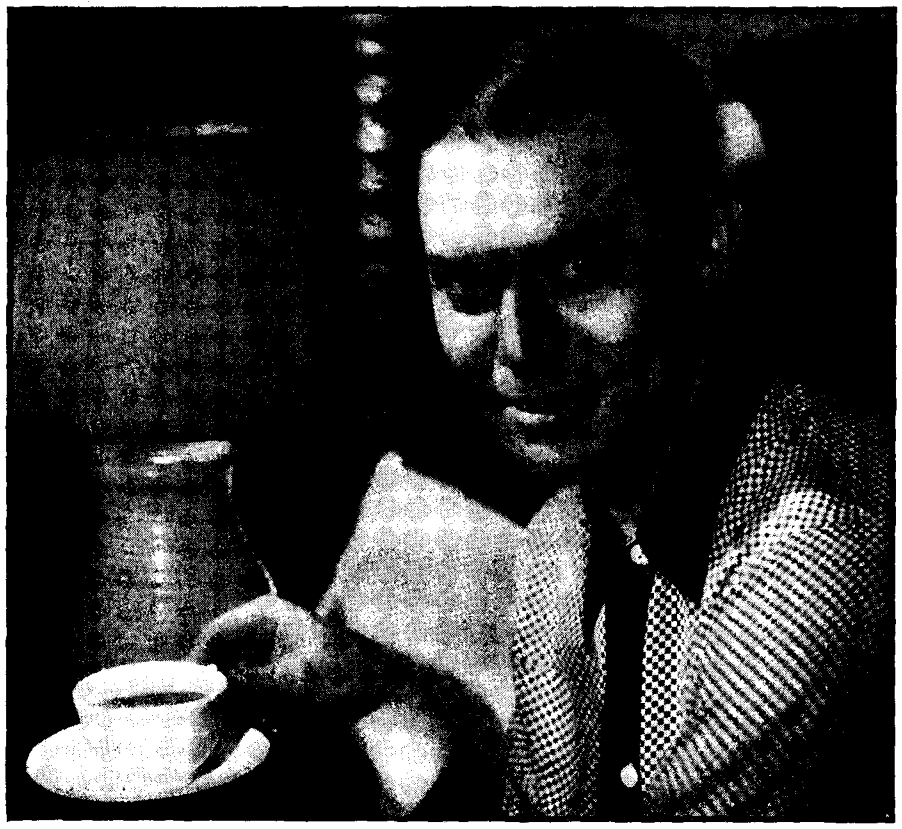
© 1930, L. N. A.

How to get

8 Hours Sleep Tonight

Utterly Without Drugs

Teeming Energy All Day Tomorrow



A Way That Not Only Brings Instant Sleep; But Builds New Energy While You Sleep!

YOU fall asleep almost as soon as you go to bed. And all the next day, teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person.

On doctor's advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *This delicious food-drink actually rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get sound, natural sleep a few minutes after taking it.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties resupply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides not only sleep, but the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates!*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs—but actually *build up* your health! So you teem with energy every day.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and rundown conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures", its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the result of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just 'phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine. *751*

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Many people have asked us, "Does Ovaltine contain any drugs?" It is such a wonderful "night-cap" they feel it "simply must" contain something in the nature of a drug. In short, it works so well they sometimes "wonder" about it. So we wish to go on record here in public print, that Ovaltine has never at any time contained any sleep-producing drug of any kind whatsoever. It is made entirely from food and nothing but food. The government would not permit us to make such a statement in public print unless it could be proved beyond a doubt.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

Color Scheming

Continued from page 22

Although the furniture is all traditional, the effect is modern—modern as Sylvia's recent college background and her present New York life.

The color schemes for these two exhibits were both evolved from possessions—Sylvia's frosty green rug and Carlotta's daring panel. But both went on from these initial things to make backgrounds spiritually as well as physically suitable to their owners—which is a point that so many women miss. Because they consider color in a house as something divorced from themselves—a matter of fashion or a mere question of copy-cutting their richer friends—they don't look in key with their own rooms.

But not all of us are so situated that we can create color schemes after this fashion.

Family Problems

Take the architect's wife, for example, whose husband is a very famous man indeed, and one who would never have liked a house that overlooked the fact. He owns a valuable collection of eighteenth-century engravings relating to his profession, and these had to be given prominence. The library was practically all books. The drawing-room must contain several family portraits of great significance and corresponding acreage. So this wily woman had the engravings framed in gilt and placed them in the dining-room against walls of dark varnished green, with woodwork to match and doors with gray moldings. The floor was brown with a gray-beige rug. Twin gold mirrors hung over a pair of half-circular tables on each side of a white marble fireplace. The dining table was mahogany, and the chairs had seats of white calf with gilt nails. The curtains were old creamy gray brocade. Nobody realized that this dignified room was done with dark walls, not because such an idea happened to be smart, but merely to create a setting in which all the guests would comment on the engravings—and make a genial host.

But suppose the children are the problem—they and a nice big dog whose family like to have him around. The youngsters can be taught to have respect for possessions—if they aren't, one pities the people they grow up to marry—but pale walls and woodwork, materials that won't wash and furniture that must be gingerly sat down in are more than any child should be expected to stand. So let's plan a smart living-room with walls, woodwork and mantelpiece in terra-cotta color. The ideal floor covering would be an old Victorian carpet we saw the other day—did you know that they were in again?—where flowers of wine red, gray and brown bloomed on a green ground. Lacking this, a plain carpet of dark yellowy-gray would be sufficiently practical—if the gray were dark enough. A note of chic might be introduced in the curtains of gray taffeta—of course they'd be the artificial silk kind that wash—hung straight from gilt cornices. There would be two sofas, one beside the fireplace, the other opposite it—nice comfortable affairs slipcovered in glazed chintz. One would be in plain green, the other patterned in lilies with wine-red centers, on a green ground.

Across from the plain chintz sofa in this family living-room we'll place two big, comfortable chairs in the patterned chintz, with a little table between to hold a lamp. On either side of the other sofa and at right angles to it will be armchairs with slip seats of gray linen that may be taken out and washed. In front of the windows we'll plan to have bent wire stands, holding foliage plants. One whole end wall of the room will be a huge bookcase, painted terra cotta to match the walls but lined inside in green. At the opposite end, Great-grandfather's portrait will hang over a long table full of magazines. A pierced brass fender will bound the fireplace, which has a cement facing and hearth in very dark brown.

But perhaps your particular living-room is to accommodate a rather imperious young daughter who has suddenly shot up to dominate the household. Let's say that she has a penchant for blue. She wears it to play up her eyes; she looks her best in it, and looking her best is just now the one thing that matters. Let's give her a blue drawing-room, and perhaps we can get our share of her roadster-roaming hours.

Walls and woodwork, then, of pale hydrangea blue—pale enough not to interfere with blue dresses, a luminous mist of blue that seems the outshadowing of the central figure herself. The rug will be in a copper color. There will be curtains of peach-toned moire with a ball fringe in copper, and the sofa will be done in the same material. Two comfortable chairs will be slip-covered in glazed chintz, patterned in white and blue on a pinkly-yellow ground, and two straight chairs will have seats of plain chintz in eggplant color. Notes of gilt are important in this room—not only for their effect on the other colors, but because they seem to reflect the gold lights in her hair. Those will be expressed in the picture and mirror frames as well as in the lighting fixtures.

Gay but Not Restless

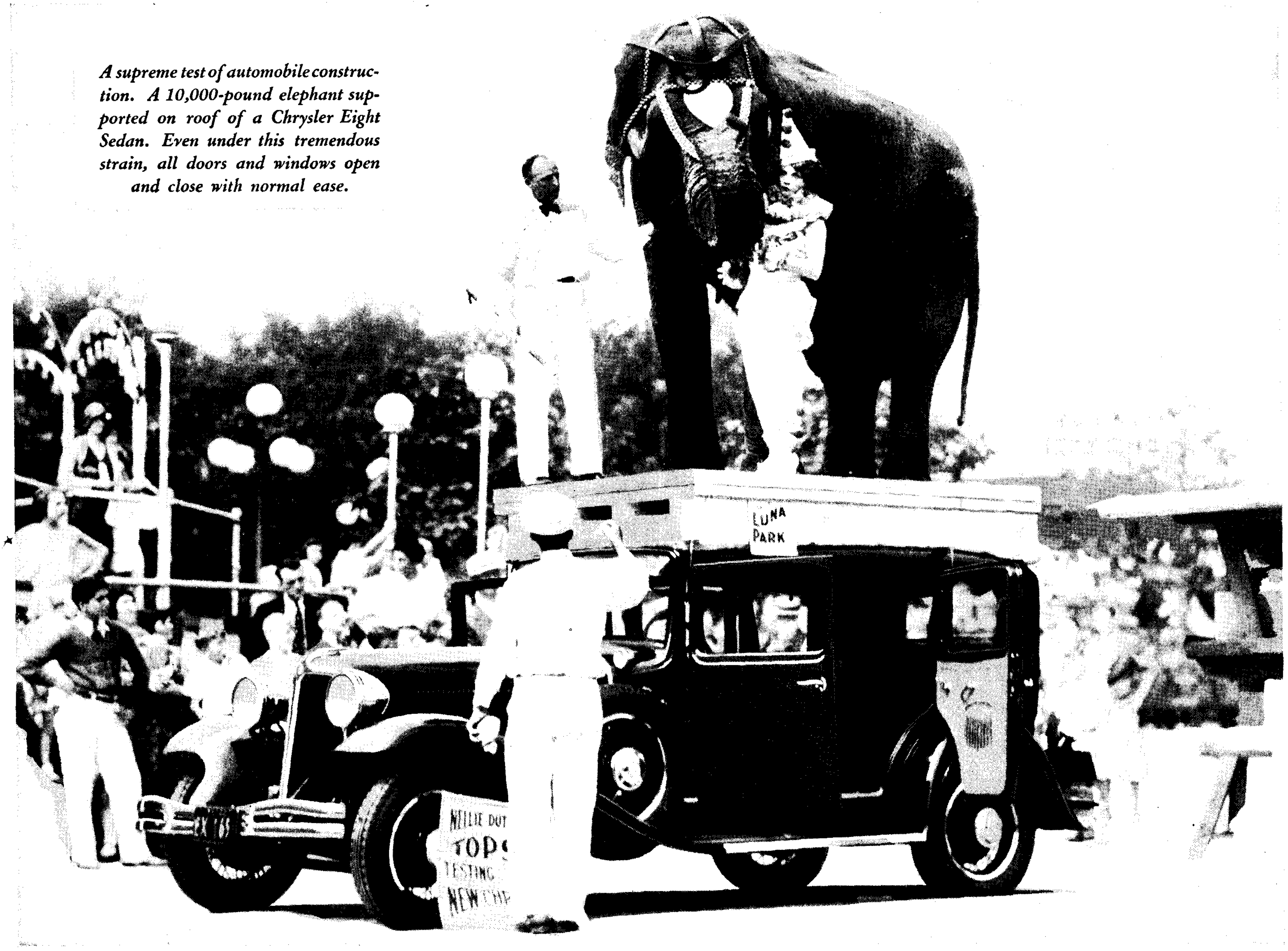
In describing each of these rooms into which we've looked, we've tried to tell not only what colors they contained, but why these particular colors were chosen. In creating a scheme of one's own, the wisest course is to list the limiting factors first—lack of space, time or money, a city setting that means dirt, a country location far from metropolitan shops, possessions that have to appear in the new room, irrespective of personal preference, or other people of divergent tastes and habits who have to be considered. Having digested the information conveyed by such a list, we're sure to rule out much that would otherwise have appealed to us.

To head the credit side of the ledger, we can place the most beautiful thing we own, or know we can buy—a lovely rug, a picture, a Chinese vase, a chintz that has been miraculously reduced, a screen that Uncle Edward brought from Japan, a set of rosewood chairs that belonged to Grandmother. With this as a starting point, we'll go on to evolve a color scheme on paper—several of them, perhaps. Let us test each for our own reaction to it—do we really like these shades, could we live with them for months on end, will they make us feel gay but not restless? Then, standing back and looking at ourselves in such a setting—will it be becoming physically as well as spiritually?

Finally, we should keep in mind that few successful rooms ever arrive full grown. We can block in a color scheme, but the total effect will come to pass gradually as we shop around to find here a perfect detail, and there another to add to the picture. Each new thing fitted into place will be a separate cause for jubilation.

CHRYSLER

STRAIGHT EIGHTS



A supreme test of automobile construction. A 10,000-pound elephant supported on roof of a Chrysler Eight Sedan. Even under this tremendous strain, all doors and windows open and close with normal ease.

NEW SAFETY BODIES OF ENORMOUS STRENGTH

THE new Chrysler Eight has a *safety* body of rigid steel—a steel front, steel sides and a steel back, all flash-welded and fused together into solid walls of one piece and bolted directly to the frame—a body impervious to road strain and temperature changes—a body with no joints to produce rattles or squeaks.

Body and frame are united as one, without a wood sill between them, and with the contours of the body fitting and merging with the contours of the frame. Result — the body reinforces the frame and the frame reinforces the body. Thus is achieved a new kind of strength that spells a new degree of safety—strength that is illustrated by the spectacular test pictured here, made recently before the public at Coney Island, N. Y. Still another advantage, all doors are of die-formed steel, insuring not only rigidity but an exact fit to the thousandth of an inch. Such doors *cannot* warp or jam.

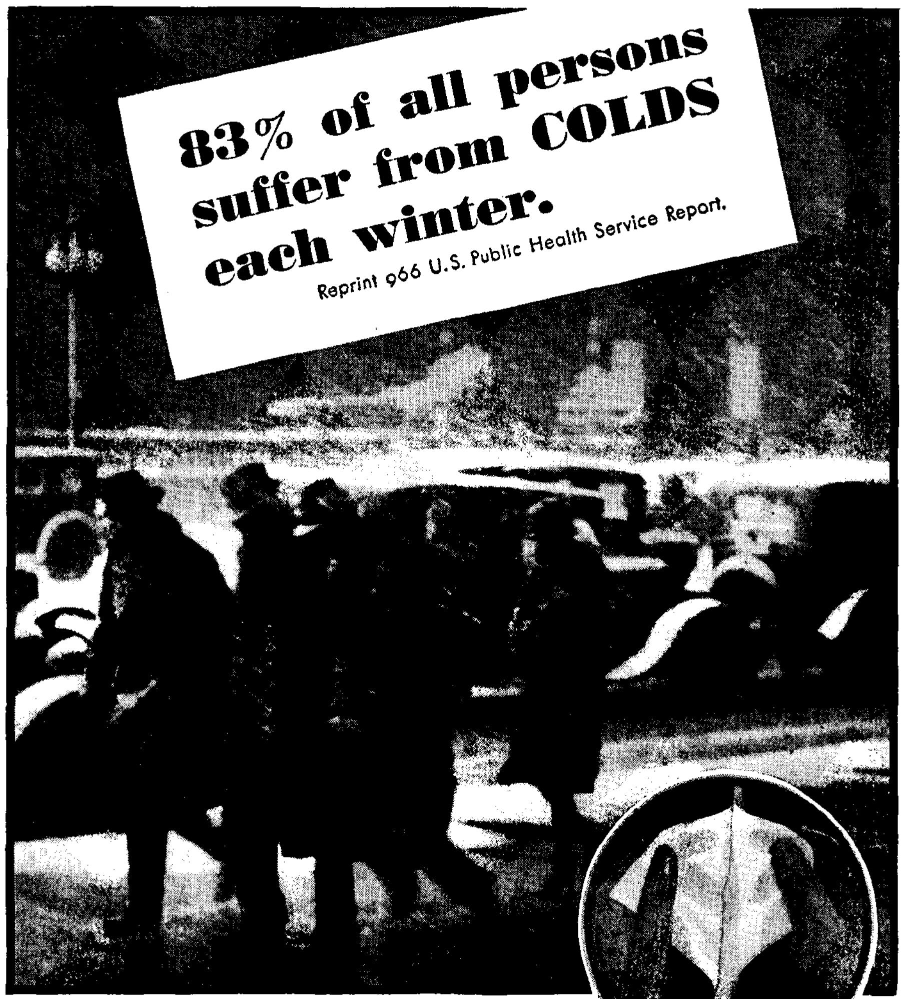
This advanced body construction is but one phase of the car's story. The new Chrysler Eight is conspicuous for outstanding beauty. Smartness is enhanced by its extremely low center of gravity. The Chrysler Multi-Range 4-speed transmission with its *dual high* gears and quick, quiet, easy gear shift makes possible new heights of smooth, virile, efficient performance. Chrysler internal weatherproof hydraulic brakes give a further sense of security at all speeds.

One drive in a new Chrysler Eight brings home the fact that Chrysler engineering has distinctly elevated the standards of eight-cylinder motoring. Greater safety — finer, smoother performance — richer comforts — all beckon to you in a new Chrysler Eight.

CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Coupe (with rumble seat) $1495; Sedan $1525; Convertible Coupe $1665; Roadster $1495. Six wire wheels, $80 extra. Sport Roadster (including six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*Five-Passenger Sedan $2745; Close-Coupled Sedan $2845; Seven-Passenger Sedan $2945; Sedan-Limousine $3145.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CUSTOM EIGHTS, *bodies designed by LeBaron — Coupe $3150; Roadster $3220; Convertible Coupe $3320; Phaeton $3575. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

* * *

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.


83% of all persons suffer from COLDS each winter.
Reprint 966 U.S. Public Health Service Report.

Duofold's unique fabric . . . two very thin, separate layers interlocked at regular intervals . . . wool with cotton (or silk or rayon) in the outer layer . . . inner layer of fine cotton . . . no wool touches the skin . . . no itch!

Every human needs a "Winterfront"!

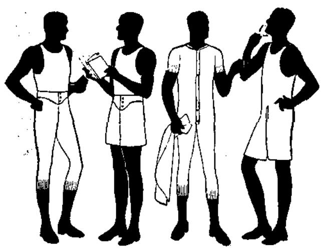
Keep *cold* out—to keep colds *out!*

Warmth in Duofold comes of its exclusive, two-layer construction, varying, of course, with the lightness of the garment. However warm the Duofold you buy, there can be *no* itch. Duofold keeps the wool off the skin. Only soft, zephyr-light cotton touches the body. You've never known such comfort, such freedom, such lightness . . . and only Duofold has it.

Duofold wearers welcome winter—laugh at storms—thrive on snow and sleet!

Look at the small picture. That is the *reason* back of Duofold . . . and then send the coupon for a free sample of Duofold's scientific fabric. Look at it. Feel the cotton inner layer against your skin. That sample tells the story. Send for it now.

"Must I catch cold?"—is the name of a booklet on colds and their prevention, prepared by Dr. Frederic Damrau, an eminent and nationally known authority. The coupon will bring you a copy.



Made in all popular styles . . . athletic union suits and shirts and shorts, with many varieties of color patterns as well as white; in union suits or two-piece garments . . . long sleeve, short sleeve, no sleeve; ankle-length, calf-length, knee-length.

Duofold
Health **Underwear**

Duofold Health Underwear Co.,
Dept. B6, Mohawk, N. Y.

Send Dr. Damrau's Booklet on Colds, and samples of Duofold Fabric for

☐ Men ☐ Boys ☐ Infants
☐ Children ☐ Women

Name..........
Street..........
City.......... *State*..........

Sweet, Wild Romance

Continued from page 18

And Runty found himself confronted by Big Belle, aroused to the depths of her partial heart by the desolate cry of her darling son. She was coming toward Runty; her left arm, he could see, was in position to turn him over, her right arm to spank him, as so often she had done when he was a little starved baby. "Madam," he said, "Madam! I beg you to desist from your evident intention. Madam! . . ."

But she was coming right on. He saw that he must do it. Perforce, but politely, with claws carefully sheathed, he tapped the tip of her nose. He tapped it with such reserve and so gently that it was more the moral shock than the physical which sat her down a bit sharply by the side of her dear Fine Boy.

The pretty cinnamon-hued girl bear had been inspecting the seated Fine Boy with pensive air. When she saw that he was not rising again, she turned her beautiful eyes upon Runty worshipfully.

"Come, O Beautiful!" said Runty.

And she came to him, and he turned and she turned, and side by side they went away along the road. A howl like steam-calliope music was coming after them. They looked back as they turned off the road into the trail and saw that the strange tune came from Fine Boy, still seated side by side with his still astounded mother. They trotted side by side briskly along the trail.

Every now and then Runty threw a glance sideways, and at the sight of her clear cinnamon coat his heart within him wrinkled all up with pleasure. As, every now and then, she, too, trotting along, threw a side glance, every once in a while their eyes met. And then Runty's heart wanted to sing.

"What is your name, O Beautiful?" he asked as they trotted along.

"I am called Cinnamonene. What is your name, Big Boy?"

Runty Bear trotted several steps before he answered. "Call me Big Boy," he said softly.

"Oh," she said, "you are so strong!"

But she noticed now that they had broken away from the trail and were plunging into the wilderness.

"Where are you taking me, Big Boy?"

"I am taking you," he said, "up into the land of the berries, the honey and the clear waters."

"O Wonderful!"

But after a moment, being a woman, "Would it not be well to live at the Point?" she suggested. "Housekeeping would be much easier there."

"I am taking you," he repeated, "up into the land of the berries, the honey and the clear waters."

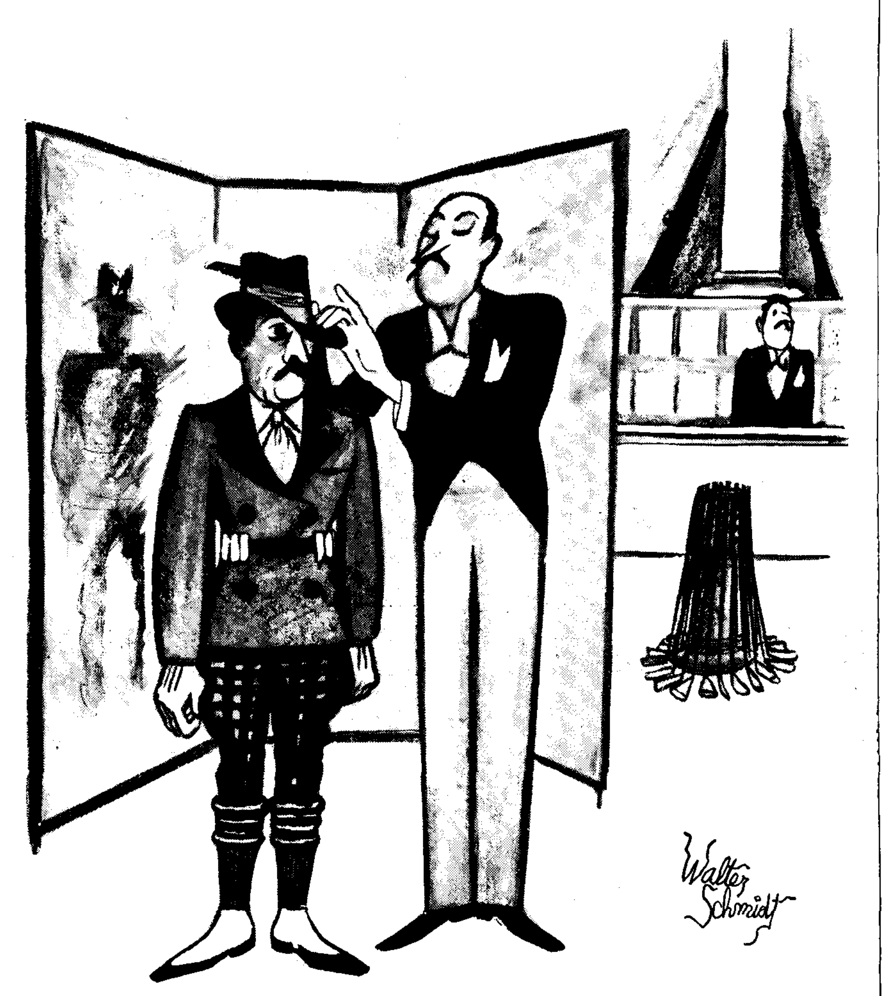
"O Wonderful!" she said again. They trotted along side by side, fast, fast, fast.

"How would it be," she said at length, "to live in that land of yours—near the edge, maybe—but come down to Glacier Point for our meals?"

"We are going," he chanted, "up into the land of the berries, the honey and the clear waters."

She threw a new glance sideways upon him. Oh, he was so clean-limbed, so swift, so beautiful and so strong! She would go with him anywhere, anywhere! His eyes now met hers; they had a little delicious merry light of love in them. "I'll go with you," she cried, "to the land of the berries, the honey and the clear waters."

Her last hesitation was gone. Both resolute, they went on and turned their backs—or their tails—forever upon Glacier Point, the hotel, mother, brother, and the garbage people.



"Now when shooting geese the brim should be tipped a little to the left"

There is character in the upright honesty—in the keen, clean fragrance of the sentinel pine. Character, too, in the fragrant honest blend of

Old Briar TOBACCO

WALTER WHITEHEAD 1930

United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
Superior Quality
Smoking Tobacco

15 cent size

There is something unusual about this fine tobacco that gives it preferred standing with men of critical judgment. They find it pleasing to the taste, of course, mellow and fragrant, but in addition, they find in **Old Briar** a quality of life and sparkle that endows it with a character never met amongst old familiar blends.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

Sunkist
Sunkist Junior
Merry Christmas

It's *everything* this year's Christmas Gift should be

THIS year, Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor fits everyone's Christmas gift policy to a T!

It's *sensible.* Hard to find a family nowadays where orange or lemon juice isn't wanted daily for breakfast or entertaining.

And yet it has the bit of luxury you hope for in gifts. So many people still extract fruit juices by hand because it *can* be done that way.

But it's so much easier with Sunkist Junior. Plug it in on any electric light socket. Flip the switch—and Sunkist Junior gets a glass or a gallon of orange, lemon or grapefruit juice in a jiffy! *Better* juice, too—"aerated", and with all the healthful fruit pulp finely shredded. Saves time, waste, labor; the reaming bulb and alabaster glass bowl lift right off for quick rinsing under running water.

Sunkist Junior is fully guaranteed by the California Fruit Growers Exchange for heavy household duty. It stands 10 inches high on its rubber feet and weighs 6 pounds. The price—$14.95—is much less than you pay for many household appliances which are used far less frequently.

Note how exactly Sunkist Junior fills many places on your holiday shopping list—for the family—for friends who entertain—for everyone with an orange-squeezing problem. It's scarcely possible to imagine a home where it would not serve as a daily reminder of your thoughtfulness.

$14.95

at department, electrical and hardware stores. If your dealer is sold out, send coupon *now* with money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95) and a Sunkist Junior will be sent to reach you before Christmas.

Sunkist Jr.

ELECTRIC JUICE EXTRACTOR

Mail coupon to nearest address

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Div. 1612-A
900 No. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Or Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, Calif.
Enclosed is money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95). Send Sunkist Junior.
*Name*__________ *Street*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________

Girl Missing

Continued from page 13

of a desk, reading a letter, scowling with concentration at its contents.

"Why, he's better even than Sannazaro," thought Eddie, exulting. "Talk about your types—I'll say I've come to the right place!"

Under the sketch of Maria Christina his pencil now suddenly swung down the profile of the visitor in the office. The eye and the puff beneath the eye; the thin lips and the straggly mustache above the lips; the high cheekbone with its hint of Mephistopheles, the officer's cap. . . .

"Say; that's good!" murmured Maria Christina, watching through the metal weaving of her cage.

"What's his name; do you know?" breathed Eddie in the same cautious voice.

"Perez. Captain P-e-r-e-z."

Eddie was touching him up under the eyes when a shadow fell over him; and looking up he saw the heavy face of Señor Sannazaro staring at the sketch over his shoulder.

"You'll give me a chance at you, sometime?" asked Eddie, his fingers already unconsciously sketching beneath the table.

"Listen, my yo'ng friend," said the señor, in his deep voice. "When I wish my picture tak', I will give myself the pleasure to request. But not till I ask! Remember that, pliz!"

Whereupon he marched into the office and closed the door behind him with a bang.

IN THE week that followed, sitting there by the side of Maria Christina's desk, Eddie Bannigan learned many strange things—some of which he reported to Sergeant McGann—and some of which he didn't.

He learned, for instance, that Captain Perez made his headquarters in the restaurant office—that Popo was Maria Christina's uncle and had got her the job there—that sometimes Popo called her Tina—that the back entrance of the restaurant was used by trucks—that a lot of empty barrels and boxes went out that way—that when he held his breath and looked deeply into the soft dark depths of Tina's eyes, first he felt giddy and then he felt strong and then he knew that some day he would be one of the greatest artists that the world has ever known.

"Listen," he said to Tina on Saturday, lingering long over his second cup of coffee. "What are you going to do tomorrow?"

"Why?" she asked.

"I was going over to see my Uncle Malachi—old Malachi Bannigan—though he's really my great-great-uncle; maybe you've heard of him—"

The dark pools of her eyes grew round with amazement.

"You mean Malachi Bannigan, who's ninety years old and still running his ward?"

"Uh-huh."

"Whose picture's in the paper all the time—only he looks more like a bishop than a district leader?"

"Sure," said Eddie. "You know, writers and artists and people like that often have two names. Now Winterbottom: that's my pen name. But at home they call me Bannigan." Not a word, though, you will notice, about his being a detective. Even the effulgence of his great-great-uncle's name wasn't enough to throw that into shadow—to make him dare to tell her that he had been snooping in the restaurant all that week. "How about it?" he casually concluded. "I'm going over to call on Uncle Malachi tomorrow afternoon about four. Like to ride over with me?"

"Well," she hesitated. "If you're sure he wouldn't be sore at you for taking me."

Uncle Malachi was sitting in his front room the following afternoon, grandly lording it over a company of friends and relatives, when Eddie walked in on him, with Tina half a step behind. Now the Bannigans had never been behind the door when good looks were given out, and young Kit and Theresa were both there to uphold the best traditions of the family. But when Tina entered, her dark beauty glowing against theirs like a moss rose between two pinks, it was small wonder that everybody stared at this offering which young Eddie was unexpectedly springing on them.

"Get up, Martin," said Uncle Malachi to the man who was sitting on the couch by his side. "And you sit down here, my dear," he continued to Tina, patting the warm vacant place. "Now where the devil's my other glasses? . . ." Three pairs of hands eagerly stretched out to the table at the end of the couch. "Ah . . . I thought so. . . . There's more than a bit of Spaniard in you; or I'm much mistaken, my love."

"My mother was born in Cadiz," said Tina shyly.

"I thought so. And there's a drop or two of Spanish in the Bannigans, as strange as that may sound," he continued, half addressing the others in the room. "At the time of the Spanish Armada, mind you, when the boats were wrecked on the coast of Ireland, I've heard it said there was one dark sailor with a pair of broken legs who was nursed back to health by a Donohoe girl—who didn't mend his bones, they say, to let him walk away again. They had a fine family between 'em, and one of the girls married a Bannigan."

Eddie got her away as quickly as he could—having other plans for the rest of the afternoon and the evening. For the rest of the afternoon they went on a bus ride up Riverside Drive—returning in time to have dinner at Napoliello's—an Italian table d'hôte where you could have all the spaghetti you wanted, even unto the third and fourth helping—and then on to the Mall in Central Park to listen to the music. They couldn't get near the band, which didn't bother Eddie a bit. At his suggestion they found a quiet tree to sit down under and lean against; and there, hand in hand, it wasn't long before real confidences were being exchanged.

"YOU know," she said, "I don't expect to stay at the restaurant much longer."

"What's the matter?" he quickly asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, "but I can't help feeling there's something queer going on—the way the girls come in at the back door looking for jobs—"

"Looking for your job, you mean?" he asked.

"No!" she scoffed, feeling in her pocketbook. "Wait a minute; I have the ad here. . . . There . . . but now it's too dark to read it. . . . I can tell you pretty well what it says, though. It's a Help Wanted, Female, and it says Language instructress wanted to teach English to children of South American family. It says she must be fond of travel, boating and ponies. And something about banking references."

"Who sees them? Sannazaro?" asked Eddie with growing interest.

(*Continued on page 51*)

"Why I never knew PEPPERELL *made* SO MANY FABRICS"

Grandmother and Mother bought Pepperell Sheets for the same reason—their snowy whiteness, permanent linen finish and their long, luxurious wear. And now daughter buys house smocks and uniforms, blouses and wash-suits—all made with the same famous Pepperell promise of extra wear.

* * *

Sweet-Orr in overalls, sterling in silver, Standard in oil. Ask any workman about Sweet-Orr garments. The same answer always comes back "You can't wear them out!" Sweet-Orr Nail Pullers and Sweet-Orr O C Stripes have carved out an enviable reputation for themselves. And the lower part of their label reads "in a Pepperell Fabric."

* * *

Let her go to camp and gym. She is learning to be fussy about her smart middy blouses and rompers. And her mother is particular about material that wears a smile through the prodigious bumps and yanks and scuffs. Both will be satisfied with the middies made by Cowan Frank Mfg. Co., San Francisco, and Sally Middy Co., of New York City, for all of them are labeled "Genuine Pepperell Fabric."

PERHAPS you *are* surprised to learn that Pepperell for more than 80 years has woven miles and miles of excellent household cottons other than Pepperell and Lady Pepperell Sheets. All kinds, in fact—smart prints for your morning frocks, sturdy jeans for your children's playsuits and young girls' middies, crinkly cottons for dainty bedspreads, sternly practical cotton fabrics for uniforms, work clothes, and other things—yes, all these and hundreds more.

So instead of asking "Are they durable?" when you buy cottons for the home (and you *do* have to buy constantly if you are blessed with a family), just turn to the label on the garment or article. If it reads "Made of Pepperell fabric," you know that the manufacturer selected that Pepperell Cloth for the sturdiness and stout service it guarantees. Drop us a line. We'll gladly tell you just where in your neighborhood you can buy any of the articles mentioned here.

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING CO.
160 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
General Sales Offices: 40 Worth Street, New York City

SWEET-ORR
OC STRIPE
FABRIC BY
PEPPERELL

SWEET-ORR
NAIL PULLER
IN A PEPPERELL
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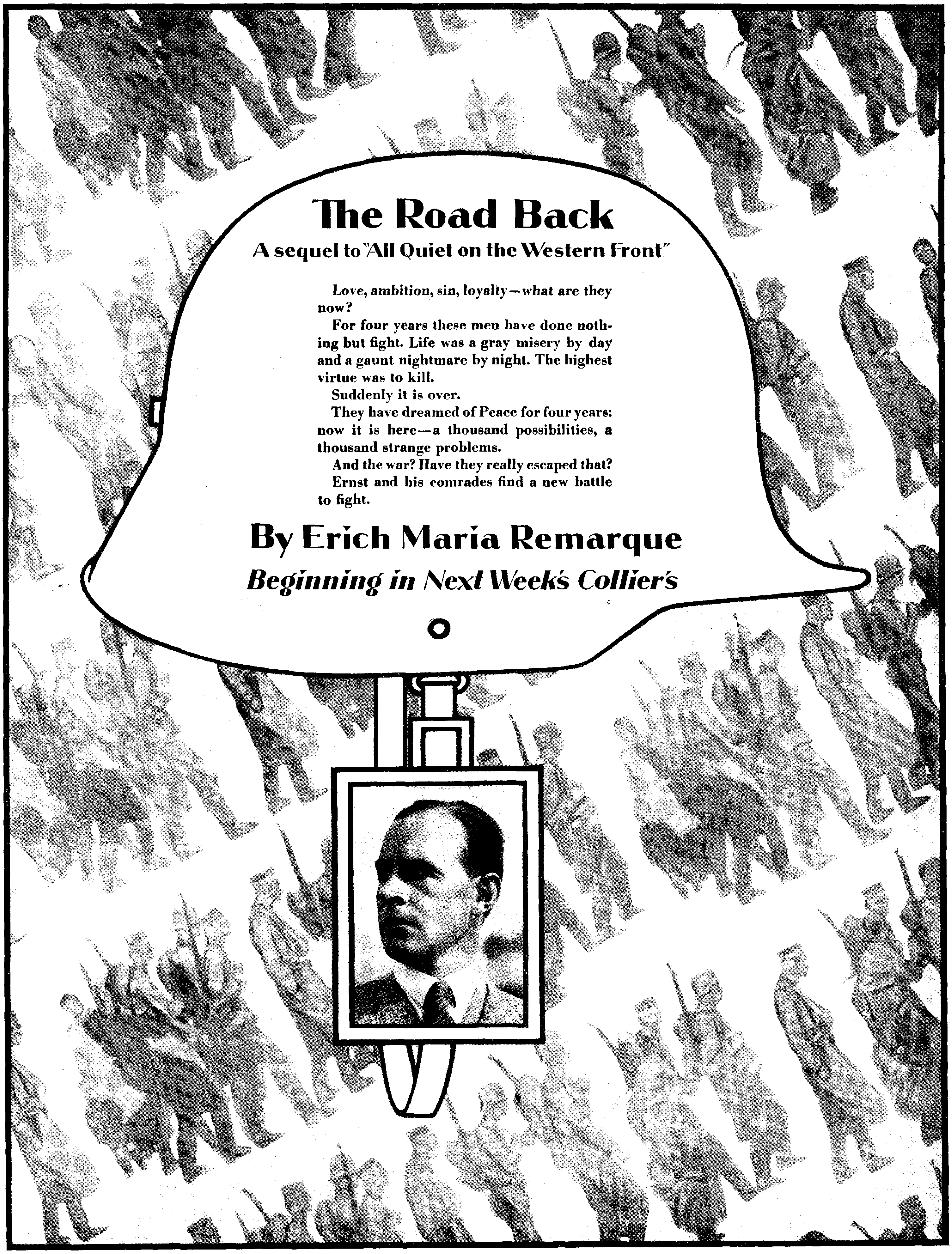
MADE OF GENUINE
PEPPERELL CLOTH

PEPPERELL
BLEACHED JEAN
TRADE MARK
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

The name, on any sturdy cotton, that promises EXTRA WEAR *is*

PEPPERELL

Sheets and Pillow Cases · Part Wool Blankets · Crib Blankets · Krimple Bedspreads · Broadcloths · Prints · Flannels · Jeans · Chambrays · Drills · Twills · Khakis · Denims · Pinchecks



The Road Back

A sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front"

Love, ambition, sin, loyalty—what are they now?

For four years these men have done nothing but fight. Life was a gray misery by day and a gaunt nightmare by night. The highest virtue was to kill.

Suddenly it is over.

They have dreamed of Peace for four years: now it is here—a thousand possibilities, a thousand strange problems.

And the war? Have they really escaped that?

Ernst and his comrades find a new battle to fight.

By Erich Maria Remarque

Beginning in Next Week's Collier's

Girl Missing

Continued from page 48

"No—Captain Perez does the talking. They generally call in the afternoon at four o'clock. They take them in the office but sometimes there's a girl who wants to leave the office door open, and then I can hear what's said. And this is what sounds funny to me: Captain Perez never shows any interest in an old girl, or one who lives with her family. Only young girls and poor girls who live in rooming houses seem suitable to teach English down there."

Eddie thought that over.

"Do you mind leaving this with me?" he asked then, holding up the advertisement.

"I showed it to Popo," she said, nodding, "but I think he's scared of the boss. Anyhow, he told me to forget it."

"You leave it to me," said Eddie with quiet confidence.

"They almost scare me at times."

"Now don't you worry," he told her. "But if anything happens, and I'm not there, you just telephone to this man whose name I'm going to give you; and he'll take care of you."

Using his knee for a desk, and a match for a lamp, he wrote on the back of an old card "Sergeant McGann, Vanderbilt 2465—"

"There," he said, a touch of Uncle Malachi's power unconsciously falling upon him. "You'll be safe enough with this."

As dark as it was, he caught the look of trust in the depths of her dark eyes. The distant band was playing the Miserere; and Eddie, hand in hand with Tina again, presently found himself trembling a little—trembling, and his throat aching, as though he were catching a fever.

"We must be going now," said Tina, rising. "It's way past nine."

He took her home—walking solemnly and silently into the vestibule with her. There, in the same solemn silence, she turned and faced him. They kissed, her arm curving around the back of his collar as innocently as a child's. . . .

AT HALF past three the following afternoon Tina left the restaurant to go shopping. She hadn't been gone long when the door of El Trovador swung open from the outside and Sergeant McGann entered, accompanied by the shrewd-eyed Jerry. Popo was sprinkling damp sawdust on the floor.

"Mr. Sannazaro in?" demanded the sergeant in the voice of authority.

"I think in the office," said Popo. "I see for you."

"Don't worry. I see for myself," said the sergeant; and the next moment he had opened the office door and was not only seeing Señor Sannazaro but also Captain Perez, neither of whom seemed to admire the inspection.

"My card," said the sergeant, snapping it on the desk in front of Señor Sannazaro. "Do you want your friend to wait outside?"

The señor looked at the sergeant's card—a small rectangle of printed pasteboard, which had caused many an empty feeling in the stomachs of its recipients. And when the señor had finished looking at it, he gave it to Captain Perez, who inspected it with an air of lofty displeasure.

"My friend can stay if he please," said Sannazaro. "My life—it is open. I have no secret from him."

"All right, then; I've called about this advertisement." By the side of his card he laid the clipping which Eddie had mailed him the night before. "What about these girls? How many have you hired to date?"

"But this is only for a friend of mine in South America that I take the trouble," protested Sannazaro. "He weeshes someone to teach his children to spik good English. He is very rich man."

"What's his name and address?"

"His name? Oh, yes. His name is Señor Valesquez and he lives in Buenos Aires."

"Here. Write it down. Street and number, too. You say 'Banking References.' What are your banking references?"

"Oh, but that is naturally the bank of my friend in Buenos Aires."

"All right; what's its name?"

"The Banco Español del Rio de la Plata," rattled the señor after a thoughtful pause.

"How can you prove that's his bank?"

"But why do you doubt the word of my friend?" demanded Captain Perez, bridling and speaking for the first time. "He says that is the banking reference. If you do not believe him, why continue the question?"

THE sergeant and the captain faced each other.

"Your name's Peer-ez, isn't it?" asked the sergeant in that significant voice which experience had told him was nearly always disconcerting to a suspect.

"Why you ask me if you know?"

"You might be surprised at what I know," said the sergeant darkly. "Now let me tell you something, Sannazaro. I don't want you to do anything more for your friend in Buenos Aires till I see you again—till I've had a chance to look him up and verify his references. You get me?"

"But of course," said the other with a virtuous display of his palms. "If you do not wish it, it is all the same to me."

Popo was quietly sweeping the floor near the office door after the two visitors had left, and he soon perceived that Señor Sannazaro and Captain Perez were very angry.

"We need one more to make ten," Popo heard Captain Perez saying at last. "I promised our friends in Buenos Aires to bring them ten . . . and ten they shall have. . . ."

"With the grace of God," said Señor Sannazaro piously.

"My ship sails early in the morning," continued Captain Perez. ". . . It should not be so difficult."

"What do you mean?"

The captain lowered his voice, so that Popo could not hear him. "Wait," he whispered. "Let us see if *she* is at her desk."

HE SUDDENLY opened the office door, but no one was there but Popo, industriously sweeping away.

"Go and clean up the kitchen," said the captain brusquely. "You are making too much dust for comfort."

"Si, si, Señor el Capitan."

After Popo had gone Captain Perez turned to his friend the señor.

"Now let me tell you something," he said. "This cashier of yours I do not trust. She talks too much to the young American who makes the grotesque drawings. Only today when I came in I saw him give her a note which she placed in her desk as though it were cash when she caught my eye upon her. Have you a key to her desk?"

"Yes."

Now the note which Captain Perez had seen was the first love letter which

(*Continued on page 52*)

THE FASTEST GAME SHE PLAYS IS BRIDGE . . . YET SHE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

HER longest walk is a shopping tour . . . and even then she motors from store to store. She enjoys winter sports from the sidelines and skating leaves her cold. Her brain gets plenty of exercise but her feet are strangers to anything but the daintiest leather.

Svelte, *chic*, always immaculate, this clever champion of the great indoors and leader of the bridge-playing set, nevertheless has a case of the ringworm infection now known as "Athlete's Foot."

Even as she puts through a smart *finesse*, a twinge in that dainty left foot reminds her of a puzzling rash she has noticed lately between her smaller toes. It has bothered her and *worried* her . . . and she doesn't even know what it is.

**Many symptoms for the same disease —so easily tracked into the home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. The United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

Also Relieves
SPRAINS AND STRAINS
Rubbed in, quickly soothes pain; reduces inflammation and prevents stiffness and lameness

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. kills this ringworm germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever *it* penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

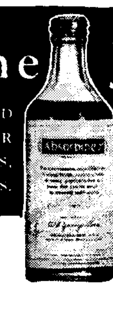
Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.



FLOYD GIBBONS
Noted Author, Celebrated War Correspondent, and Famous Radio Personality

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IN A RECENT STATEMENT MR. GIBBONS SAID OF

BILLIARDS

"A nerve tonic—relaxing and healthful exercise when played in the proper places."

The National Billiard Association of America sponsors the improving and maintaining of proper conditions in billiard establishments throughout the country, encourages competition for every billiard player and for that purpose provides sanctioned sectional and national tournaments for both amateurs and professionals. Members pledge themselves to uphold the policies of the Association.

PLAY BILLIARDS IN ROOMS THAT ARE MEMBERS OF THE

NATIONAL BILLIARD ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

"LOOK FOR THE FRAMED N. B. A. FRANCHISE"

Now on the Air
Collier's NEW Radio Hour
4th Season

RADIO'S first and oldest magazine feature—yet always the newest because it is made from the current issue of Collier's.

Mystery, adventure, love and romance, spiced with music, humor and dramatic novelties—a "speaking edition" of Collier's—in your living room every Sunday evening.

Broadcast to all America over a coast-to-coast hook-up.

TUNING TABLE
Every Sunday Evening
East... 8:15 P.M.
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WLW WJR
West... 7:15 P.M. Central Time
6:15 P.M. Mountain Time
KYW WREN KWK KOA KSL
Pacific Coast... 5:15 P.M.
KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ
Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co., Inc.

ALL STAR – ALL ACTION – ALL AMERICA

(*Continued from page 51*)

Eddie had ever written; and as you can imagine, it was not in the cash drawer. But there was something there which was quite as disturbing a piece of evidence as any note could have been. Señor Sannazaro hadn't looked far when he came to the old card which Eddie had given Tina the night before—that old card on the back of which was written the name and telephone number of Sergeant McGann. . . .

"You see?" said the captain in a cold voice. "It is just as I thought. They are working together: this girl and the man McGann who has just been here. . . . You see? You see this card? . . ."

IN THE office of El Trovador the telephone bell rang. Popo went to answer it.

"It is for you," he said, calling over to Tina.

"For me?" she exclaimed, running over and thinking to herself that it was Eddie. "Hello . . . Yes . . . this is Miss Buckley. . . . What? . . . Oh. . . . Oh, my God! . . . Yes, yes; I'll be right over!"

She rushed back to the cage for her brave new hat.

"It's Eddie," she gasped to Popo. "Someone was phoning for him. He's been run over by a fire engine. They've taken him to Roosevelt Hospital—and they want me—just as quick as I can get there—"

"Por amor del Dios!" muttered Popo, aghast.

A taxi, he noticed, was waiting at the curb above. He couldn't see the whole scene—his view being sliced off horizontally by the top of the basement window. But at least he could see Tina up to her waist, and the wheels and the hood of the taxi.

A grimy hand swung into view as the taxi driver reached back to open the door of his cab. The door opened. One of Tina's slim silk-covered legs was lifted to the running-board. So far the action had moved quickly, smoothly forward, but now a disturbance of progress took place.

Tina was evidently hesitating, her foot moving uncertainly back from the running-board. Then suddenly she disappeared inside the cab, all of a piece, as though she had been pulled in. The door banged. The taxi started off with a jump.

"Perhaps she slipped on the step," thought Popo.

He was puzzled, though—puzzled, too, by the fact that when he had received the message on the telephone that someone wished to speak to Tina, he could have sworn for the moment that it was the voice of Señor Sannazaro. . . . But both these puzzles were nothing to the mystery which presented itself a few minutes later when the door opened and Eddie Bannigan walked in—Eddie Bannigan, who had just been reported run over by a fire engine—and to whose side Maria Christina was well on her way. . . .

"Miss Buckley isn't here yet?" asked Eddie with a proprietary air, hanging his hat over the table by the side of the desk.

"But, señor," stammered poor Popo. "We thought you had been almos' kill' by a fire engeen. Somebody telephone' that you have been run over and they take you to Roosevelt Hospital—and Tina has gone to see you."

Eddie stared first at the empty cage and then at the goggling Popo. "How long's she been gone?"

"About ten minutes ago the taxi leaves here."

"You mean somebody came for her in a taxi?"

"No, no. The taxi was waiting outside."

"That's funny," said Eddie, the color beginning to leave his cheeks and the frown growing heavier on his forehead. "First a phoney telephone message, and then a taxi waiting. I never saw a taxi waiting outside this place before."

"I think it singular myself," excitedly nodded Popo. "And now I think of something else and maybe you think that is what you call fonny, too!" He told about the manner of Tina's departure in the cab; and before he had finished, Eddie had him by the arm and was starting him for the door.

"You come with me!" he said. "She's your niece; isn't she? Then you come with me as quick as God will let you!"

Sergeant McGann had gone for the day; but Eddie soon traced him to his home in the next block.

"So that's it," he said when Eddie had told his breathless story. "Looks as though they'd dropped their banking references and just turned ugly."

"But—but what's happened to her?" cried poor Eddie.

"Nothing yet, I should say," said the Old Bull thoughtfully. "As far as I can guess, they've been shipping girls to South America, promising them jobs to teach the English language to the children of rich families. But unless I miss my guess again, these children shave and wear long pants and like to take their lessons in night clubs and hideaways. So as long as we can find this girl from the restaurant before they get her away on a ship—"

Much of this had been as Greek to Popo. But the sergeant's last word was clear enough, and touched such a spring in his memory that Popo could hardly speak for stammering.

"Ah, s-señor, yes!" he exclaimed. "This afternoon I hear Captain Perez say his ship s'all sail for Buenos Aires tomorrow in the morning!"

"Good work!" nodded the sergeant shortly. "Now there's a clue, Eddie. It oughtn't to take you long to find what boats are sailing for South America in the morning. Who was on duty at the station house?"

"I—I didn't notice," suddenly sobbed poor Eddie.

"For heaven's sake, boy, what's the matter with you? If a simple case of abduction upsets you like this, how are you going to act when you get your first murder?"

"But this is worse than murder," cried Eddie, not far from grinding his gears entirely. "Don't you understand that—that she's my girl? Didn't I take her up to Uncle Malachi's on Sunday, and now—now—"

"WHY didn't you tell me this at first?" demanded the sergeant, already busy with the telephone book. While he was being connected with headquarters he said in a lower voice, "Your father always said you were bashful; but I'll say you lost no time. . . . No, no, Central, I wasn't saying that to you. . . . Hello. . . . Sergeant McGann speaking. . . . I want some information from the harbor squad. . . ."

Two ships, he presently reported, were headed for the equator on the morrow.

"The Pizarro," he said, reading from the notes he had scribbled on the back of one of his cards, "and the Islas del Almi—Almi—"

"Islas del Almirante," said Popo, rippling the vowels like golden music. "Look you, señor, permit me to go with you," he eagerly added. "I am the oncle of Maria Christina—if you need interpreter—"

"We might do worse," said the sergeant, steadily looking him over. "Now let's see which ship is the nearest and we'll hop right into a taxi."

Five minutes later the taxi stopped at the entrance of a shadowy dock.

(*Continued on page 54*)

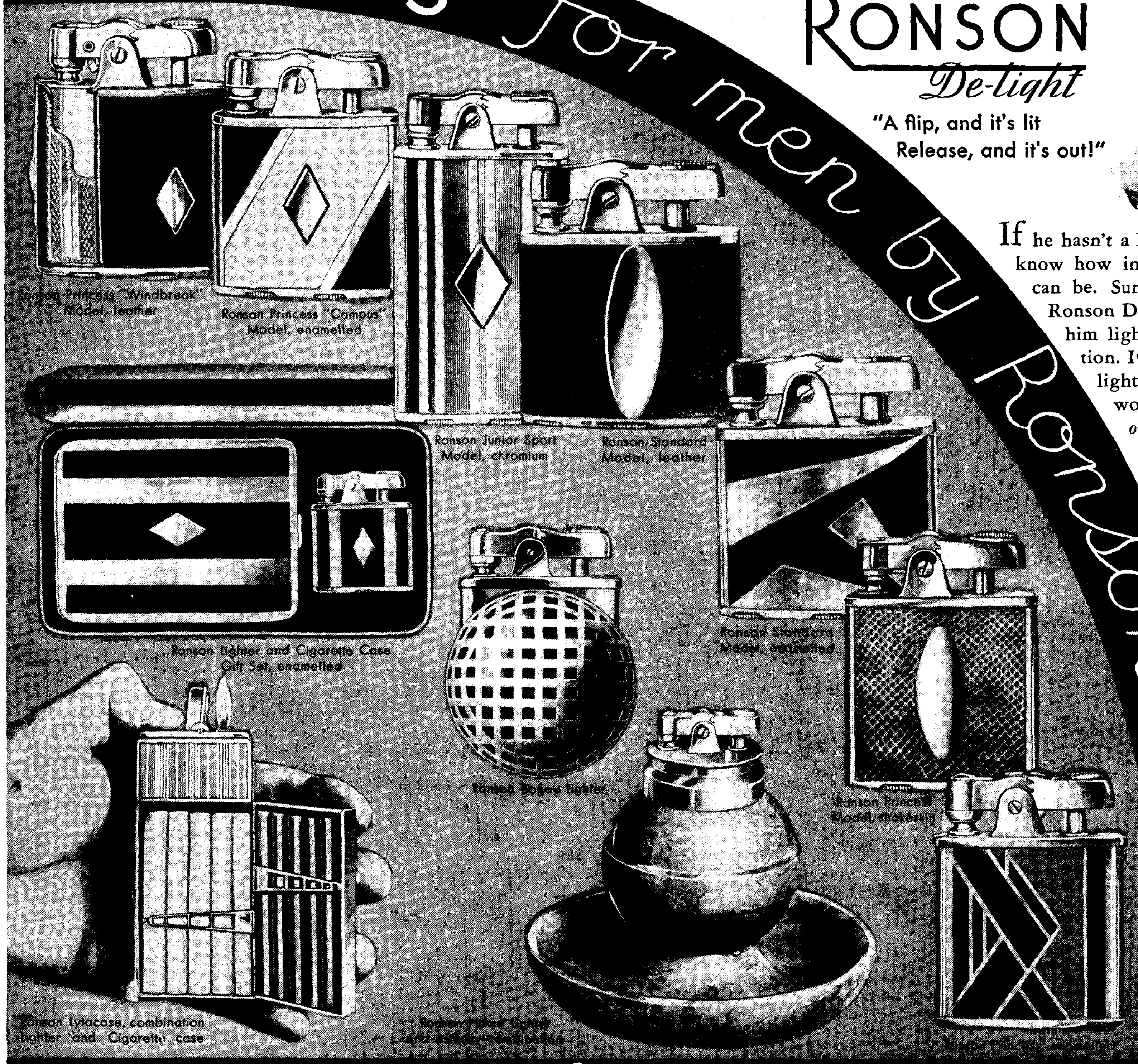
GIFTS *for men by Ronson . . .*

More than ever—THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

For Pocket, Desk and Home

RONSON *De-light*

"A flip, and it's lit
Release, and it's out!"


Ronson Princess "Windbreak" Model, leather
Ronson Princess "Campus" Model, enamelled
Ronson Junior Sport Model, chromium
Ronson Standard Model, leather
Ronson Lighter and Cigarette Case Gift Set, enamelled
Ronson Standard Model, enamelled
Ronson Bogey Lighter
Ronson Princess Model, snakeskin
Ronson Lytacase, combination lighter and Cigarette case
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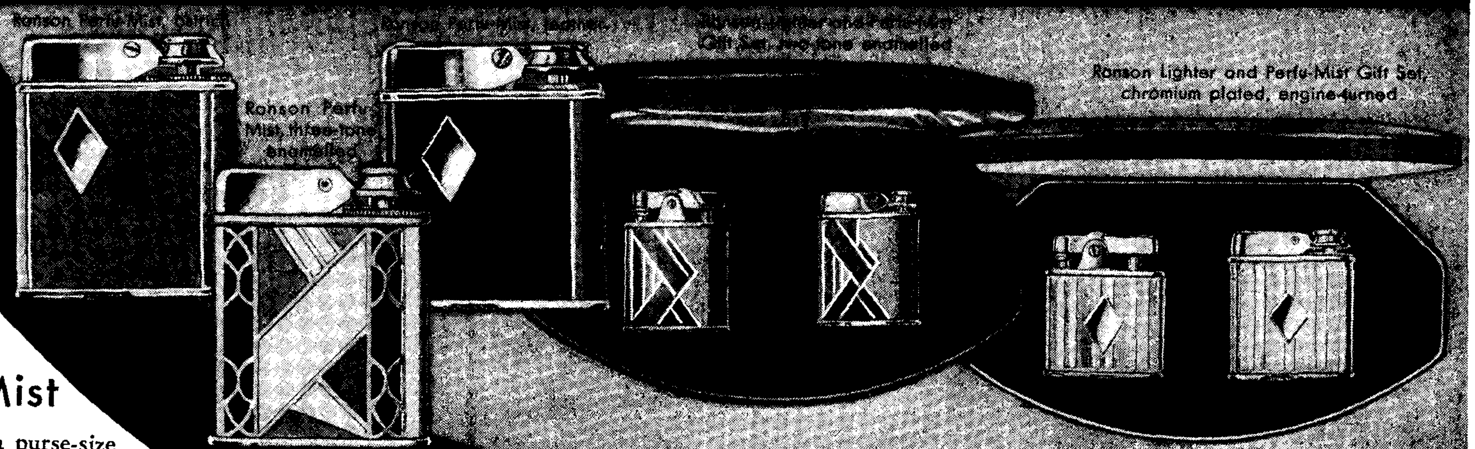
If he hasn't a Ronson he doesn't know how invaluable a lighter can be. Surprise him with a Ronson De-Light and watch him light up with satisfaction. It's the *one and only* lighter that leads the world in sales. It's the *one and only* lighter that a man rates as necessary as his watch. Write now for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

$5 AND UP

GIFTS *for women . . .*


Ronson Perfu-Mist, [illegible]
Ronson Perfu-Mist, leather
Ronson Lighter and Perfu-Mist Gift Set, two-tone enamelled
Ronson Perfu-Mist, three-tone enamelled
Ronson Lighter and Perfu-Mist Gift Set, chromium plated, engine-turned

Ronson Perfu-Mist

It looks like a lighter but it's a purse-size perfume-spray—exquisite, mechanically perfect. Fill with any perfume—press the little plunger and out floats a fragrant mist. $5 and up. Write now for catalogue and name of nearest dealer.

ART METAL WORKS, Inc., Aronson Square, NEWARK, N. J.
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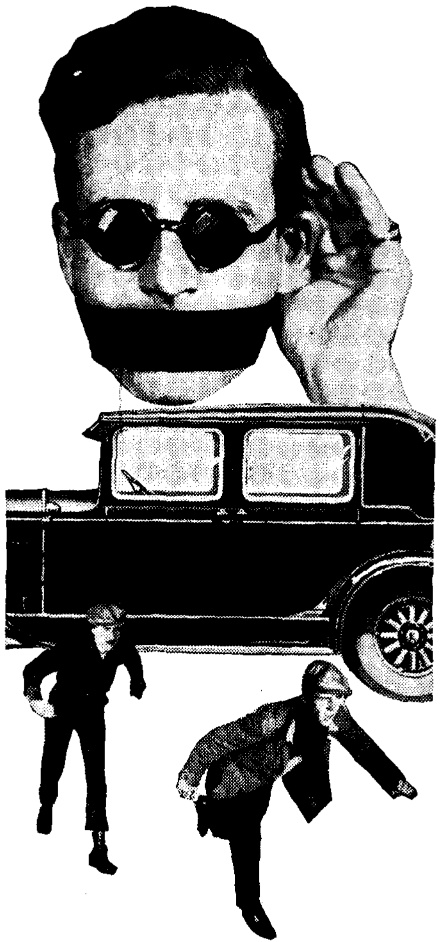

Deaf-Dumb-Blind-

***Yet "He" Stops* Auto Thieves**

What in the world IS this uncanny new discovery that so instantly terrifies auto thieves? Not an explosion. Not an electrical shocker. Not a poison gas. Yet the deadly fear it puts into thieves throws them into a panic. It works automatically the instant anyone even touches your car. Cannot injure innocent persons. Recommended by police and *insurance companies. No bigger than your* hand. Costs only one penny a year to operate. Almost never wears out. And that's not all. Excites and amuses everybody. Have lots of fun with your friends.

Mysterious New Invention Offers Agents Up To

$40 A Day!

So startling, so absolutely new, so peculiar is this strange discovery that agents who have already taken it on are smashing daily profit records. The greatest crowd gatherer you ever saw. The minute you demonstrate this clever invention people are bewildered. They want to know how it "stiffens," "hypnotizes," "shell shocks" thieves. The need for this scientific protection is so great—the big profit possibilities are so almost unlimited and easy—that now we will actually pay you just to demonstrate this amazing thief chaser. You don't need to sell a single one to make this money. Just stand on the street by your car and make it perform its magic wonders that set your audience agog and bring quick profits. No use wasting your time any longer with "piker" propositions. $40, $50, $75 a day is not too much to expect, is it? If we did not feel sure that you could make as much money as other men with this uncanny new discovery we certainly would not be willing to offer you pay just for demonstrating it. The protection it gives—its utter queerness—its strange power to put fear into thieves—and the fun it gives motorists make it the easiest, fastest selling, biggest money-making opportunity for you in many years.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Rush the coupon for your Free Sample offer—offer to pay for demonstrating and plan that gets you big money without doing any selling or demonstrating to car owners. Send no money. Just coupon. This is not an order. Nothing will be sent C. O. D. This Sample Offer is yours free of all cost. Just mail coupon now.

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I accept your generous Free Sample offer of your amazing new thief "hypnotizer" with understanding that this offer costs me nothing now or ever. Nothing will be sent C. O. D. and I am not obliged in any way to buy anything or to become your distributor. You also offer to actually pay me for just testing it on my own car. Please send details of your offer of Pay for Demonstrating it, and also your plan that offers me big money even without demonstrating or selling to car owners. If I become your local distributor you agree to give me exclusive territory.

Name ....
Address ....
City.............................. State............

Girl Missing

Continued from page 52

The customs watchman, swinging a short nightstick, sauntered toward them—an elderly appreciative student of the darker side of life, with a spendthrift's nose and a miser's pair of ears.

"Police department," announced the sergeant, showing his badge with the speed of an old magician. "Any women passengers come aboard this evening?"

"I'll say so," said Cerberus, almost smacking his lips. "Girl in a taxi. Been having a good-by party, they tell me. Pickled to the eyebrows—they had to help her up the gangplank—"

"Captain Perez with her?"

"Yep. Pretty good old scout, they tell me."

Eddie was already running for the gangplank, but the sergeant and Popo weren't far behind him. Popo immediately proved his worth to a sailor who spoke no English; and for the second time that day Captain Perez presently found himself receiving visitors without any previous announcement.

"So," he said, fastening a jaundiced eye on the sergeant and his young assistant. "You think you break in a ship like a restaurant office? I teach you better! I show you that on this ship—"

"Where is she?" demanded Eddie, in a voice which you would never have known as his.

"What you talk about to me—you yo'ng fool?"

Without another word, Eddie simply launched himself upon the captain as he sat there at his desk—fell upon him like a smothering tent from which a pair of hands appeared to clench themselves around a thin and swarthy neck. The sergeant had to work hard before he could pry them loose; and by that time the back of the captain's head had played the devil's tattoo on the stateroom floor to such good purpose that it was no trouble at all for the sergeant to frisk him for a weapon and to find instead a brass key with a square flat handle, and the number "27" upon the handle.

"You're a fine young wild man of Donegal to take out on a simple little case like this," he said, turning to his young assistant, though not without an unconscious glance of admiration. "Look what you've done—and you so sweet and gentle that you were too nice entirely for the big rough men in the police department. . . . Ah, be thankful now that his eyes are opening and it isn't murder that they can hold you for. Help him up to his feet there, sailor. Speak to him, Popo. We want him with us when we go to see who's in this stateroom 27."

THEY found Maria Christina in it, pale and unconscious, the stateroom odorous with the sweet smell of laudanum.

"She's sleeping hard," said the sergeant. "You stay here a few minutes, Eddie, and chafe her hands while I get the captain started for the station house and send for a doctor."

It was nearly ten minutes before he returned with the doctor. They carried Tina out to the deck; and there, with spirits of ammonia and black coffee from the ship's galley, she gradually recovered consciousness. She was still partly dazed when she started to look around, but at last her eyes fell upon young Mr. Bannigan.

"Oh, Eddie," she cried, "are you hurt? . . . I—I've been looking everywhere for you."

"That's all right," said Eddie brokenly. "You—you'll never have to go looking for me again. . . !"

Sergeant McGann and Jerry the Cynic were seated at their double desk in the 126th Precinct station house a few months later.

"Did you hear that Sannazaro and Perez got ten years apiece—five on the Mann Act and five on the smuggling charge?" asked Jerry.

"I thought they'd get about ten."

"THEY certainly were two busy birds while they lasted—sneaking in aliens and taking out girls and smuggling in everything but coffee in the coffee-bags."

"That's the charge I liked best—the smuggling charge," said the sergeant. "And they might have been at it yet if Eddie Bannigan hadn't stopped them."

"I guess it's the charge that Eddie liked best, too," said Jerry. "His share of the fines and penalties must have run to nearly a hundred thousand dollars. No wonder he went to Europe on his honeymoon and expects to be gone a year or two . . . studying art."

"Eddie's a smart boy—he deserves it."

"Yes; but didn't I hear him say that you ought to have had the credit—not *him*."

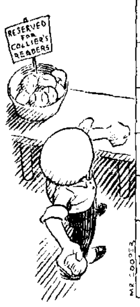
"Ah, but they're like that—the Bannigans," said the Old Bull, looking at the plaster on the opposite wall. "They say things—and they do things—without thinking. Like his father now. You've often heard me speak of his father, haven't you?"

"Sure," said Jerry, patiently. "Bumped off through a door, and his widow got a gold medal."

"Ye-ah. But you never want to forget that *my* widow would have got the gold medal instead—if Eddie's father hadn't come to pull me away from that door. . . ."

WORD HUNT
TRADE MARK

In the English language there are exactly ten words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters L·I·S. One of them is LISSOM. You supply the others.



1	L	I	S	S	O	M	(One of two forms) Limber; supple. Nimble; agile. Also (Dial. Eng.) a cleft in a rock.
2	L	I	S				To give close attention with the purpose of hearing. To hearken; to give heed.
3	L	I	S				Entered or enrolled in a list. Also, careened—said of a ship.
4	L	I	S				A small mullet of the Pacific coast of Mexico.
5	L	I	S				One that lists. One who makes a roll.
6	L	I	S				(Architecture) A narrow fillet.
7	L	I	S				Dialectal variant of No. 2.
8	L	I	S				(Dial. Eng.) List.
9	L	I	S				One who lisps.
10	L	I	S				Pronounced *S* and *Z* imperfectly, as by giving them the sound of *th*. Spoken imperfectly or falteringly.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for November 29th

1. Embolism
2. Embodied
3. Embolium
4. Embolite
5. Embowing
6. Embosser
7. Embodier
8. Embottle
9. Embolden
10. Embossed

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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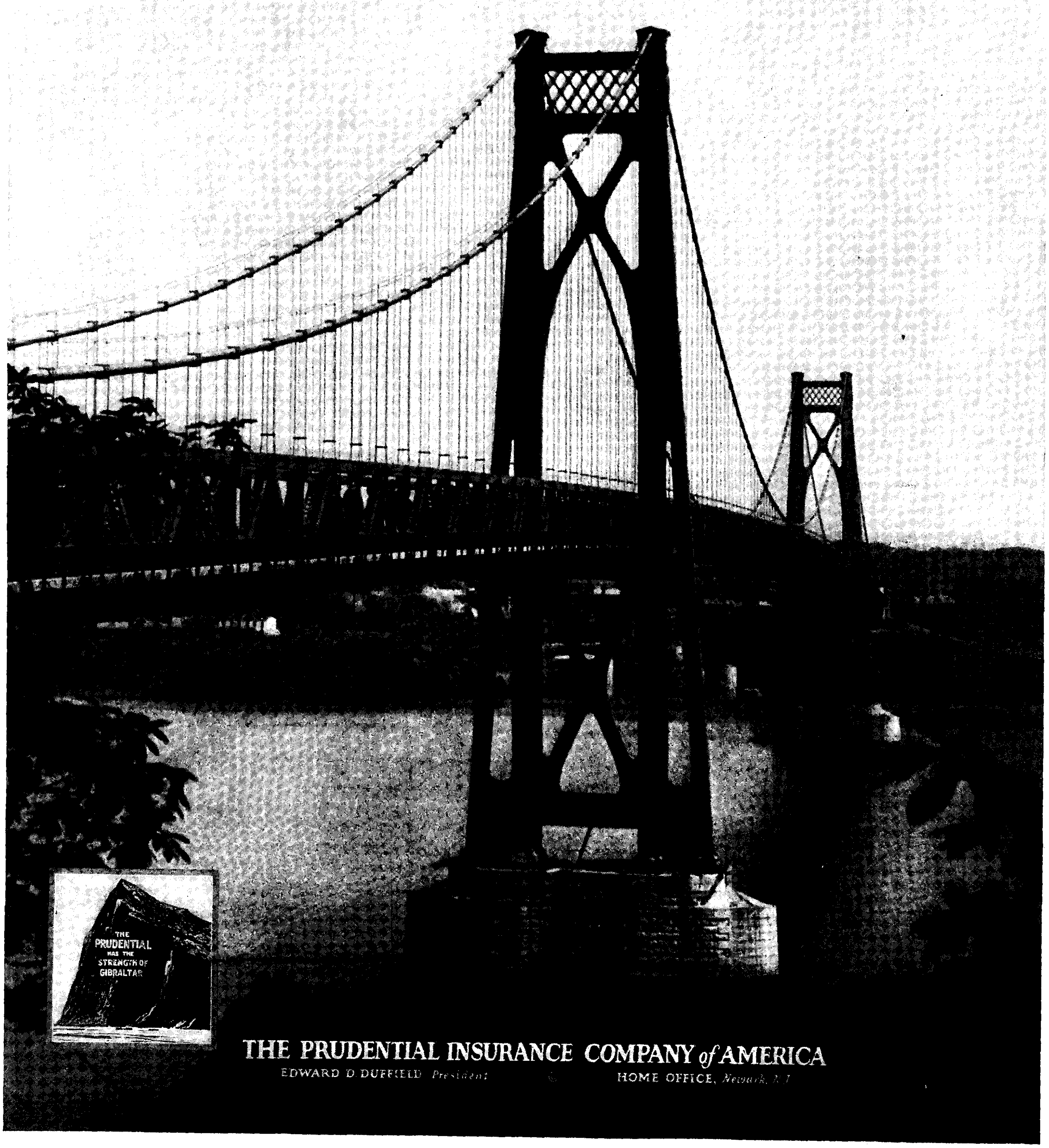
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Out of Commission

Continued from page 10

man stuck his head up out of it and perceived them.

"What are you two doing here?" he demanded roughly. They explained that they were just enjoying the evening, looking out upon the water.

"Well, if you know what is good for you, you'll get the hell out of here mighty quick" he shouted. The United States judge and the United States senator got the hell out of there without arguing.

The subject of prohibition proved as peremptory to the commission as this rum runner was to Judge Kenyon and Senator Borah. It would not be denied. The history of the investigation which ended in this report to Congress was this: Mr. Hoover, having promised to appoint a commission to investigate the workings of prohibition, apparently realized that this promise, while it was likely to give him some respite during the campaign, would make much trouble for him during his administration. So he broadened the scope of his promised inquiry. The whole subject of law enforcement was to be examined along with the unenforcement of the prohibition law or its unenforceability. Prohibition could be only a subhead in the inquiry into crime and the reason why this country was ineffective in dealing with crime. Prohibition, charged with political dynamite, was to be made secondary.

Chairman Wickersham fell in with this plan to relegate prohibition to second place. His whole procedure changed. At first he was a sharp examiner of the drys that appeared before the commission. Then suddenly he became a harsh questioner of the wet witnesses.

In the end a lively difference of opinion developed in the commission on the subject of just what place prohibition was to occupy in the investigation. Judge Kenyon, a dry, and Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, a wet, led the fight for a prompt and full inquiry into enforcement and for an early report on the subject. There appeared to be little doubt that the chairman (for the administration) wished to confine the commission's findings on prohibition to a report in favor of dividing the task of enforcement between the Federal government and the states. This was the administration's policy.

Beer Won't Do

But the pressure of public opinion and a demand from Congress aided Judge Kenyon and Dean Pound in their fight for a clear-cut consideration of prohibition. They won. The report to Congress in this session will be the result. Incidentally neither Judge Kenyon nor Dean Pound is now popular at the White House.

I have said that the prize of the Presidency is open to one man who can discover a practicable formula for dealing with prohibition. Amending the Volstead Act and dividing the enforcement are not such a formula. A report opening the way to beer might have satisfied the wets a few years ago. But not today. The wet movement is in the hands of zealots as intense as were the zealots who brought about prohibition ten years ago. Their demand is for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. They will listen to no compromise.

In the election campaign this fall repeal candidates sprang up everywhere. And what is especially troubling, they are in both parties. The New York Republicans and the New York Democrats both demanded repeal. So did both parties in New Jersey. The Democrats of Massachusetts are for repeal and the Republicans of that state narrowly missed nominating a repealer for the Senate. In Ohio, Illinois, Rhode Island and Delaware the Democrats went for repeal.

No party can hope to win the next national election without carrying the big states committed to repeal. Mr. Dwight W. Morrow set a fashion in New Jersey that is full of danger to both parties and especially to the Republican.

Repeal is all right as a war cry—a kind of "On to Richmond"; but as a political formula it is incomplete. It is purely negative. Something affirmative is required. A good many voters demand to know where they are going after repeal takes place. They are not ready to give the wets a blank check to fill in as they please. What about the saloon, they ask?

Swinging Doors

You may find a recognition of this state of mind in the New York campaign. Both the Republican and the Democratic candidates for governor felt around for some sort of pledge that repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would not bring about the return of the evils of which the country complained when it adopted the noble experiment.

Leave the future of regulating this liquor traffic to the states, some say. It will hardly do to go into a national election with that program. The people of some states refuse to trust the people of other states. They constantly appeal to Washington to force the people of neighboring states to live up to their own moral standards. Kansas would be scandalized if after the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment it remained dry and New York blossomed out with saloons in every block. This is a nation of its brothers' keepers.

But when you try to put into repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment some assurance that the demon rum will be kept in hand you run up against obstacles that are hard to remove.

It was proposed in this campaign to put into the amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment a national prohibition of the saloon. At once there is trouble. The job of getting rid of national prohibition is made several times as great as by a mere naked repeal. This proposal is not merely to repeal a constitutional amendment, which is difficult enough, heaven knows, but to pass another amendment in its place.

The anti-saloon amendment violates the principles of states' rights, and states' rights are not only the principles of one great party but also they have come to seem rather precious since the Eighteenth Amendment made hash of them. Furthermore, one objection to the Eighteenth Amendment was that it inserted a mere police statute into the Federal Constitution. Dignifying the old barkeep by putting him into the Constitution would equally offend those who think that the Constitution should be the body of fundamental law and not a mere statute book. So two great principles are involved.

Any other proposal to quiet fears as to what would follow repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment by Federal action is open to the same objections.

Another proposal often discussed is the adoption of the Canadian system of government dispensing of strong drinks. There is a good deal to be said for this plan, which seems to work well in Canada. But here again you encounter that division between state and Federal authority which causes so many problems in this country. In Canada the decision was up to the individual provinces or states themselves. Here the states have no such sovereign right.

Many people would object strongly to setting up Federal liquor stores all over the United States. The dispensaries would form a most dangerous political machine. Well then, leave it to the states to dispense liquor. But again there would be no authority to force the states to adopt the dispensary system without a constitutional amendment. And here you are led back to the difficulties in the way of any safeguarding of the future through constitutional amendment.

All this Wayne B. Wheeler did when he got prohibition into the Federal Constitution and left it to the future to find a way to get it out.

The Law Enforcement Commission had no answer to the riddle. At any rate it did not furnish one. And President Hoover is no more fortunate than his commission. He hoped, and it seemed a reasonable hope when he appointed the commission, that such a change as devolving part of the duty of enforcement upon the states, in the end probably leaving the states free to enforce or not as they chose, would satisfy the wets. A few months ago modification of the Volstead Act in favor of beer would have seemed enough to relieve the wet pressure upon the party in power for at least one national campaign. But November's elections changed all that. Nothing will satisfy the wets now but repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Public Opinion at Flood Tide

The anti-prohibition movement has developed so fast that the commission's report raises the question of what to do, and nobody is prepared with an answer. Leading members of the commission admitted to me that they know no answer. Repeal taken alone was no answer, even if the difficulties in the way of repeal were not almost insuperable. Public sentiment demanded some assurance of the future if the Eighteenth Amendment were discarded. I doubt whether many members of the commission thought beer was more than a half measure of doubtful acceptability.

The commission was swept along by the rising tide of public opinion. And the administration, Congress and the political leaders have been engulfed by it. The Democrats seem to be on their feet—but it is only because they have no immediate responsibilities.

Mr. Hoover cannot meet the wets on their own ground. He is committed against repeal. Even if he were not, he could not come out for repeal without splitting his party. He seems to be faced by the alternative of splitting his party if he does not come out for repeal and of splitting it if he does. So it is hardly to be expected that the President will do more than transmit his commission's report to Congress without recommendations.

What will Congress do with it? In all probability nothing. The wets will oppose modification of the Volstead Act on the ground that they want no compromise. They are for repeal and nothing short of it. The attitude of the wets in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Illinois, for example, will have an important effect upon Congress, which will see little advantage in passing a modification of prohibi-

(*Continued on page 58*)

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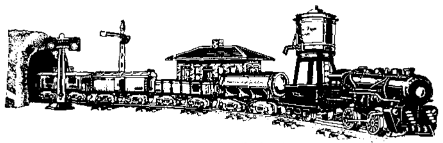

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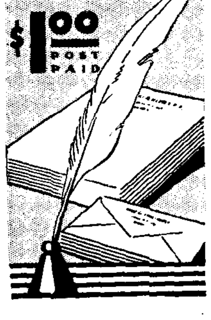

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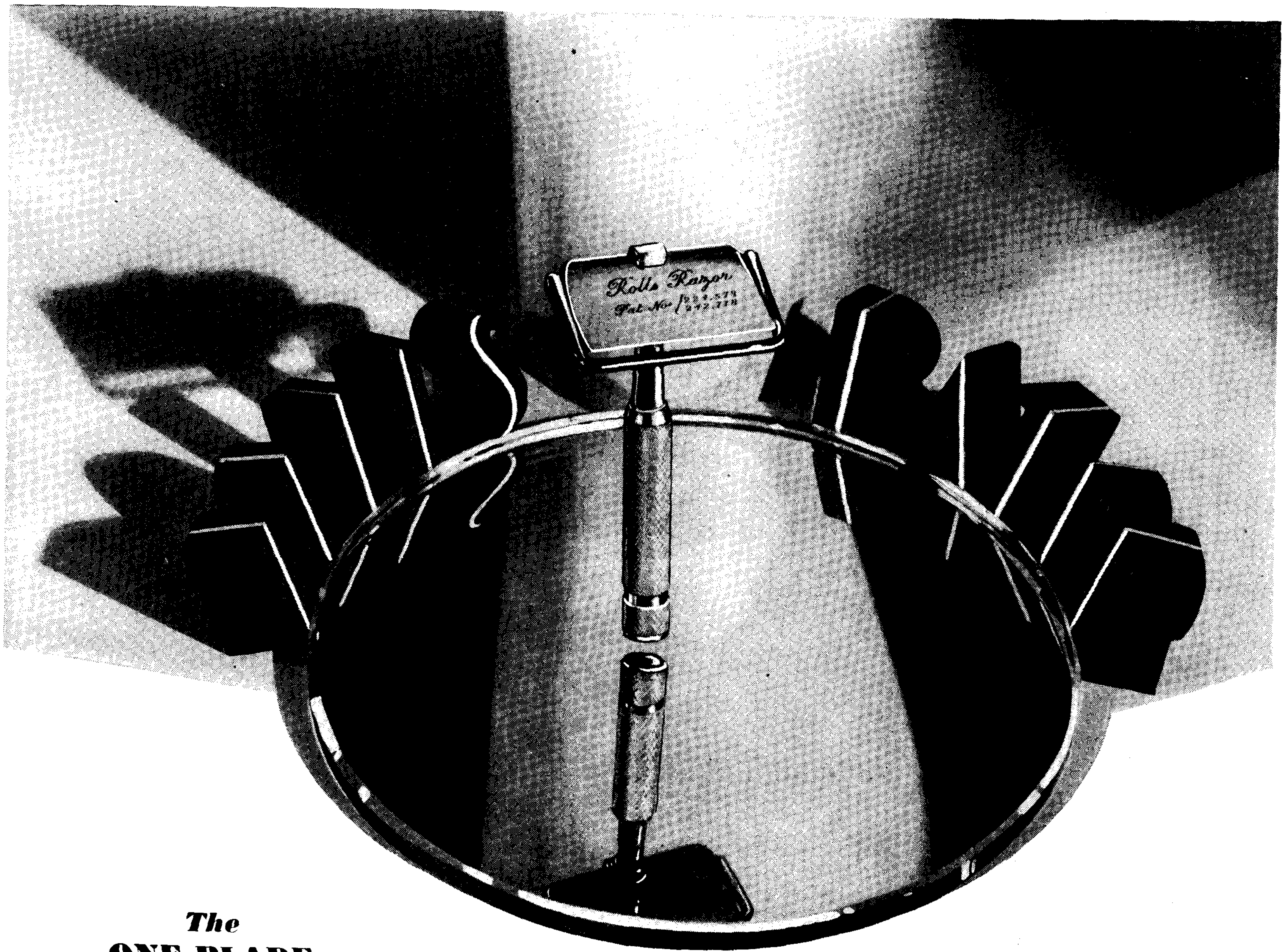

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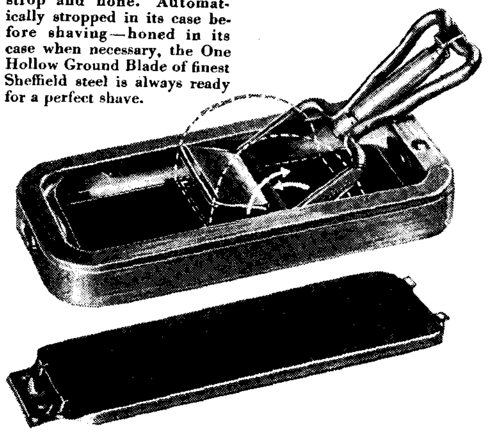

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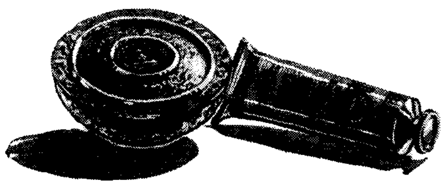

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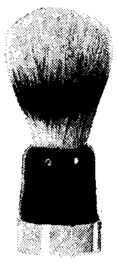


Out of Commission

Continued from page 56

tion which fails to satisfy the wet leaders and the wet voters. What is to be done now about prohibition is a question of tactics for 1932.

The drys generally will refuse modification of the Volstead Act. They will perceive that permitting beer will not stop the agitation to end prohibition. *They have nothing to gain by surrendering* part of the line they now occupy, especially as such a surrender will not lessen the pressure for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Dynamite in '32

The drys are in a strong defensive position. So long as they can control more than a third of either of the two houses of Congress they can prevent the submission of a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. And even when they cease to control more than a third of one house or the other, they are likely still to have strength enough to prevent a sufficient number of states from ratifying repeal.

To look at it from a purely party standpoint the Democrats in Congress will regard with suspicion any prohibition proposal coming from a Republican administration. They will not wish to contribute to any relief of the Republicans by lessening in any way Republican embarrassment over prohibition. If the commission's suggestion seems to satisfy some wet voters and so put the Republicans into a better position for 1932, the Democrats will oppose its adoption. *And if there is no political* advantage in passing a beer act nobody will be its friend.

Anyway, it will be perfectly possible for the drys or the wets, or both of them, to talk beer to death in the short session which is just beginning. The *next session will immediately precede* the Presidential election of 1932. Then both parties will shrink from prohibition legislation.

But a violent explosion on the whole subject of prohibition will take place in Congress. When this session is over no issue will command as much attention from the country. We may feel certain of a wet-dry fight in 1932, or perhaps it may be a wet-moist fight. By that time the Republicans may lean toward the wet side.

The Great Divide

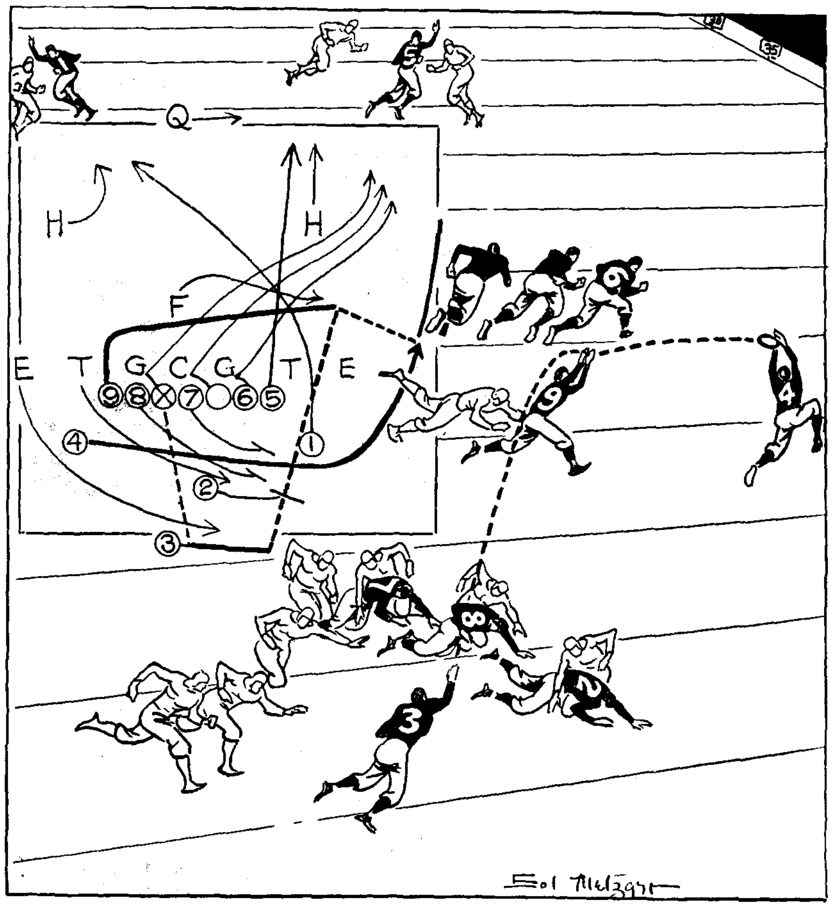
Senator Borah is getting ready to split his party if President Hoover makes the slightest move toward conciliating the wets. And the wets are so uncompromisingly for repeal that it is hard to see how Mr. Hoover can find any common ground between them and his dry supporters.

Mr. Hoover had the political wisdom to see that when Mr. Morrow in New Jersey and Mr. Tuttle in New York declared for repeal the breach in the Republican party was being made so wide that it would be very difficult to bridge it.

But the Democrats are by no means sitting pretty since the positions of the wets and of the drys became so impossible of compromise. One naturally thinks that the Democrats can go wet in 1932 without losing their dry support in the South. Perhaps they can. Democratic majorities in the South are large and the habit of party regularity is strong.

It is generally believed that if there had not been religious complications in the 1928 campaign the wetness of Al Smith would not have cost the Democracy a single Southern state.

That may have been true then. But the lines between wets and drys are being more sharply drawn every day. Repeal in 1928 probably seemed something fantastic to the drys of 1928. It is within the realm of possibility now. That may have its effect upon the *Southern drys. So again I say that the* prize of the Presidency goes to the man with a practicable prohibition formula; repeal with some affirmative program which will commend itself to the good sense of the country.



Stanford's Forward-Lateral Pass

By Sol Metzger

END play, as pointed out earlier in this series, is not the only principle of football defense which the lateral pass is likely to *change. This weapon is also caus*ing coaches, among them Jackson Cannell of Dartmouth, to lie awake nights. The lateral is bringing up new problems in forward pass defense. Pop Warner's Stanford team is one of the causes of this. Hence Cannell's worry.

A common principle of defense against forward passes was to have all players behind the rush line run at full speed, the instant the ball left the passer's hand, to the point where it would fall.

The reason for this should be quite clear to the uninitiated. First, it brought many tacklers upon the receiver. Further gain was impossible. Second, it occasionally returned touchdowns for the defense when the pass was intercepted. When that happened the score was invariably due to the fact that the runner had at hand a group of interferers to lead him to the goal line. Last fall Elder so scored against the Army to win for Notre Dame when he intercepted Cagle's pass.

But what happens to this defense against such a forward pass as Stanford uses?

Stanford, with the ball, lines up in its now famous double wing back formation. The snap is to No. 3, who speeds to the right as if on a straight off-tackle play. Two linemen and two backs form the interference.

All defensive backs would naturally come up to meet such a play were it not for the moves of Stanford's No. 1 back and No. 5 end. They break downfield at the snap, following the courses shown in the diagram. Two backs are thus lured from the zone under attack.

Simultaneously Stanford's left end (9) cuts through the line and rushes at top speed to the right. Whereat No. 3 throws him a fast forward pass. According to standard forward pass defense the opposing backs speed toward this point the instant they see the ball leave No. 3's hand.

But No. 9, receiving the ball, shoots it with both hands laterally to the back (4) who has come from the rear and run far out to the right. Straight downfield No. 4 continues with three of his linemen already through and ahead of him to clear his path to the goal.

Next issue we'll deal with Georgia Tech's somewhat odd but very effective attack, an attack that starts from a formation greatly at variance with that used by other leading teams.

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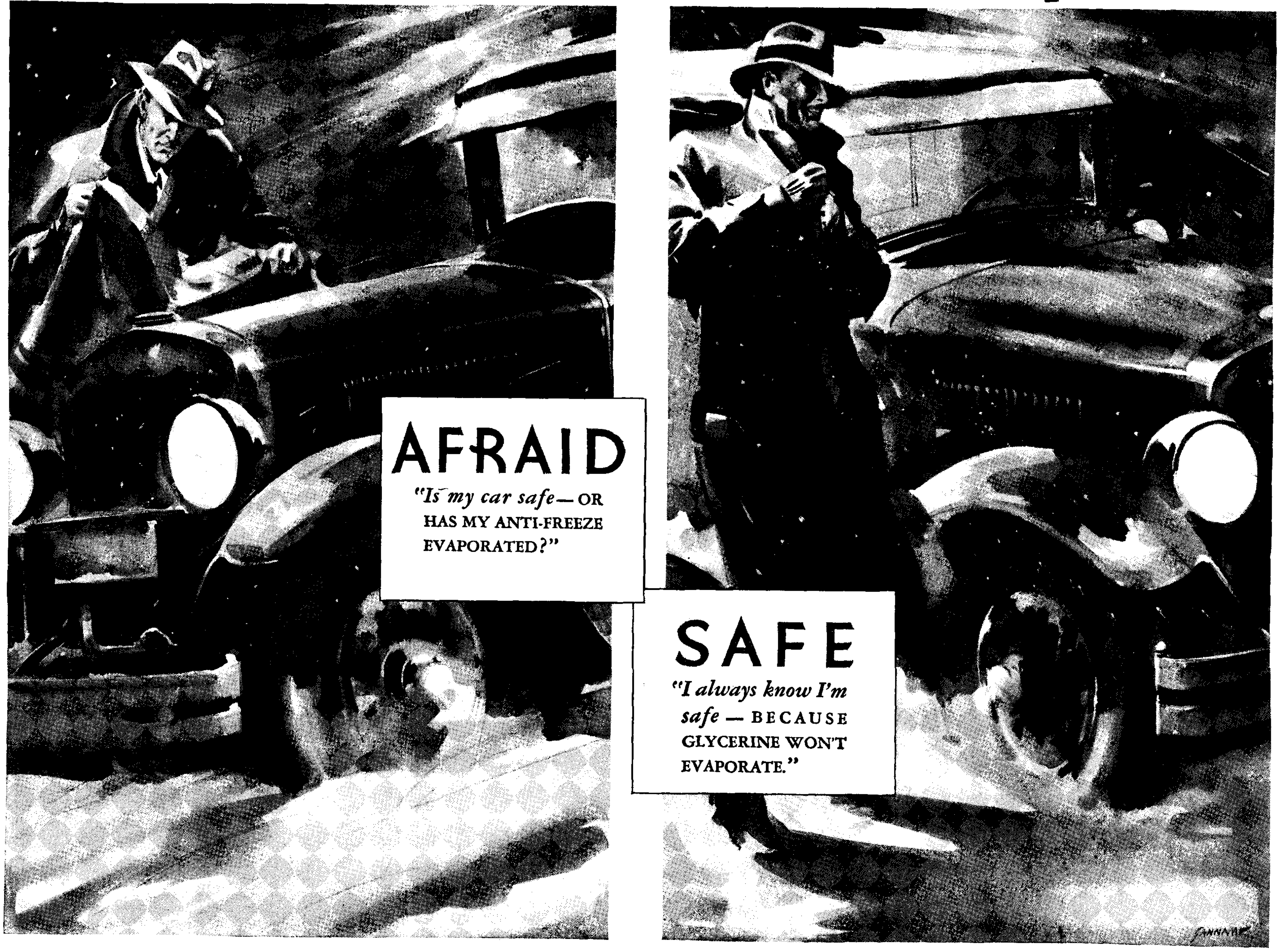

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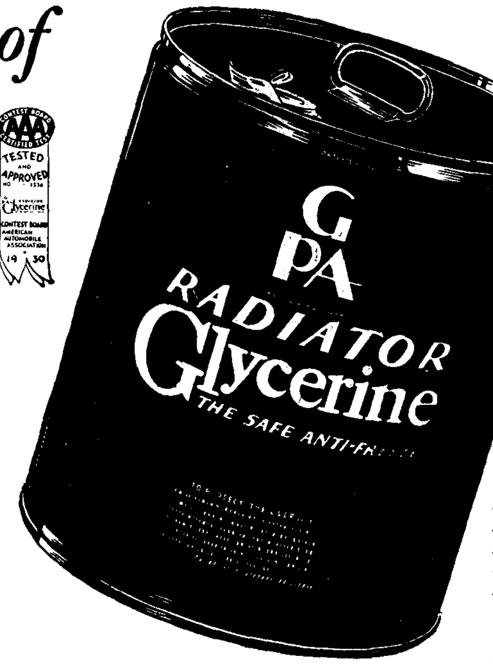

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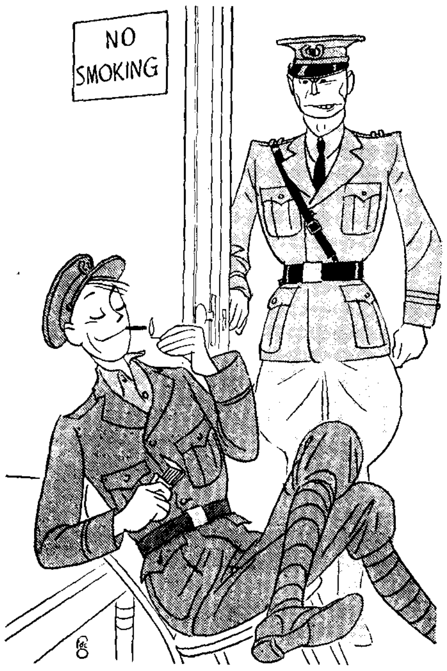

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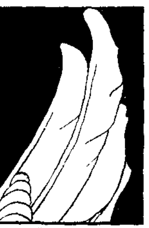

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Big Money

Continued from page 24

"Wait!" he said. "Just one moment. I want to get to the bottom of this business of old Berry."

"I don't want to talk about him."

"This lovers' tiff. . . ."

"It wasn't a lovers' tiff."

"Then what was it? Good heavens!" said the Biscuit, warming to his subject. "If ever there were a couple of birds made for each other, it's you and Berry. I mean to say, you're one of the sweetest things on earth, and he's a corker. 'His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world: "This was a man!"' I always remember that bit," said the Biscuit. "Had to write it out a hundred times at school for bunging an orange at a contemporary and catching my form master squarely in the eyeball, he happening to come unexpectedly into the room at the moment. If you've really gone and given old Berry the push, you must be cuckoo. It's no good telling yourself that there'll be another one along in a minute, because there won't. You won't find another fellow like Berry in a million years. He's all right. And what they think of him in the secret service!" added the Biscuit, belatedly remembering. "The blokes up top have got their eye on him all right, I can tell you!"

Ann laughed shortly.

"Secret service!"

"Why," asked the Biscuit, "do you say 'secret service' in that nasty, tinkling voice?"

"I know all about him, thanks," said Ann. "There's no need for *you* to lie to me. He did all of that that was necessary."

"Oh?" said the Biscuit reflectively. "Oh, ah! Ah! Oh!"

He began to understand.

"He's my uncle's secretary," said Ann, with scorn.

"In a measure," admitted the Biscuit reluctantly, "yes. But," he went on, brightening, "what of it?"

"What of it?"

"What difference does it make?"

Ann's eyes blazed.

"YOU don't think it makes any difference? You don't think that a girl's feelings are likely to change towards a man when she finds he has been lying to her and making a fool of her and pretending to be fond of her just because . . ." She choked. ". . . just because she happens to be rich?"

The Biscuit was shocked.

"My dear young prune," he said, "you aren't asking me to believe that you think that a fellow like Berry was after your money?"

"Yes, I am. Lady Vera said he was."

"Admitting," said the Biscuit, "that what my Aunt Vera doesn't know about cash chivying isn't worth knowing, I deny it *in toto*. Aunt Vera was talking through her hat. Listen, you poor mutt. I was at school with old Berry for a matter of five years, and I know him from caviar to coffee. He's the squarest bird on earth. And that's official. You don't suppose a man can be mistaken about another man after five years at school with him, do you? Berry's all right."

"Then why did he lie to me?"

"I'll tell you about that," said the Biscuit. "Give you a good laugh, this will. He saw you at the Berkeley that day and fell in love with you, and then he saw you in your car, and the only way he could think of to get to know you was to jump in and say he was a secret service man. That's the sort of chap he is. Weak in the head, but fizzing with romance. And *in re* his being your uncle's secretary: You don't imagine he stuck on as secretary to old Pop Frisby because he enjoyed it, do you? He was left without a penny in the world, and some lawyer cove lent him a couple of hundred quid to give him a start, and he had to get a job and hold it down till he had paid the stuff back. And all the time he was yearning to roll to Rio or go to Arizona and do something or other to rocks—he told me what it was, but I've forgotten. Blackjacking, it sounded like. And, talking of Arizona, let me tell you something, and you'll see what a young muttonhead you've been to think that it was your money he was after. He's got money himself, thousands and thousands of pounds of it. Or he will have tomorrow. Me, too. We've come into a fortune."

ANN was silent. Then she drew her breath in with a long sigh.

"I see," she said.

"It's no good saying you see. What are you going to do about it?"

"I've made a fool of myself," said Ann.

"You've made a gosh-awful fool of yourself," agreed the Biscuit enthusiastically. "You've acted like a pipsqueak. What steps, then, do you propose to take?"

"Shall I write to him?"

"Not a bad idea."

"I'll go home and do it now."

"Excellent."

"Well, I'll be going, Godfrey."

"Perhaps it would be as well," said the Biscuit. "I mean, delighted you were able to come, and so on, but you know how it is."

"I suppose I ought to try to thank you," said Ann, at the front door.

"Not a bit necessary. Only too pleased if any little thing I may have said has been instrumental . . ."

"Well, good-by."

"Good-by," said the Biscuit. "I shall watch your future career with considerable interest. Hullo, who's this bird?"

The bird alluded to was the redoubtable Captain Kelly, who had suddenly manifested himself out of the darkness.

"Just a moment," said Captain Kelly.

Ann stared at him, alarmed. With his hat pulled down over his eyes, the captain was a disquieting figure.

"All hawkers, bottles, and street criers should go round to the back door," said the Biscuit, with a householder's austerity. "Unless, by any chance," he said, an alternative theory crossing his mind, "you're the vicar?"

"I'm not the vicar."

"Then who are you?"

"Never mind who I am," said Captain Kelly shortly. "All I want to say is that you don't leave here tonight, and this young lady doesn't leave here tonight."

"What!" cried the Biscuit.

"What!" cried Ann.

"See this?" said the captain.

The light from the hall shone on a businesslike-looking revolver. Ann and the Biscuit gazed at it, fascinated.

"I'll be waiting outside if you try any funny business," said Captain Kelly.

"But what's it all about?" demanded the Biscuit.

"You know what it's all about," said the captain briefly. "In you get now, and don't you try to come out, unless you want the top of your head blown off. I mean it."

Inside the hall, the Biscuit stared at the closed door as if he were trying to see through it.

"The suburbs for excitement!" he said.

Ann uttered an exclamation.

"But I can't stay here all night!" she cried.

The Biscuit quivered as if an electric shock had passed through him.

"You jolly well bet you can't!" he agreed vehemently. "I don't know if you happen to know it, but poor little Kitchie's faith in man is pretty wobbly these days. She had a bad shock not long ago, administered by a worm of the name of Merwyn Flock. If she finds that you and I have been camping out here . . . My gosh!" groaned the Biscuit, "all will be over. No wedding bells for me. She's as likely as not to go into a convent or something."

"But what's to be done? Who is that man?"

"I don't know. No pal of mine."

"He must be mad."

"He's absolutely potty. But that doesn't make it any better."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Take another small snort."

"What's the good of that?"

"I'll tell you what's the good of it," said the Biscuit. "It will clear my mind, enable me to grapple more freely with a problem to which as yet I can see no answer. I'm a pretty quick fellow, as a rule, but when it comes to homicidal lunatics in the front garden, I am not ashamed to confess myself temporarily baffled. The one thing certain is that somehow or other, by what means I cannot say, you have got to be eased out of here as soon as possible."

He led the way back to the sitting-room, and reached abstractedly for the decanter. He was thinking . . . thinking.

IN a prosaic age like the one in which we live anything that seems to border on eccentricity is always judged harshly. We look askance at it, and draw damaging conclusions. Deviate ever so little from the normal behavior of the ordinary man, and you meet inevitably with head-shakings and suspicion from a censorious world.

The actions of both Captain Kelly and J. B. Hoke had been, as we have seen, dictated by careful and reasonable reflection. They were based on solid common sense. Yet, just as Ann and the Biscuit, in the sitting-room of Peacehaven, had come to the conclusion that the captain was unbalanced and even potty, so now did Berry and Lord Hoddesdon, on the other side of the partition, take a snap judgment and condemn Mr. Hoke on the same grounds.

Lord Hoddesdon was the first to clothe this thought in words. He had been watching Mr. Hoke's pistol with a fascinated eye and a sagging jaw, and now he spoke.

"Who is this lunatic?" he asked.

Berry was more soothing.

"It's quite all right, Mr. Hoke," he said. "You're among friends. You remember me, don't you? Conway?"

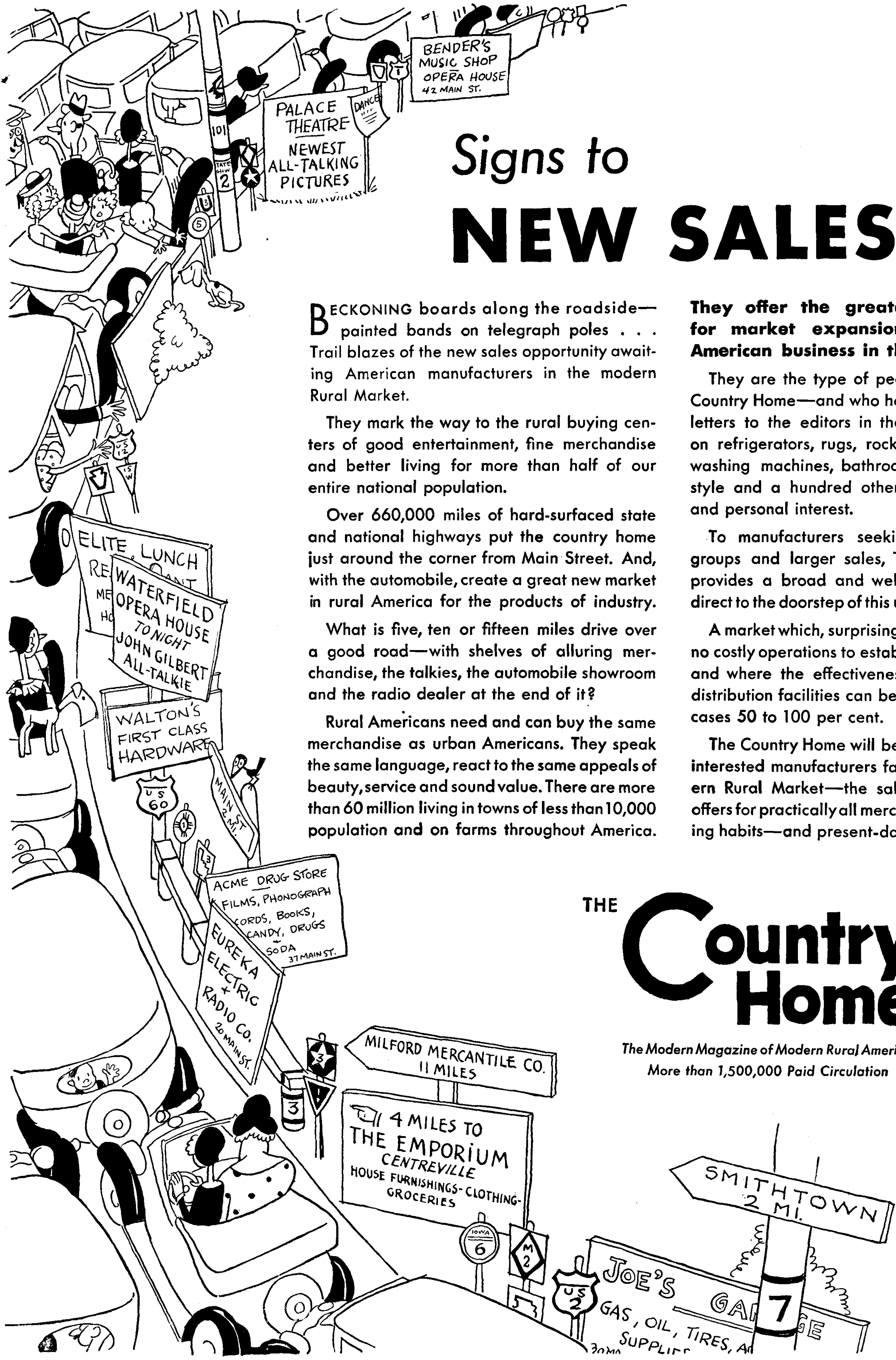
"The man's a raving madman," proceeded Lord Hoddesdon. "Keep your dashed finger off that trigger, sir, confound you!" he added, with growing concern.

"Hands up," said Mr. Hoke muzzily.

"Our hands are up," said Berry, still with that same elder-brotherly sweetness. "You can see they're up, can't you? Look! Right up here."

And, to emphasize the point, he twiddled his fingers. Mr. Hoke stared at them, with an air of dislike, blinked, and rose to a point of order.

(*Continued on page 62*)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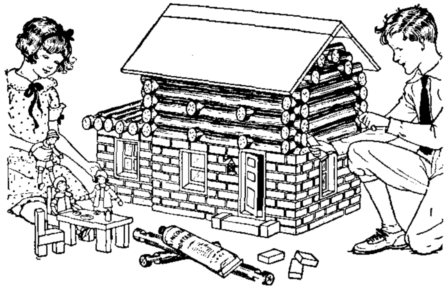

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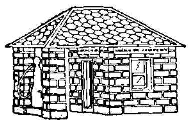

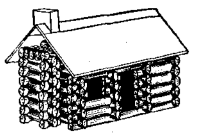

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Big Money

Continued from page 60

"Hey!" he observed. "Quit that!"

"Quit what?"

"That twiddling," said Mr. Hoke. "I don't like it."

It reminded him somehow of spiders, and he did not wish to think of spiders.

"I'll tell you what," said Berry. "Put that pistol away and just sit back quite quietly, and I'll go and make you a nice cup of tea."

"Tea?"

"A nice, hot, strong cup of tea. And then we'll sit down and have a good talk, and you shall tell us what it is that's on your mind."

Mr. Hoke regarded him owlishly. He seemed to be considering the suggestion.

"I had a mother once," he said.

"You did?" said Berry.

"Yes, sir!" said Mr. Hoke. "That's just what I had. A mother."

"The man's a dashed, driveling, raving, raging lunatic," said Lord Hoddesdon.

Mr. Hoke started. Something in his lordship's words had caused a monstrous suspicion to form itself in his clouded mind. It seemed to him, if he had interpreted them rightly, that Lord Hoddesdon was casting doubts on his sanity. He resented this. He would have been the first to admit that he had taken perhaps one over the eight and that his mental powers had lost, in consequence, something of their usual keen edge; but he was deeply wounded to think that anyone should consider him *non compos.*

"Think I'm crazy?" he said.

"Not *crazy,*" said Berry. "Just . . ."

"He's as mad as a hatter," insisted Lord Hoddesdon, who objected to paltering with facts and liked to call a spade a spade. "Will you stop fingering that trigger, sir? Do you want a double murder on your hands?"

"I'm not crazy," said Mr. Hoke. "No, sir."

"I'm sure you're not," said Berry. "Just the tiniest bit overexcited. Why not lay that pistol down—look, there's a table where it would go nicely—and tell us all about your mother?"

Mr. Hoke's mind was still occupied with his grievance. He objected to this attempted side-tracking of the conversation to the topic of mothers. Plenty of time, he felt, to talk about mothers when he had proved to these skeptics that he was as sane as anybody. He proceeded to give his proofs.

"You want to know why I'm acting this way?" he said. "You don't know, do you? Oh, no, you don't know. Can't imagine, can you? That red-headed pal of yours hasn't been telling you what I told him about the Dream Come True, has he? Oh, no. He hasn't come and handed you the dope, has he? Oh, no. You and your mothers! Don't try to put me off by talking about your mother, because I know what I'm doing, and if your mother doesn't like it, she can do the other thing."

TO Lord Hoddesdon, chafing impotently, these strong remarks on the subject of dreams and mothers seemed but further evidence if such were needed, that he stood in the presence of one of the most pronounced lunatics who ever qualified for the restraint of a padded cell. Gibbering, pure and simple, his lordship considered Mr. Hoke's last speech. But to Berry there came dimly, as through a fog, a sort of meaning.

"What about the Dream Come True?" he asked.

"You don't know, do you?" asked Mr. Hoke witheringly.

He moved cautiously across the room, the better to keep his eye upon his prisoners, and sat with his back against the wall, surveying them keenly.

"You don't know, do you?" he said. "That red-head didn't tell you, did he? And you weren't listening outside old Frisby's door that day, when him and me were talking about keeping it under our hats that there had been a new reef located? Well, if you think you're going to get up to London tomorrow and start in buying Horned Toad stock, you've got another guess coming. You're going to stay right here, that's what you're going to do."

He turned a glazing eye on Lord Hoddesdon.

"And that goes for you, too, Oil," he said.

BERRY uttered a sharp cry. It was as if a great light had shone upon him.

"So you knew there was copper there?" he cried.

"Knew it all along," said Mr. Hoke. "And I'm going to clean up big. You'll see Horned Toad up in the hundreds before the end of the week."

A whistling sigh escaped Lord Hoddesdon. His arms were aching, and this meaningless exchange of remarks was making his head ache still more. Dreams and mothers, and now horned toads. . . . It was too much for a nobleman of limited intellect to be expected to endure with composure.

Berry's hands had begun twitching again, and Mr. Hoke commented on the fact.

"Don't twiddle!" he said.

He leaned against the wall, and endeavored to steady his faithful gat. He did not like the expression on Berry's face. For the matter of that, he did not like the expression on Lord Hoddesdon's face. And he was about to say as much, when without any warning there was a loud, splintering crash and quite a lot of the wall fell on top of his head.

"Hell!" cried Mr. Hoke, mystified.

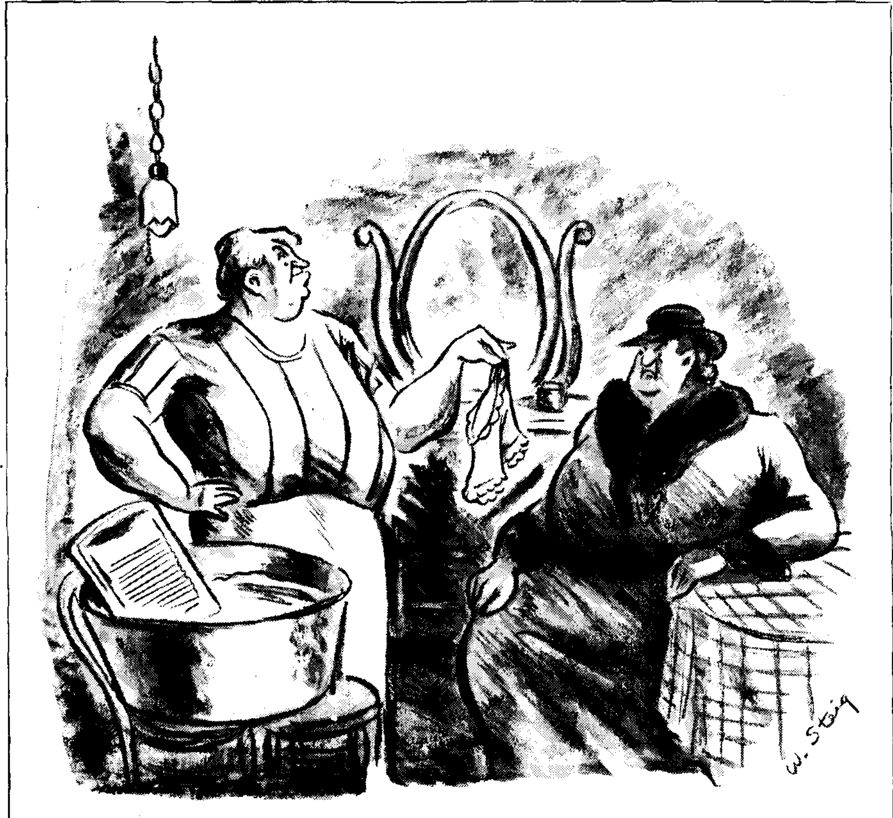
There is always a reason for the most perplexing occurrences. To J. B. Hoke this sudden dissolution of what had appeared to be a solid wall seemed to step straight into the miracle class. He thought, as far as he was capable of thinking at all, of earthquakes. His mind also toyed for an instant with the theory that possibly this was the end of the world. And all it was, in reality, was Berry's next-door neighbor, Lord Biskerton, endeavoring to take a short cut from Peacehaven to The Nook.

We left the Biscuit, it will be recalled, in the act of thinking. A brain of that caliber cannot go on thinking long without some solid result. Scarcely had the Biscuit swallowed one stiffish whisky-and-soda and begun another, rather milder, when the solution of the problem with which he was confronted flashed upon him. Suddenly a thought came like a full-blown rose, flushing his brow; and, charging downstairs to the cellar, he came racing up again, armed now with the pickax used by suburban householders for breaking coal.

His train of thought may be readily followed. The more he caught the eye of the photograph of his betrothed on the mantelpiece, the more clearly did he perceive that something must be done to dissolve this enforced tête-à-tête between Ann and himself on the premises of Peacehaven. Captain Kelly's strongly expressed views had shown him that it was impossible for her to leave by the ordinary route, and so he had adopted the only alternative one. Let him get through into Berry's sitting-room, he felt, and the thing would at least become a threesome. Good enough, was the Biscuit's verdict.

HE SWUNG his weapon vigorously, and was delighted to find that it met with little resistance. Architects of suburban semi-detached villas do not build party walls with an eye to this sort of treatment. Encouraged, he redoubled his efforts.

Lord Biskerton, as we have said, was delighted. But it is rarely in this world that we find everybody happy at the same time, and it would be idle to pretend that his exhilaration was shared by Mr. Hoke. What he was going to do about it, beyond uttering a reproving



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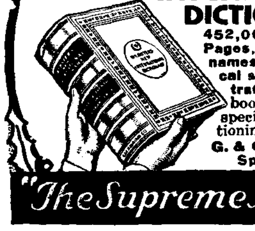

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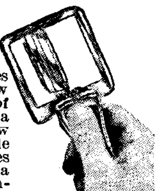

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"Hey!" Mr. Hoke did not know, but he knew that he did not like it.

He backed away from the center of disturbance with a pop-eyed stare of concern, and it was at this moment that Berry, grateful for the opportunity, sprang forward and with a dexterous flick of the foot kicked the pistol out of his hand. He and Mr. Hoke then went into conference on the floor.

Lord Hoddesdon, lowering his aching arms, possessed himself of a stout chair and stood by the rapidly widening hiatus in the wall, awaiting developments. He was feeling warlike, but not surprised. The rigors of life in the suburbs, experienced first by day and now by night, had hardened Lord Hoddesdon's soul.

The gap in the wall widened, and Lord Hoddesdon's face grew grimmer. Like his great forbear who had done as well at the Battle of Agincourt, he intended, if necessary, to die fighting.

ROUND and about the imitation Axminster carpet, meanwhile, the catch-as-catch-can struggle between Berry and his visitor was proceeding briskly and with considerable spirit. J. B. Hoke might have been injudicious in the matter of refreshment that day; he might, during his retirement in London, have allowed the enervating conditions of a peaceful life to spoil his figure and impair his wind; but in his hot youth he had been a pretty formidable barroom scrapper, with an impressive record of victories from the Barbary Coast of San Francisco to the Tenderloin district of New York; and much of the ancient skill still lingered. You could tell by the way he kicked Berry on the shin and attempted to get a toothhold on his left ear that this was no novice who sprawled and wriggled on the floor.

Berry perceived this himself, and he put his whole soul into the fray. And for a space the issue hung doubtful. Then Mr. Hoke made the grave strategic blunder of rising to his feet.

It was not a thing his best friends would have advised. Where, on the ground, he had seemed all feet and teeth, he became revealed now as the possessor of a stomach. Berry saw this. He hit Mr. Hoke twice, solidly, in the midriff. And Mr. Hoke, with a defeated gurgle, folded up like an Arab tent and lay prone. And Berry, jumping for the gat which had been the gage of battle, picked it up and stood, panting.

He was attempting to recover some of the breath of which the recent struggle had deprived him, when a crash from behind, followed by a sharp howl, caused him to turn.

His old friend Lord Biskerton was sitting on the floor, nursing a wounded wrist, while his old friend's father, Battling Hoddesdon, stood gazing at his handiwork with surprise and concern.

"Godfrey!"

"Hullo, guv'nor. You here?"

"Godfrey," cried Lord Hoddesdon. "I've hurt you, my boy!"

"Guv'nor," replied the Biscuit, "you never spoke a truer word. If I hadn't happened to get an arm up in time, the peerage would never have descended through the direct line."

At this moment, Ann stepped through the hole in the wall.

"Come right in, Ann," said the Biscuit cordially. "And thank your stars it wasn't a case of ladies first. Otherwise you would have caught it on the napper properly. The guv'nor's just doing his big tent-pegging act."

This was only Ann's third visit to Valley Fields, and she had, in consequence, but a slight acquaintance with the wholesome give and take of life in the suburbs of London. Lord Hoddesdon, entering a sitting-room in Valley Fields and finding two bodies on the floor, would have accepted the phenomenon with philosophic resignation as a perfectly normal and ordinary manifestation of suburban activity. Ann, on the other hand, was surprised.

"What has been happening?" she gasped.

Lord Hoddesdon answered the question with the stolidity of an old *habitué*.

"Lunatic," he explained. "Dangerous. Mr. Conway overpowered him."

Ann gazed at Berry emotionally. Her heart was throbbing with all the old love and esteem. One of his eyes was closed, as eyes will close when smartly jabbed by an elbow, and there was blood trickling down his cheek; but she stared at him as at a beautiful picture.

"Why, it's Hoke," said the Biscuit, interested. "When did old Hoke go off his onion? He seemed sane enough at lunch."

Berry laughed unpleasantly.

"He isn't off his head, Biscuit," he said. "He knows what he's doing. Biscuit, you were right. He did do me down over that mine. He's just been telling me all about it."

"Yes, he told me, too. Do you realize what this means, Berry?"

"Are you hurt, Berry darling?" said Ann.

Berry stared at her.

"What did you say?"

"I said, are you hurt?"

"You said 'darling.'"

"Well, of course," said Ann.

"But . . ."

"Sweethearts still," explained the Biscuit. "Recent remarks on her part *re* never wanting to see you again were made under a misapprehension. The scales have fallen from her eyes."

"Ann!" said Berry.

"Come here," said Ann, "and let Mother kiss the place and make it well."

"But . . . here . . . dash it!"

It was Lord Hoddesdon who spoke. Affairs of greater urgency had caused him to forget for a while the mission which had brought him down to this house, but he remembered it now, and he gazed with consternation at the horrid picture of Ann—the heiress—old Frisby's niece—so obviously going out of the family. He looked piteously round at his son, as if seeking support, but the Biscuit had other things on his mind.

"Just a moment," said the Biscuit. "Are you aware, Berry, that Horned Toad Copper, now quoted at one-and-six or something like that, is going to shoot up shortly into the hundreds?"

"I am," said Berry bitterly. "Hoke told me. That's why he came here. He sat and held me up with a gun, to prevent my getting to London to buy the stock. Not knowing, poor chump, that I couldn't have bought the stock if he'd sent a motor to fetch me."

"Why couldn't you?"

"I haven't any money."

"Yes, you have. You've got two thousand quid, and here it is. Check requires endorsement."

BERRY regarded the slip of paper, astounded.

"How did you get this?"

"Never mind. I have my methods."

"It's signed by Frisby's lawyer."

"Never mind who it's signed by, so long as he's good for the stuff. Endorse it, and lend me half. A vast fortune stares us in the eye, laddie. Guv'nor," said the Biscuit, "if you've any means of collecting a bit of money tomorrow or the next day, bung it into Horned Toad Copper and clean up."

Lord Hoddesdon gulped.

"Frisby gave me a check for six hundred pounds only yesterday!"

"He did? One of the most pleasing aspects of this whole binge," said the Biscuit, "is that that old buccaneer seems to be financing our little venture. Seething the kid in its mother's milk,

(*Continued on page 64*)

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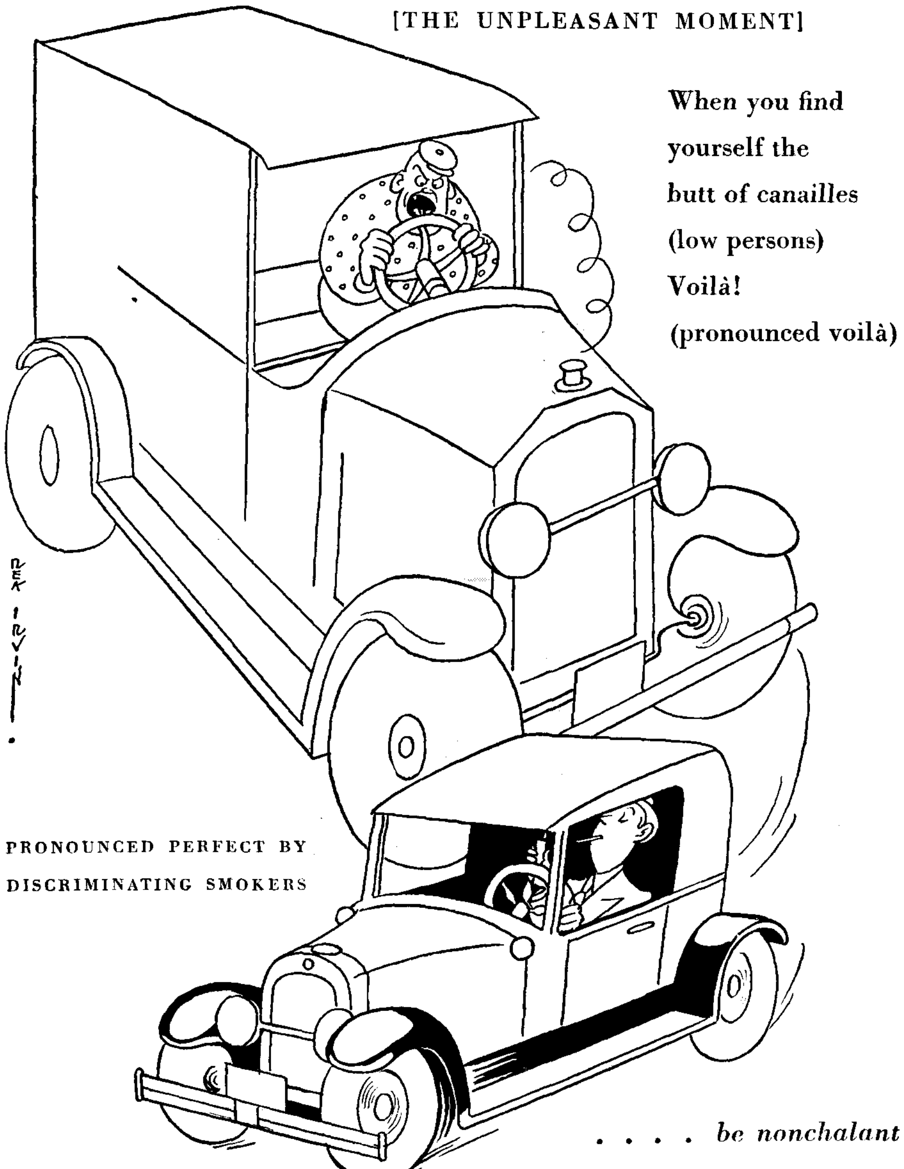

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(*Continued from page 63*)

is what I call it." He paused, and a look of despairing gloom came into his face. "Oh, golly!" he moaned.

"What's the matter?"

The Biscuit's exuberance had vanished.

"Berry, old man," he said, "I hate to break it to you, old bird, but in the excitement of the moment I forgot."

"What?"

"We can't get out of here. We're cornered."

"Why?"

"Hoke's pal's waiting outside."

Berry snorted.

"I'll soon fix him!"

"But he's got a gun."

"So have I."

"Ah," said Mr. Hoke, making his first contribution to the conversation, "but it isn't loaded."

"What?"

Berry tested the statement, and found it correct.

"Knew all along," said Mr. Hoke, "there was something I'd forgotten. And that was it."

"Tie that blighter up, guv'nor," said the Biscuit severely, "and bung him in the cellar. And I hope the mice eat him."

He regarded Mr. Hoke with growing disapproval. Thanks to his slipshod methods, the garrison of The Nook was helpless. The curse of the age, the Biscuit felt, was this sloppy, careless way of doing things. You would have expected something better from a business man like J. B. Hoke, even if he had been getting steadily plastered all the afternoon. That was how the Biscuit felt, and the thought depressed him.

In the mind of Mr. Hoke, on the other hand, there was nothing but sunshine. All, he realized, was not lost. In fact, nothing was. He himself had been put out of action, but there still remained his excellent friend Captain Kelly, and Captain Kelly could handle the situation nicely.

"That's all right about tying me up," he said. "What good's that going to do you?"

Berry was making for the door.

"Berry!" cried Ann. "Where are you going?"

Berry stopped.

"Where am I going?" he repeated. "I'm going to knock the stuffing out of that fellow."

"And I'd join you," said the Biscuit warmly, "only the guv'nor's gone and smashed my arm. Perhaps you'd care to go along, guv'nor, and lend a hand?"

LORD HODDESDON thought not. The old Crécy spirit had begun to ebb.

"It's young man's work," he said.

"Berry!" cried Ann.

But Berry had gone.

In the pause that followed, little of note was said, except by Mr. Hoke. Mr. Hoke, in spite of the Biscuit's well-meant efforts to repress him by kicking him in the ribs, struck an almost lyrical vein on the subject of his partner.

"He's a gorilla," said Mr. Hoke. "He never misses."

He subsided for a moment into a thoughtful silence.

"It seems a pity," he said. "A nice young fellow like that."

A scuffling sound outside broke in on his meditations.

"Ah," said Mr. Hoke pensively. "This'll be the body coming back."

Through the doorway came Berry. He was not alone. Resting on his shoulder was the form of Captain Kelly.

The captain appeared to have sustained a wound from some blunt instrument.

"Now," said Berry, "put these two fellows in the cellar, and don't let them out till we've done our bit of business tomorrow."

"I'll guard them," said Lord Hoddesdon.

"How did you manage it, old man?" cried the Biscuit.

Berry was silent for a moment. He seemed to be thinking.

"I have my methods," he said.

"Berry!" cried Ann.

Berry regarded her fondly. He had only one eye with which to do it, but it was an eye that did the work of two.

"Shall I see you to your car?" he said.

"Yes, do."

"Want me to come along?" asked the Biscuit.

"No," said Berry.

"DARLING," said Berry.

"Yes, darling?" said Ann.

She was seated at the wheel of her car and he stood leaning on the side. Mulberry Grove was dark and scented and silent.

"Ann," said Berry, "I've something I want to tell you."

"That you love me?"

"Something else."

"But you do?"

"I do."

"In spite of all the beastly things I said to you in the park?"

"You were quite right."

"I wasn't."

"I did lie to you."

"Well, never mind."

"But I do mind. Ann—"

"Yes?"

"I've something I want to tell you."

"Well, go on."

Berry looked past her at the ornamental water.

"It's about that fellow."

"What fellow?"

"Hoke's friend."

"What about him?"

"You've been saying how brave I was."

"So you were. It was the bravest thing I ever heard of."

"You're looking on me as a sort of hero."

"Of course I am."

"Ann," said Berry, "I've something I want to tell you. Do you know what happened when I got out?"

"You jumped on him and stunned him."

"No," corrected Berry, "I did not. When I got out, I found him lying on the ground with his head in a large bush."

"What!"

"Yes."

"But . . ."

"Wait! I'll tell you. You remember my housekeeper, Mrs. Wisdom?"

"Well, what about Mrs. Wisdom?"

"I'll tell you. She is engaged to a local policeman, a man named Finbow."

"Well?"

"She and Finbow had been to the movies in Brixton."

"Well?"

"She came back," proceeded Berry doggedly, "and she found a strange man lurking in our front garden."

"Well?"

"She thought he was a burglar."

"Well?"

"So," said Berry, "she hit him on the head with her umbrella and knocked him out and all I had to do was carry him in. Now you know."

There was a silence. Then Ann leaned quickly over the side of the car and kissed the top of his head.

"And you thought I would mind?"

"I thought you would wish you hadn't made quite such a fuss over my reckless courage."

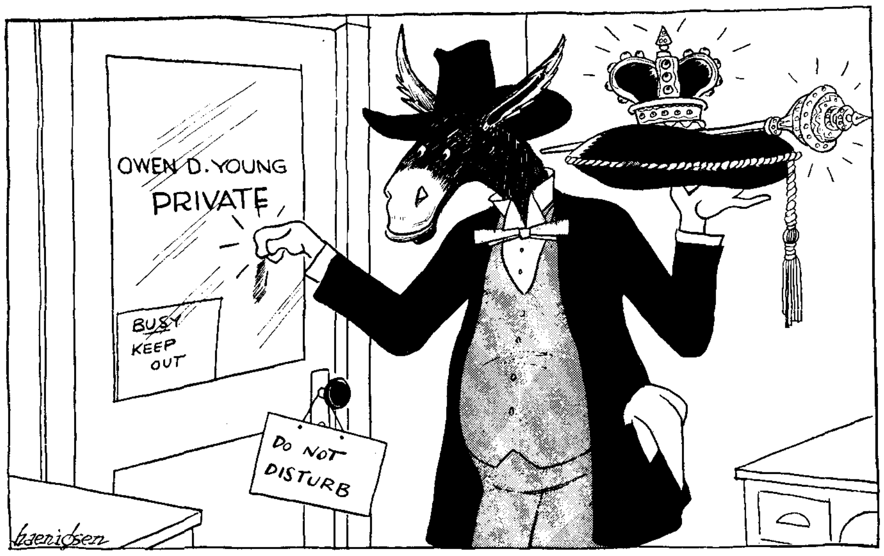
"But still you told me?"

"Yes."

Ann kissed the top of his head again.

"Quite right," she said. "Mother always wants her little man to tell her the truth."

THE END



The Unwilling Moses

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

ONE has only to go about the country to perceive how ardently many leading Democrats desire Owen D. Young to be their candidate for President in 1932. They do not desire his nomination merely because they think he would be the strongest candidate or the easiest man to elect. A good many of them, as the recent congressional campaign developed, came to realize that the election of a Democratic President in the next national election might not be difficult in any event.

They wish to see Mr. Young nominated because they believe that he would make a very great President. He is so foremost in the minds of Democratic leaders everywhere that if he were to be a candidate most of the other possible candidates would disappear.

One sees such party unanimity, but I have never before seen it regarding a man not in political life and disinclined to enter political life.

It is a political phenomenon of very great importance, for generally no man is strong enough to resist the will of his party. So although Mr. Young may feel that his training and experience is of more use to the country in the position he now occupies in business, one must look upon Mr. Young as the likeliest Democratic nominee in 1932.

Recent circumstances have promoted the possibility of Mr. Young's nomination, however much he may be disinclined to listen to the call to public life. I refer to the Tammany judiciary scandals in New York City and their effect upon the chances of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt's nomination for the Presidency by the Democratic party in 1932.

A Matter of Availability

Governor Roosevelt was never anything more than available. He has precisely the availability that Cox had in 1920. He had demonstrated his ability to carry a great state with many electoral votes and a state which the Democrats cannot ordinarily hope to carry in a national election. The Democrats nationally have never felt anything more about him than that he "would do."

There was nothing in the Tammany scandals that reflected upon the character of Governor Roosevelt. But everywhere among Democrats outside of New York you hear fears expressed that the Republicans will raise the Tammany issue against a New York Democrat as effectively as they did in the campaign of 1928. A Democratic governor who had impressed the country as either Cleveland or Wilson had when they were nominated would probably be chosen in spite of the Republicans' threat to raise the cry of Tammany once more.

But beside men like these Governor Roosevelt seems to have calculated too carefully not to offend the Tammany bosses. He has sought their good will at the expense of his national reputation. And the Democratic party nationally is afraid the cry of Tammany might be effective with him as candidate. At any rate they see nothing so compelling about Governor Roosevelt's personality or public life as to make it worth while to risk the raising of the Tammany issue by nominating him.

The Only Republican Issue

The Republicans now have no issues but the old issues of 1928. Prosperity is no longer a name with which they can conjure. They warmed over the religious issue in this last campaign, using the name of Raskob in place of Smith. And they stirred in the dark places of New York to inflame the conscience of the country about Tammany. Mr. Raskob will in the nature of things retire before the campaign of 1932. The Republicans' one hope of an issue is Tammany. They have the New York legislature and the New York Federal prosecutor. So the country will be kept reminded of Tammany.

So long as it seemed likely that the Democratic party might be rushed into nominating Governor Roosevelt the chances of nominating Owen D. Young, who comes from the same state as Governor Roosevelt and who is at least not inclined to run for President, seemed slight. But the situation has been changed by the clear indication of the Republican strategy of raising the Tammany issue. Governor Roosevelt's availability has been reduced.

Against Mr. Young, the Tammany issue would not be effective. He has not been in political life. He has never had to count carefully the cost of saying a stern "no" to Boss Curry of Tammany Hall.

What about his corporate connections? Can a man who knows his way about Wall Street so well be nominated for President? A good many Democrats seem to be making up their minds that he can.

In the first place they say the Republicans will nominate Mr. Hoover or Mr. Morrow, both of them big business men. So there could be no issue on this score. And in the next place they say that if business conditions remain unsatisfactory the voters will turn to Mr. Young as to a Moses.

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Truth is Stronger than Fiction

IF ANYONE had prophesied twenty-five years ago that a partner in the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. would suddenly appear as a great popular leader, appealing with great force to the conscience and good sense of the American people, he would have been laughed to silence.

Yet in the campaign which ended with the November elections Dwight W. Morrow, until recently a Morgan banker, stood out as the one new figure who fired the imagination of his countrymen. This happened despite the fact that Mr. Morrow was merely the Republican candidate for senator in New Jersey.

Whatever his personal political future may be, already Dwight W. Morrow, the candidate, has rendered services and proved truths which will be of lasting value to the American people. It is pleasant and inspiring to find a candidate who is capable of disregarding prejudice, jealousy and buncombe to talk honest and modest common sense about issues.

Mr. Morrow did just that as a candidate for the Senate. His campaign showed an honest man dealing as intelligently as possible with the business before him. He made no great promises and no glib pretenses of having the only right answers to public questions.

What he said about prohibition was characteristic. He stood for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment because without repeal no other legal experiments in the struggle for temperance are practicable. No nonsense or glittering hopes were held out either to wets or to drys. He presented the picture of an honorable man seeking the clearest answer to a confusing question.

As to prosperity, business conditions and the economic outlook, he was just as simple and modest. Political parties haven't much to do with prosperity and Mr. Morrow would not pretend. Prosperity will return, and so, ultimately, will hard times, whether Democrats or Republicans are in office. Why fool ourselves?

Because he persisted in talking common sense and in crediting his opponents with a fair share of decent impulses and native gifts, the Morrow campaign became the most interesting in the country.

While he was talking common sense his Democratic opponent went about spouting the usual partisan bunk. The contrast was too striking to be missed.

But even some of Mr. Morrow's fellow Republicans were not discerning enough to see that Americans usually find fairness refreshing and truth attractive. Dr. Fess maintained that prohibition was not an issue, although Mr. Mellon contradicted him there. Secretary Stimson's talk was obviously directed against Franklin Roosevelt's presidential aspirations. Secretary Hurley threw some old-fashioned epithets at the Democrats. Even that astute gentleman, the Secretary of the Treasury, said that the election of a Democratic majority "would not be a contribution to business stability."

On most men the necessity of making a political speech acts as a soporific. And the political speeches to which we have become accustomed lately have the same effect on the hearers.

The Senate has swallowed many able men and in their stead left nothing but senators, and it may be that Dwight W. Morrow won't survive the ordeal of Washington. Already, however, his success has proved how ready the American people are to acclaim a competent man who will appeal to us fairly and intelligently.

The remaining differences between Democrats and Republicans are not great. On most important issues both parties are divided geographically and otherwise.

Tariff, prohibition, farm problems and foreign affairs separate Republicans and Democrats into factions farther apart in interest and sympathy than any cleavages which divide the parties. There are no real differences between Democrats and Republicans except those differences which arise from men.

So when a man or woman comes to the top able to speak modestly and simply, a great welcome is awaiting. Republican or Democrat, he will find a field for usefulness as wide as his talents and strength.

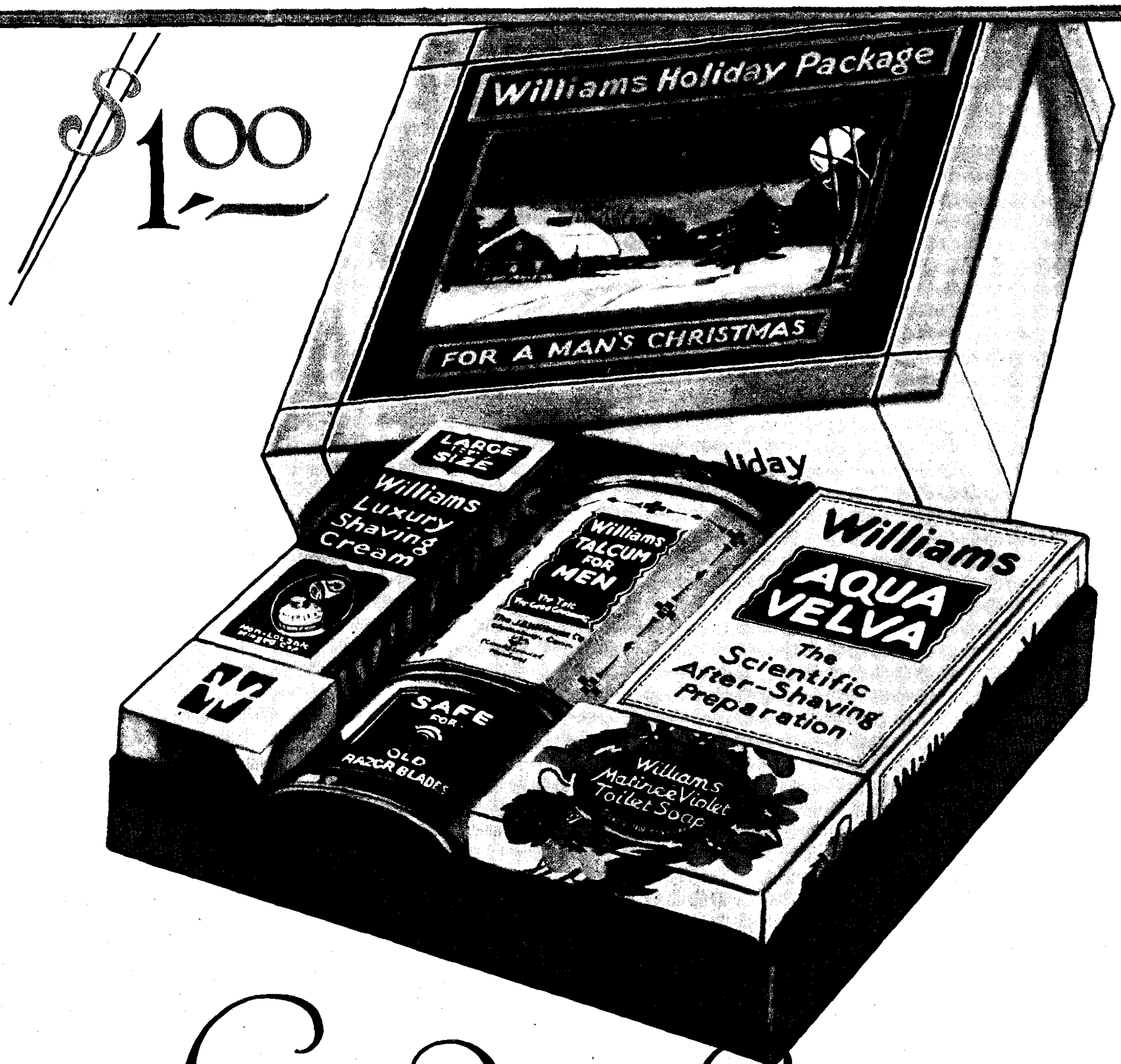
That Manly Art

AS HORSE-RACING is called the sport of kings, so boxing is the game reputed to develop the virile virtues. The evidence in the recent suit of a sports promoter against Gene Tunney shows, unfortunately, how little virtue is associated with the business.

The manly art of self-defense apparently requires more skill in warding off the covetousness of parasitic politicians and racketeers than in actual fighting.

The whole business is surrounded by sordidness. Competence is a secondary consideration. Who will get the profits determines who will be allowed to perform. For every fighter who emerges clean and wholesome from the corrupt business, scores are broken in body and in character.

Only the most powerful resistance enables the boxer to pursue his business without becoming a party to the conspiracies of the racketeers who infest this sport. On an honest basis boxing is grand exercise. As conducted over much of the United States it is a cesspool of private and public corruption. It cannot continue under present conditions. If the boxing commissions and the newspapers which control the publicity upon which the business lives cannot compel a thorough cleansing, prize fighting will go the way of the lottery. There is no permanent place for a dishonest sport.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Safe for Old Razor Blades
Williams Matinee Violet Toilet Soap

The Great Dollar Gift For Men

A gift that all men welcome—the Williams Holiday Package. Make sure that they all have it, those men you like the best.

Beautiful. Practical. Sensible—in purpose and in price. A dollar can't buy more!

A big tube of Williams Shaving Cream—made by experts of ninety years' experience. A bottle of Aqua Velva—the perfect after-shaving preparation—counted a daily necessity by millions. A can of Men's Talc—none smoother or more welcome. A cake of toilet soap of rare quality. And a Safe for Old Razor Blades that, for a year at least, will solve the vexing problem of what to do, safely, with used blades. All contained in the golden box that breathes the spirit of Christmas.

Here's a package to solve one—or a dozen—of your Christmas shopping problems. Don't miss it! Ask for it by name, wherever toilet goods are sold—the Williams Holiday Package—One Dollar!

The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn., Montreal, Canada

Williams

HOLIDAY PACKAGE

Have you ever tasted a Bran Muffin made with natural bran?

There's nothing so delicious . . . or so helpful

There are two kinds of bran muffins — as different as day and night. One is just a bran muffin — good, bad or indifferent. The other is a Pillsbury bran muffin — the most delicious thing you ever tasted. It is entirely different from the ordinary bran muffin, because it is made with pure, untreated, *natural* 100% bran — Pillsbury's Wheat Bran. The wholesome, nutty flavor of the natural wheat produces something so superior to the ordinary bran muffin that the two shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath.

Go to your grocer and get a package of Pillsbury's Wheat Bran. The recipe for the famous Pillsbury muffin, together with twelve other prize-winning recipes, is printed on the outside. Inside you'll find the finest baking bran you've ever used—rich with the flavor of natural wheat. And more than that, it's the kind of bran recommended by thousands of physicians as the best for the relief of constipation — large, coarse, unbroken flakes of natural 100% bran. A delightful food — a distinct aid to health — serve it regularly!

. . . and for Beauty's sake, too . . .

The secret of true loveliness is clear skin and eyes, freshness and vivacity, that abounding energy which comes from radiant health. Leading beauty specialists agree that constipation is one of beauty's deadliest enemies — that Pillsbury's Wheat Bran is one of the first and most important steps in a successful beauty treatment. Eat Pillsbury's Wheat Bran in some way every day—for beauty's sake!

TRY THIS FAMOUS PILLSBURY RECIPE

Pillsbury's Bran Muffins

2 cups Pillsbury's Best Flour	1 egg
3½ teaspoons baking powder	1¾ cups milk
1½ teaspoons salt	2 cups Pillsbury's Wheat Bran
⅓ cup sugar	3 tablespoons melted shortening

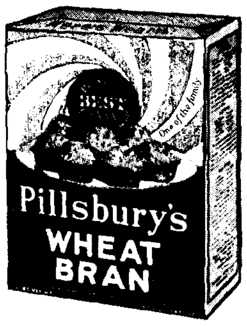
Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together well. Add milk to beaten egg, and add alternately with bran to flour mixture, beating well. Lastly, add melted shortening. Put in warmed greased gem irons and bake 35 to 40 minutes in hot oven (410°).

Sour milk may be used if desired by reducing baking powder to 1½ teaspoons and adding one scant teaspoon of soda.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY : *General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.*

Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flours

Pillsbury's



Wheat Bran